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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-

November 7, 1962



***Lucky numbers for the
MELBOURNE CUP***

Page 4

2 SWEATERS TO KNIT

"Death on the 6th Day"
NEW SUSPENSE SERIAL



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Before you offer, or heed, a tip for Melbourne Cup, consider the unhappy experience of famous racing novelist Gould in 1892.

AFTER Glenloth had won that year's Cup, Gould sadly wrote (there are two other old-time Cup reports by him on page 14):

"Before I left my hotel in the morning, one of the waiters asked me to put a pound on Glenloth. I laughed at him, and told him to keep his money in his pocket. He did, with the result that he was about £50 worse off after Glenloth won, as he would have procured that amount to his pound."

"I shall never forget the mournful look with which he regarded me after that event. I had serious thoughts of changing my table, in case a concoction of arsenic fell into the soup by mistake. Thinking to make matters better, I advised him to back Trieste in the Oaks. He did, and she lost, but she ought to have won, which only made matters worse."

"Moral: Always keep your information to yourself, and then you will be the only sufferer."

★ ★ ★
THE famous family doctor who is the author of "How NOT to Kill Your

Our cover

● We posed our picture at Flemington to fit this year's old title for the Melbourne Cup Carnival—"Carnival of Flowers, and Favorite Model Gaye wears a Dior bell lily of the valley with deep red rose, Oaks entrant Tuller Sister looks on. Apperice jockey Rod Dawkins is wearing colors to match G's outfit. They are colors of Mr. W. Kemball, owner of champion racehorse Lord. Cover picture staff photographer Rowntree.

Husband" (continued next week on page 42) that a wife should get her husband into a medical check—may, by ing a doctor to drop pretext.

"Once a husband says that there is a conspiracy on behind his back," says, "the doctor may he and his patient on the same wavelength."

Putting back the clock...



FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE, this composite picture shows how the Sydney G.P.O. will look when the Federal Government restores the building's 210ft. clock tower, for 20 years a missing landmark for young lovers' meetings and clock-watchers. An old picture of the tower has been superimposed on a present-day view of the Post Office. The tower was built in 1885. The clock, completed by contractor Henry Daly in September, 1891, cost £5470. The tower was dismantled in 1942 as a wartime safety measure when Sydney was in danger of Japanese bombing. Dismantling cost £17,000 and the Government has allocated £130,000 for restoration. The English-made clock, which was wound by hand every eight days, has four faces, each 15ft. 8in. in diameter. The hour hand is 6ft. 4in. long and the minute hand 9ft. 4in. The five bells (combined weight, 8 tons 4½cwt.) were cast by the English firm which founded the Great Bell (17 tons) of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and were, at installation, the largest bells shipped from England. The five-ton hour bell was known as "Great Harry"—named after Sir Henry Parkes, N.S.W. Colonial Secretary when the tower was built. Clock and tower parts are stored in Sydney suburbs.

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For the once-a-year optimist— Lucky numbers for the Cup

● If you have a once-a-year flutter on the Melbourne Cup, and the rest of the year don't know the front end of a horse from the back, the chances are you pick your fancy from the list of starters with a pin or back the horse with the prettiest name.

THE following information on previous Melbourne Cup winners will help the casual punter who chooses by equally haphazard methods.

Some people pick their fancy by a favorite **SADDLECLOTH NUMBER**. In the past 80 years, saddlecloth No. 1 has come up on the winners' backs the most times — nine in all.

Next came Nos. 4 and 12. Each has won seven times.

Four winners carried No. 13.

If you like to pick your fancy by choosing the jockey wearing your **FAVORITE OR LUCKY COLOR**, here's a guide:

Forty-one winners have carried a jockey wearing an item of black, 39 have worn something white. Next comes red. Thirty-six winners have carried this color, followed by blue, worn as part of the outfit of 27 successful riders. In case you have any superstitious feeling about green, the records show that ten winners have worn that color.

Now for the **HORSES' AGES**:

Four-year-old horses have won the most Melbourne Cups, 28 altogether, followed by five-year-olds (26 times), three-year-olds (23 times), six-year-olds (16 times). Older horses have won eight times.

Oldest horse ever to win the Cup was the eight-year-old Catalogue, the 1938 winner.

Then there's the **ORDER OF FAVORITISM**.

Favorites have won 22 times since the race was first run in 1861. They were Archer (1862), The Barb (1866), Tim Whiffler (1867), Don Juan (1873), Chester (1877), Martini-Henri (1883), Malua (1884), Newhaven (1896), Merriwee (1899), Revenue (1901), Apologue (1907), Prince Foote (1909), Bitali (1923), Phar Lap (1930), Peter Pan (1932), Marabou (1935), The Trump (1937), Rivette (1939), Dark Felt (1943), Sirius (1944), Dalray (1952), Rising Fast (1954).

Seventeen favorites have come in second.

Hottest favorite was Phar Lap, priced at 11/8 on when he won the Cup in 1930. The year before he started at even money, ran third.

Only three horses have won at 100 to one.

The Pearl did it in 1871 (carrying 7st. 3lb. in a field of 23).

Next was Wotan, the New Zealand "joke" horse, whose form

in previous races had been so bad. He won the Cup in 1936.

Last one to do it was Old Rowley, in 1940.

Rimfire (1948) was another surprise winner, at 65 to 1. The Monk (1869) and Welkin Sun (1952) ran second at 200 to 1. Among long shots in third place were Gay Helios (1954), 200 to 1; Aberdeen (1909) and Accurak (1923), both at 100 to 1; and Sir William (1955), at 66 to 1.

You want more figures for picking the winner? Well, there are, of course, the **HORSES' HANDICAPS**.

The two-mile Melbourne Cup course is not kind to horses carrying heavy weights.

Only three weighted at 10 stone or more have won the race. Archer did it in 1862 carrying 10st. 2lb. Carbine won in 1890 with 10st. 5lb. Poitrel managed it in 1920, carrying ten stone.

Highest weight ever carried was 11st. 7lb. on The Barb in 1869. (That year Warrior won, carrying 8st. 10lb.)

Archer carried 11st. 4lb. in the third Melbourne Cup race, after winning the first two. (This time Banker won, with only 5st. 4lb.)

When Lord Fury covered the course last year in 3mins. 19½ seconds he equalled the record set by Comic Court (1950) and Evening Peal (1956).

Only eight mares and fillies have won the Cup. They are Briseis (1876), Auraria (1895), Acrasia (1904), Sister Olive (1921), Rivette (1939), Rainbird (1945), Evening Peal (1956), Hi Jinx (1960).

Five women have owned or partly owned Melbourne Cup winners: Mrs. E. A. Widdis (Patrobas), Mrs. A. Jamieson (Catalogue), Mrs. J. J. Kitson (Skip-ton), Mrs. R. White (Evening Peal), and Mrs. N. S. Cohen (Lord Fury).

Only two horses in the history of the race have managed to win it twice: Archer in the first two years, and Peter Pan in 1932 and 1934.

Only four horses have won the Caulfield and Melbourne Cup double in the same season. They were Poseidon (1906), The Trump (1937), Rivette (1939), and Rising Fast (1954).

The prizemoney this year will be £25,000 (with the trophy worth £750), equalling the record 1960 Centenary Melbourne Cup.

"A NEW GARBO IS BORN," said Charlton Heston

AVA GARDNER'S FRIGHTENED COMEBACK

By HENRY CRIS

● It's less than three minutes by car from the sumptuous white apartment-house outside Madrid, where Ava Gardner lives, to the sand-colored Studios Chamartin, where she is working. Three minutes that may well change the life of the most reticent star since Greta Garbo.

NOW hitting 40—she was born on December 24, 1922, in South Carolina—Ava has lived for most of the past six years in semi-retirement on the outskirts of Madrid, spurning Hollywood and forgetting her American past. (For her last film, "On the Beach," she went to Australia nearly four years ago.)

But on the vast set of "55 Days At Peking," where she is working so near her apartment, the actress is "finding herself" again.

"It took a lot of persuasion to make Ava emerge from her shell to accept this femme fatale role in our picture," said Nick Ray, the sensitive, brooding director of this film based on the Boxer Uprising in China.

"I don't like to admit it, but the three minutes that it takes her to drive to the studio from home played an important part in her decision."

Pale, tense

Producer Samuel Bronston, a little man with a truly magnetic personality, a sort of cinematic Svengali, said: "It doesn't matter what made her agree. All I care about is that she is in our picture and is offering the finest performance of her career."

On the set of the Victorian-style lobby of Peking's Mont Blanc Hotel, Ava Gardner said: "I'm not sure I'm really that good."

Her face was tense. She had been biting her lips as she silently went over the lines of the scene about to be repeated for the camera.

"In fact, I was terribly unsure of myself in the beginning," she said. Her face was pale under the make-up, but it was never lovelier. She put one hand over the other to stop their trembling.

"I feel very much better now," she added, and wiped her dry lips with a moist handkerchief. "I feel that I am loosening up, bit by bit."

She has still a long way to go. So the best one can do is to assume a scared and

nervous Ava Gardner—scared and nervous in the tradition of a Garbo—that Bronston is indeed right and that she may well excel all her previous portrayals with this one.

Bronston is, of course, the man who made "King Of Kings" and "El Cid." Madrid is his movie base.

By the time cameras stop rolling on "55 Days At Peking," Bronston will have spent more than 8,000,000 dollars (£A3,600,000) on it. He is using the largest set ever built—larger than "Cleopatra's."

The papiermache Peking of the year 1900, with the Forbidden City and the Legation compound, stretches over acres of gently undulating land outside Madrid.

Among the actors are Charlton Heston, David Niven, Kurt Kaszner, Jacques Sernas, John Ireland.

And Gardner. Older and wiser and a gambler. A very expensive gambler.

I was the only representative of the world Press to be allowed to watch a completed, edited scene played by "Bronston's Gardner."

Thus, possibly a full year before the general public is to see "55 Days At Peking," I found myself in a darkened projection room and on the screen a lovely Ava Gardner was offering herself to a dust-covered U.S. Marine (Charlton Heston) in exchange for being allowed to keep her room at the Legation compound's hotel.



● Ava and unidentified escort at a Madrid bullfight.



Ava was magnificent. She was all woman, teasing yet aloof, promising yet untouchable, a regal creature that first captivated the poor major, then scared him.

"Isn't she tremendous?" said "Chuck" Heston, who was sitting next to me and was seeing the scene for the first time. His voice coming out of the darkness was deep and sincere. "They'll love her—the world over. A new Garbo is born."

"She is suddenly realising that she can act," Nick Ray explained. "It is dawning on her that somehow she has managed to mature during these past few years of not acting."

"This can happen to an actress, you know. It certainly has happened to Ava. She is still not able to ex-

plain it to herself and she is scared that one morning suddenly this new skill she has found within her will have gone. So, naturally, we have to handle her with velvet gloves."

Bronston told me later: "Miss Gardner is a wonderful and sensitive human being."

Not all, of course, agree with this opinion of Ava Gardner. The people of Madrid love her because she is now one of them. But Argentina's exiled ex-dictator Peron, who until last May occupied a second-floor apartment just below Ava Gardner's, wasn't particularly fond of her.

Peron had a habit of going to bed as the clock struck 10.30. Ava Gardner usually switched into high gear at about the same time.

The parties in the Gardner apartment—usually with flamenco music and dancing, but otherwise, according to witnesses, most harmless—rarely broke up before dawn.

The movie "55 Days At Peking" has changed all that, of course.

"Miss Gardner hasn't been late to work once," producer Bronston tells you.

What made her accept this role in the tale of the Boxer Rebellion, that of a Russian baroness, Natalie Ivanoff?

According to Ava herself, she was not interested

in a new picture. She had made 400,000 dollars from Kramer's "On The Beach" and 250,000 dollars from "The Angel Wore Red." Because she is now an officially confirmed Spanish resident she does not pay U.S. taxes; as an adopted Spaniard, she is allowed to keep most of what she made.

And life in Spain is cheap. Her apartment, one of Madrid's finest, to which she moved three years ago after giving up her suburban house, costs her the equivalent of £130 a month. She loves flamenco and bullfights, but it will take a lot of bullfights to eat up her savings.

So she was not at all excited to learn that Mr. Bronston wanted her for his China story.

"Nick Ray went to see her," a company executive recalled.

"He asked her to read the script. She liked it, but still said no."

Poignant role

"Time went by. Mr. Ray didn't give up. He talked to her again and again, until eventually she realised that she was enjoying discussing the role of Natalie with him."

"The role became so poignant, so real, so delightful that there came the time she just couldn't, being a woman, hold out much longer."

"Eventually I said, 'Yes,'"



● In "55 Days At Peking" Ava Gardner has the role of Baroness Natalie Ivanoff, a Russian adventuress trapped in a hotel in the European compound in the Boxer Uprising. Above: Dressed to allure. At left: The Baroness redeems herself, looking after wounded during the siege.

she tells you with a dimpled smile. "I am very, very happy I did."

True, Peron gave up the apartment under hers and has moved to a villa. True, the newspaper "Pueblo" claimed that she has reported to the studio drunk on several occasions. The film company ignored the story rather than bother to deny it.

What is the truth about Gardner?

That, despite what she says, she is not a happy woman is one of the truths. That she is not a teetotaler is another. That she is a confused person is yet a third.

A reporter who asked her about her ex-husband Frank Sinatra was chased out of her sight so quickly that he never knew what happened. Another, who asked her about bullfights, found himself in stony silence. She is afraid of the truth about herself, hence she is afraid of questioners.

Yet this is not as important, really, as the one hard fact in the Ava Gardner story—her current emergence into the cinematic limelight in a role which may put her back among the world's top five stars.

Baroness Ivanoff dies during the siege in Peking, following a turbulent romance with the U.S. major.

The audiences will shed a few tears as she dies in a Legation makeshift hospital, because she will not get her man.

But, more importantly, Gardner will get her audience. And, with it, very possibly, a new life that will begin at 40.

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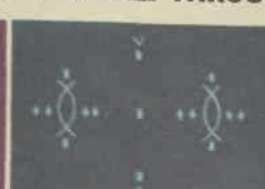
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PROFESSOR CLARK.



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MR. JOHN UNICOMB.



MISS AMELIA ALLEN.

- She has faultless shorthand and typing. Her grooming is impeccable and her personality bright and pleasing.
- She has loyalty to her boss and integrity in dealing with everyone with whom she comes in contact. She has a flair for organisation and an ability to read her boss' mind.
- She has a good knowledge of English and current affairs and is constantly trying to improve herself.
- By anybody's standards she is the perfect secretary. And in some office in Australia she is quietly and competently helping to make the commercial wheels go round.



JUNE DALLY-WATKINS.

ARE you the perfect secretary . . . or you . . . or you? The Sydney Junior Chamber of Commerce, backed by many of the nation's top business firms, is trying to find the "First Secretary of Australia."

The nation-wide quest will be open to every secretary in the country.

The Junior Chambers of Commerce at their national convention in Cairns recently adopted Australian Secretaries' Week as a national project. All Junior Chambers will be invited to co-operate.

Between now and next May Junior Chambers of Commerce throughout Australia will be invited by Sydney to help organise heats and semi-finals.

The winner will be announced during Australian Secretaries' Week, beginning on May 13, 1963.

World trip

Among the prizes to the winner will be a round-the-world flight with Qantas for the "First Secretary" and her chaperon.

The full prize list is expected to be attractive.

The winner's flight will be planned so that she is in the United States in July, when the American "Secretary of the Year" is chosen.

So important is the role of secretary in big business that some of Australia's best

business "brains" are backing the contest.

The judges include Mr. G. W. Renwick and Miss Amelia Allen, of the Australian Institute of Management in Sydney; Mr. Warren Boorman, president of the Sydney Junior Chamber of Commerce; Mr. A. G. Moyes, managing director of I.B.M. in Australia; Professor J. F. Clark, head of the School of Applied Psychology at the University of N.S.W.; Miss June Dally-Watkins, head of a Sydney model agency; and actor Mr. John Unicomb.

Entrants will be judged on:

- Technical competence (typing, shorthand, spelling, drafting letters, etc.).
- Personality (voice, diction, dress sense, poise, tact).
- General knowledge (about the industry in which she works, current affairs, etc.).

Throughout Australia the Commercial Education Society, headed by Mr. Alan Owens, will hold contests to assess technical competence in typing, shorthand, and setting out letters.

Two hundred and sixty of the society's centres will be available for examining the entrants, who will not be given marks but will be classed as "accepted" or "eliminated."

Entrants classed as "accepted" will then be judged on personality and general knowledge.

Any secretary may enter the competition, either by

filling in an entry form herself or she may be sponsored by her firm.

To give the "junior secretary" a chance against her elder sisters, the State contests will have an "Under 21" section.

A finalist will be chosen in each State, as well as an "Under 21" winner.

If the "Under 21" winner is also any State's "First Secretary," she will compete in the national finals, but there will be no national finals for the "Under 21" section.

State winners will be brought to Sydney for final judging.

The judges have already given an idea of what they will be looking for in the "First Secretary of Australia."

Mr. Moyes, of I.B.M., says: "The good secretary has to understand the task of top management, and backing up this must be technical skill, good grooming, the appropriate social graces, and absolute trustworthiness."

"She must have a sense of dedication, a requirement in any job. But it's a big order to have all those qualities."

Professor Clark thinks that maturity is one of her essential qualities. "She has to

be something of an expert in human relations, but she shouldn't have to use feminine wiles in her dealings."

Miss Allen looks for a "composite" woman who, as well as being assistant to her boss, is saleswoman, diplomat, psychologist, office organiser, and hostess.

Girl Friday

She says: "Good secretaries are not born. They are trained and developed."

Mr. Warren Boorman says: "My perfect secretary should be reliable, completely dependable, and able to look after the little things her boss is likely to forget—in fact, a Girl Friday."

Among the attributes demanded by Mr. Renwick are poise, personality, and grooming.

"She must be well groomed at all times," he says, "which does not require expensive dressing. She must be neat, well pressed, and have a healthy freshness about her."

"She must be loyal to the executive with whom she works, and to the organisation, and she must be able to interpret the wishes and the thinking of her boss in any situation that arises."

John Unicomb admits he has never had a secretary, "But," he says, "I do have a clear and perhaps romantic idea of what makes up the perfect secretary."

"She is a mixture of sister, mother, companion, supporter, consoler, adviser, and friend, and, of course, she fits

in such things as typing and shorthand.

"Glamor is not an essential part of the mixture, though it would not be a handicap."

Judging will be completed in Tasmania and Western Australia by February 11, in South Australia by February 28, in Queensland by March 16, in Victoria by March 26, and in New South Wales by April 8.

Judging for the national finals will be completed by April 25. Closing dates for entries will be December 31.

How to enter

Entry forms for the "First Secretary" contest are available from the Junior Chambers of Commerce in each State.

When completed (either by the secretary or her firm) the entry should be returned to the appropriate Junior Chamber of Commerce at the following addresses:

Sydney: 36 Grosvenor Street.

Adelaide: 54-60 Currie Street.

Melbourne: 90 William Street.

Brisbane: G.P.O. Box 1390 R.

Perth: G.P.O. Box 768 K.

Canberra: P.O. Box 453.

Hobart: G.P.O. Box 963 K.



MR. MOYES with his own secretary, Miss Jeanette Felton. He looks for absolute trustworthiness, admits that his requirements for a perfect secretary add up to "a big order."

Here's the hairdryer with 3 big firsts...

First ever!

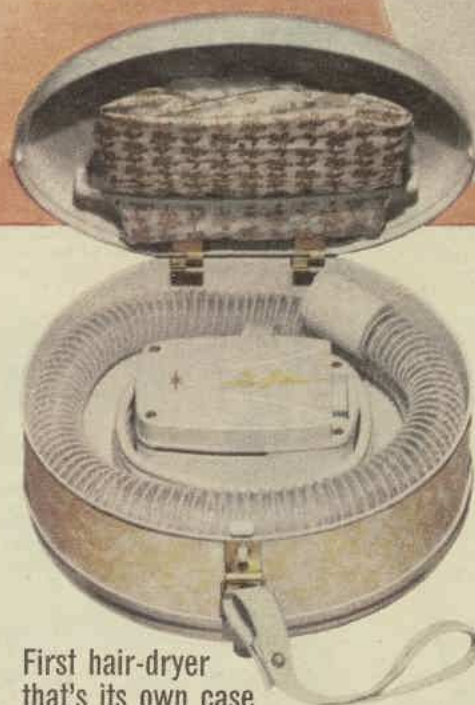
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First ever!

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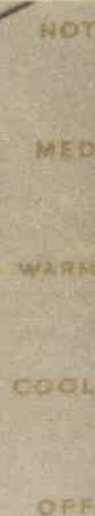
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51 tiny heat ducts speed warm air evenly
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high one for quick
drying. A gentle
heat's right for
light, silky hair; a
stronger heat for
heavier hair.



First ever! to dry evenly First ever! with its own case First ever! to let you choose the heat



● Mrs. Catherine ("Mum") Bird in her show-ring days.

AT 92, RACING IS STILL "MUM'S" LIFE

● "She works all day—never stops. Fair dinkum, she wears out more brooms than the rest of the family together," said Melbourne horse-trainer Harrie Bird.

HIS 92-year-old mother, Mrs. Catherine Bird, stable-broomed the dust off a back-garden path at her neat brick home in Glenhuntingly.

By the garden are Harrie's stables, and the Caulfield Racecourse is not far away. "Mum doesn't have to work. But stop her? Well, you just try. It's no good, so you've just got to keep pace with her or be left way behind," Harrie said with a wry but affectionate grin at his bustling mother.

"Of course I've got to do it. The place must be kept tidy and who's to do it if I don't?" said little half-pint Mrs. Bird as she briskly wielded the nearly-as-big-as-herself broom.

She's a bare 4ft. 6in. and has weighed 6st. 5lb. just about all her life—a good size for a horsewoman and mother of jockeys.

Affectionately known as "Mum" Bird to hundreds of racing friends and acquaintances throughout Victoria (although she herself would prefer to be called Ma), this alert little lady holds what must surely be a record.

She saw her first Melbourne Cup when she was 15 and has missed only three in the 78 years since.

"And you know, I remember that first Cup I went to with Mother in 1884 just as though it was yesterday," she said.

Fashions were a bit different then—all the ladies thinking they were grand in their long frocks and huge feathered hats. We'd laugh at them now, wouldn't we?"

What won that year?

By
FREDA IRVING

"Let me think. It was Malua, wasn't it? Yes, that's right, Malua.

"But the Cups I remember best were won by two horses Jim Scobie trained and 'Tich' Wilson rode—he was once married to my girl Moya, you know.

"Can't remember their names for the moment. What did you say, Harrie? Yes, King Ingoda in '22 and Bitali in '23. That's right.

"And one of the best Cup horses I ever saw was Westcourt, who won in 1917. Billy McLachlan rode it. He was a great boy."

But then all jockeys are "great boys" to this Melbourne Cup veteran.

She's been with them all her life and has loved the lot of them, mothered many of them, and had six of them in her own family—her husband, the late Joe Bird, sons Alan Joseph (Jack), who died this year, Harrie, who carries on the stable his father founded in Glenhuntingly 48 years ago, and Kevin, now a trainer in Tasmania, and sons-in-law "Tich" Wilson and Billy Little.

Up at six

All her life since she came to Melbourne in 1914 she's been getting breakfast for "the boys" and then preparing lunch for them.

Now, although there's only Harrie and a couple of stable hands about the place who could well fend for themselves, she can't break herself of her life-time habit.

Before Harrie arrives each day from his home nearby,

she's up and about with the kettle on the boil.

But now that she's nigh on 93 she doesn't get up until six.

"That's a big concession," said Harrie, glancing up from his attentions to two-year-old King's Gold.

"Well, why stay in bed? There's always work to be done and you don't get anywhere by lying under the blankets thinking about it," said "Mum" Bird briskly.

"Wait a minute, dear, while I get a nail to pin up this untidy hair of mine," and off she darted into the harness-room, picked out a good long nail, and smartly skewered it through the tiny bun of her soft grey hair.

(What's more, that deftly inserted nail did the job throughout quite a long yarn about old times.)



● She was then the dashing Kate Ronzio.

● "Mum" rubs cheeks with King's Gold, one of the horses being trained by her son Harrie in his stables at the back of her home.

"Now, where were we? Work. Oh yes, I've worked hard all my life and enjoyed every bit of it.

"That's why I'm as fit as a fiddle today. Do you know, I got quite a shock when they told me I'll be 93 on February 26?

"Harrie found out the other day when we had to sign some papers. I don't feel half that old.

"Yes. Work and faith. They're two of the most important things in life.

"I've always had plenty of both. And I've been lucky, I've had a good family, too.

"A good husband and six children, all lovely girls and boys and now I've got—how many is it, Harrie?—

10 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Yes, that's right.

"Horses? I've been with 'em as long as I can remember."

And here "Mum" Bird's memory flew back to the days when she was Catherine Ronzio, daughter of an Irish-French mother and an Italian father who had a charcoal business near Ballarat.

Famous Kate

As Catherine Ronzio—generally known as Kate—she was a famous figure in hunting field and show ring for many years, and was one of the youngest members ever to join the Ballarat Hunt Club (she was 14).

One of her prized possessions is a diamond-and-sapphire bracelet won in the Ballarat show ring in 1911.

"She could do anything with a horse in those days," Harrie chipped in.

"Dad used to tell the story of a couple of bad horses Fred McCabe sent him when he was training in Ballarat to knock some sense into them. He put Mum on them and she did all the quietening."

"Mum" Bird has one regret about her riding days. The V.R.C. refused her application to ride her horse Blair Athol in the Grand National Steeplechase.

"They were silly not to let me," she said. "I'd trained him in the hunting field and he was a great horse. And I'd have been just as safe in the field as any of the boys.

"Blair Athol was a beauty. I bought him for £20, and I refused £700 for him right here on the Caulfield Racecourse," she added with a wave of her hand up the street.

Blair Athol was not the only good horse she raced. Vindico, given to her by the late A. S. Chirnside, won 54 races for her. In later years she had winners in Chortle, Kind Link, and the latter's full brother Codrus.

Kind Link was a great favorite of her owner's, and invariably when "Mum" is on a racecourse she wears a diamond-and-sapphire brooch inset with a head photo of this gallant little mare, who was only out of a place twice in 13 starts.

With all her life-long entanglement with racehorses, "Mum" Bird is no punter.

"I've never had a bet on a horse outside our own. And I never will. No, not even in the Melbourne Cup."

A tip for the Cup?

"No, not yet. I never study the form until the last minute. There's too many talking about the Cup horses and their chances for too long, so I just wait till things have settled down a bit on the day before I start wasting my time looking for the winner," said Mum firmly.

And back she went to that big-headed, hard-bristled, long-handled stable broom for a fresh attack on the dust that's never allowed to settle near the Bird stables while "Mum" is around.

DANCING the Melbourne Cup



ON THE LAWN at Flemington The Jackeroo (Garth Welch, of Brisbane) meets The Debutante (Mary Duchesne, of Melbourne) and hands her a Flemington rose. The Debutante's lovely white frock has a faille bodice and tulle skirt, the top tier of which is of lace.

RIGHT: The Governor (Leslie Sinclair, of Melbourne) and his Lady (Rhyll Kennell, of Brisbane) on the flags by the grandstand. She is a gracious figure in her crinoline ballerina dress of satin, chiffon, and lace. Her little hat is of horse-hair and looped velvet bows.

● Horses are proudly prancing girls in a jaunty new ballet, "Melbourne Cup," which will have its premiere in Sydney on November 16. It re-creates the first Cup race in 1861, and the scenes on these two pages were danced specially for us at Flemington Racecourse by members of the Australian Ballet.

Harold Badger, son of the famous Australian jockey of the same name, has orchestrated the music, which is based on popular songs of the period. The choreography is by Rex Reid, the decor by Ann Church.

The Australian Ballet, formed by the Elizabethan Trust and J. C. Williamson Theatres, opens its first season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, on November 2. The company hopes to visit five capital cities in a 28-week season.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 7, 1961



THREE HORSES pass the winning-post at Flemington, headed by Archer (Kathleen Gorham, of Melbourne; jockey, Carl Werlander, of Belgium, in black jacket and cap). A horse named Archer won the first two Melbourne Cup races. Running second is Prince (Barbara Chambers, of Melbourne) in black and white, with jockey Peter Condon, of Sydney; and third is Tory-boy (Heather Macrae, of Melbourne) in grey, white, and pink, with jockey Barry Moreland, of Melbourne.

RIGHT: The Pink-bonnet Ladies amuse themselves on the drink counter in the Ladies' Bar at Flemington in their gay taffetas and tulle ballerinas and button-up suede boots. From left: Rosemary Milner, Suzanne Musits, and Romana Ratas, all of Sydney. At any moment, one imagines, somebody will fill a slipper with champagne.

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.



FATHER



MOTHER



It seems to me

I DON'T necessarily expect you to believe me when I tell you that I dreamt last year's Melbourne Cup winner, but it happens to be true.

Actually I dreamt Lord Fury one night and Dhaulagiri the next. I backed both each way, and as Lord Fury won and Dhaulagiri ran third it was very satisfactory indeed.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I am not in a position to reveal this year's winner because I won't be dreaming it until next weekend at the earliest. It is an absolute waste of dreaming-time to attempt the job before final acceptances.

Best results are achieved by reading the field the night before Cup Day. Even that won't be late enough, if the history of this year's Caulfield Cup, with its last-minute scratchings, repeats itself.

Perhaps I should whiz home to sleep in the lunch hour next Tuesday and set the alarm for half an hour before the race.

IF your interest in racing is confined to the first Tuesday in November you won't be troubled by the Nat Gould extract "Those Abandoned Females" on page 14.

But if you are a regular fan your amusement, like mine, may be a little wry.

Nat Gould wrote the book from which this piece was taken before the turn of the century, but I have a notion he wouldn't have changed his opinion if alive today. He sounds like a man who thought woman's place was in the home.

The invention of the automatic totalisator might have cheered him up a bit by clearing away some of the females from the betting-rings.

The members of the racing clubs still manage to keep preserves of their own on racecourses safe from females, abandoned or otherwise. Some members emerge now and then to drop a few crumbs in the way of tips to their ladies, but they know they can escape.

Note the distinction made by Nat Gould between "women" and "ladies." If you go to the races only on big days, dressed in your best, you can relax. You come under his heading of lady. But if you go quite often — well, read page 14.

CONSIDER Mr. Wallace Phillips, of New York, who asked his wife to pose with him at the door of an airliner for an "anniversary picture."

The door slammed shut and then he told her, "We're on our way to Paris for dinner."

I hope Mrs. Phillips rose to the occasion. It isn't always convenient to fly overseas without notice. How terrible if, fastening her seat-belt, she said querulously, "If you'd told me I'd have brought my other mink."

By



A BRITISH furniture expert visiting Melbourne says that much office furniture is no longer selected for its usefulness but for its value as a "status-symbol."

Executives in many big companies all over the world, he said, were spending a lot of money on office furniture to impress potential customers and overawe competitors.

He must know what he's talking about, but in this country a healthy balance-sheet is still more awesome to competitors than a kidney-shaped desk. However, you do see some status-symbol furnishing in certain types of companies. Mostly it is confined to one or two top-ranking rooms in the building. You can tell when to expect an impressive executive suite by the health and variety of the indoor plants in the hallways.

I saw one magnificent set of executive offices at the opening of a new Sydney building a couple of years ago.

The big-wiggliest of the bigwigs had no desk at all, simply arm-chairs and a sofa (and a couple of small tables, presumably for ash-trays) scattered about the ankle-deep carpet.

It was clear that the bare-top desk carrying unused silver inkwells had been outmoded. To have no desk showed that an executive was required only to think and give orders.

The next logical step for a top-man would be no office at all. This would demonstrate that underlings did his thinking while he stayed home or played golf.

PANCAKE stalls are the newest roadside attractions in the United States. They are springing up on main highways and at holiday resorts. "It is a reaction to year-round dieting," said the owner of a chain of stalls.

Awash with coffee (black) and sated
With lettuce, which is over-rated,
And fed up (oh so fed) with beans
And sundry other tasteless greens,
Unsweetened melons, cottage cheeses,
And all the standard diet wheezes,
They take a driving holiday
Light-hearted, slender, reckless, gay,
And fall an easy prey to Satan,
Who, ever ready with temptation
(No, not with alcohol or dice
But promises of "something nice"),
Attracts them from the straight and narrow.

Oh, let us not our feelings harrow
By picturing what happens when
They tarry in a Pancake Den.

Mary COLES' SOCIAL

THE marriage of Belinda Shannon to Peter Mansell at St. James' Church, Turramurra, on November 3 will have an all-white theme—even white roses, daisies, and geraniums blooming along the entrance driveway of her home at Warrawee, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Linda Shannon, will entertain after the ceremony.

If the weather is fine the reception will be held in the garden.

St. James' will be decorated with masses of lily of the valley for the wedding, and Belinda and her attendants, Mrs. Peter Coss, Mrs. Kim Purser, and Alicia Wales, will wear white gowns and carry white bouquets.

Tony Martire will be best man to Peter, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Byram Mansell, of Killara, and John Mansell, of Blayney, and Graham Stranger, of Berrima, will be groomsmen.

Peter and Belinda will honeymoon at Lord Howe Island.

CUP carnival festivities begin in Melbourne Town this week with the traditional Derby Eve Ball at "Homeden," Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lord's 23-roomed Victorian-era mansion in Lansell Road, Toorak, on November 2. It is a wonderful old home for entertaining, with a huge glass-enclosed fernery (where guests promenade between dances) leading from the ballroom. Mr. and Mrs. Lord bought "Homeden" from Mrs. George Nicholas about two years ago.

BINOCULARS donated by Mrs. N. L. Williams will be a lucky-number prize coveted by the Cup-going guests who attend the Golden Gala Committee's dinner dance at Chequers on November 4 before leaving for Melbourne. They'll include Mr. and Mrs. James McKeon, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fearon. The dinner dance will aid the Old People's Welfare Council of New South Wales.

RACE-WEEK gaieties in Melbourne include an "at home" at 9 Darling Street on November 7, being given by Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Finlay, of "Thurgoona Park," Albury, for their daughter Susan.

A.J.C. committee member Mr. Norman E. Jones and his wife will be among Sydney race visitors staying at Melbourne new de luxe "king-sized" hotel, the Southern Cross. Mary Tancred, her mother, Mr. H. E. Tancred, and Mary Saap, who is driving down for race-week festivities, will also be at the Southern Cross.

THE Duke of Norfolk will be among racegoers at Flemington on Cup Day. He'll stay at Government House with Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, who are also entertaining Lady Rowallan, the wife of the Governor of Tasmania, and the Ambassador of South Africa, Mr. H. H. Woodward, and Mrs. Woodward. Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks are giving a big cocktail party at Government House on Cup eve, November 5. This will be the last time they see a Melbourne Cup in their office capacity. Sir Dallas is retiring next March.

MRS. DICK ALLEN will telephone a report on weather conditions to Flemington before she dresses to fly down just for the day on Cup day. If favorable, she'll wear a honey and blue zebra-striped chiffon frock, with silver-grey shantung coat and a grey shirako hat.

ARRIVING in Canberra recently from London to take up his appointment as Deputy British High Commissioner, Mr. like "returning home" for Mr. Gurth Kimber. He has had two previous terms attached to the High Commissioner's office. Mrs. Kimber will join her husband in November, and their daughters, Jane, aged 17, and 14-year-old Margaret, who was born in Australia, will fly out in December when the school term ends at Melbourne Girls' College. Mr. Kimber's usual christian name, incidentally, is very old Anglo-Saxon one. "Gurth was the brother of King Harald," he points out.



AT LEFT: Mr. Angus Urquhart and his bride, formerly Miss Beverly Anglias, leaving Toorak Presbyterian Church, Melbourne. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Urquhart, of Hummer. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Anglias, of Victoria.



BELOW: From left, Mr. A. J. Byron, English visitor, the Hon. Manning Phillips, his wife, Mrs. Marion Phillips, and Mr. Norman Cowper at cocktail party given by Mrs. Byron and her husband at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

AROUNDABOUT



BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, Miss Kathleen Cobcroft, and the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ryan, of Toorak (at right), at the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Ryan at Menzies after the marriage of their daughter Miss Jill Ryan to Mr. Brien Cobcroft at St. John's Church.



IN MELBOURNE. Mr. Brien Cobcroft and his bride, formerly Miss Jill Ryan, cutting the cake at the reception at Menzies given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ryan, of Toorak, after the marriage of the young couple at St. John's Church, Toorak. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, and the late Mrs. Ted Body, of "Boonoon," Trangie.



ABOVE: Naval officers formed a guard of honor for Lieut.-Commander Harold Adams, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Marion Maidment, after their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble. The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maidment, entertained guests at their home at Pymble following the ceremony.



CHEERY FOURSOME. From left, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Hill, of "Berricks," Willow Tree, and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pratten, of "Sugar Loaf," Yass, were among New South Wales visitors to Melbourne for the wedding of Mr. Brien Cobcroft and Miss Jill Ryan. They were pictured at the reception at Menzies after the ceremony.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Ward (left) chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams at the annual dinner of the Postgraduate Medical Foundation, University of Sydney, at the Australia Hotel. Visiting Americans Dr. Charles Mayo and his wife were guests of honor at the dinner.



FOR EVER CUP DAY

● Attitudes and customs may change over the years, but there's never any possible doubt about the importance of the Melbourne Cup in the life of Australia. Here are fascinating early snippets, gathered from the Public Library of Victoria.



—THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE—

1872

THIS CARTOON appeared in Melbourne "Punch" on the Cup Eve. In the next issue a reader reported, in verse, that he took the cartoon as a lucky tip — a play on the winner's name, The Quack, linked with the fact that its owner had won in three previous years. He wrote happily:

Each year before the number's up,
I do my best to spot
The winner of the Melbourne Cup;
And who out here does not?
So, thanks to "Punch" the wished-for
boon

Was granted, when I saw
The motto of last week's cartoon:
"The Mixture as Before."

The hidden meaning of that line,
So simple, yet obscure,
Bewildered other heads than mine
To read, you may be sure.
How many sportsmen had to fail,
Who'd pondered o'er and o'er,
Yet couldn't make out head or tail
Of "Mixture as Before."

While I was cute enough to guess
The purport of the phrase,
That met with such complete success,
And gained especial praise.
The year before, of course was meant;
Could anyone ignore
The meaning clear and evident
Of "Mixture as Before"?

On getting such a gentle hint,
I did my uttermost
To back the colors of that tint,
First, last year, past the post.
Whose owner one might well suppose,
So skilled in racing core,
As likeliest to repeat the dose
Of "Mixture as Before."

'Tis now historical how "Quack"
Came foremost down the straight,
Bearing the yellow-and-black
Of conquering JOHN TAIT;
Four times the Melbourne Cup he's won,
And yet may win a score,
If he goes as he's begun
With "Mixture as Before."

Accept my warmest thanks, my guide,
Philosopher, and friend;
For your advice beats all I've tried—
Correct from end to end:
After this most successful test
I ask it, nay, implore,
Next year, dear "Punch," you might
suggest
The winner, as before.

1890 IT WAS CARBINE'S YEAR

FROM "On and Off the Turf in Australia," published in 1895, by Nat Gould, copious writer of racetrack thriller fiction:

WHEN the saddling bell rang . . . there was intense excitement, and Carbine held his position as favorite firm as a rock, and Highborn was at 33 to 1. Ramage rode Carbine, and Egan, a tiny lad, Highborn.

"Old Jack" was fairly nobbled as he was being saddled, but as usual he took no notice of the crowd. When he came on to the track there was a terrific burst of cheering. Carbine stood still and looked round, and then declined to go to the post. Mr. Hickenbotham gave him a push behind, and Carbine moved a few paces. This was a slow process. At last Ramage threw the reins over the horse's head, and Mr. Hickenbotham fairly dragged him up the course. I never saw a more sluggish horse until he commenced to race, and then there was a different tale to tell. Mr. Forrester was very confident Highborn would beat him.

I shall never forget that race. Carbine held a good position throughout, but did not get well to the front until they were in the straight. At the home turn Highborn looked to have a chance second to none, and the hopes of his backers were high.

No sooner, however, did Carbine see an opening than he shot through, and after that it was a case of hare and hounds. On came "Old Jack," with his 10st. 5lb., and at the distance he had the race won. Cheers after cheers rent the air, and people went almost frantic with excitement. It was a wild scene. For months Carbine had been backed by the public, and at last the suspense was over. It was a glorious victory, and everyone knew it, but none better than Mr. Forrester, whose crack Highborn finished a couple of lengths behind him. Not only did Carbine carry 10st. 5lb., but he ran the two miles in 3min. 28½sec., the fastest time on record for that distance in the Colonies.

To show how good the performance was, I have only to allude to Highborn's performances afterwards. Highborn won the Australian Cup, the Sydney Cup, and the Anniversary Handicap, and ran fourth in the Melbourne Cup the following year with 9st. up. He was sold to go to India, and when the property of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar he won two Viceroy's Cups in succession.

1879

DEFINITIONS

FROM Melbourne "Punch," November 8:

BY A LOSER

SWEEPSTAKE — Device for cleaning you out.

THE LAWN — The place where the women show off the amount of money piled on their back.

LUNCH — Indigestible grub.

RING — A set of thieves.

TURF PROPHETS — Asses.

RACEHORSE — Device for cheating the public.

WINNER — The poor horse that has been flogged faster than the rest.

HOME — Relief from fools, heat, and dust.

BY A WINNER

Stunning things for clearing your expenses.

The spot where beauty and fashion is seen to perfection.

Charming break in the day.

Good fellows, who pay up like bricks.

Knowing dogs.

Noble animal. Beautiful creature.

Regular flyer. Won hands down.

"We won't go home till morning," etc.

THOSE ABANDONED FEMALES

FROM "On and Off the Turf in Australia," by Nat Gould:

WOMEN punters abound on the race-courses, and the same faces may be seen meeting after meeting. As a rule these punters are middle-aged or elderly . . .

It is amusing to watch the tactics of these women. Their faces show plainly the fascination gambling — not horse-racing — possesses for them. Their flushed countenances and restless expression betoken a mind and system strung to the highest pitch by the pernicious habits they have acquired, and which, alas! have thoroughly mastered them. With a purse tightly clutched in one hand, and either a satchel or an umbrella in the other, they push and jostle in the crowded ring, and dart from one bookmaker to another in their eagerness to see which horses are backed.

There is no bashfulness about these dames of the turf, and I am afraid some of them forfeit a good deal of what self-respect they may have to obtain information.

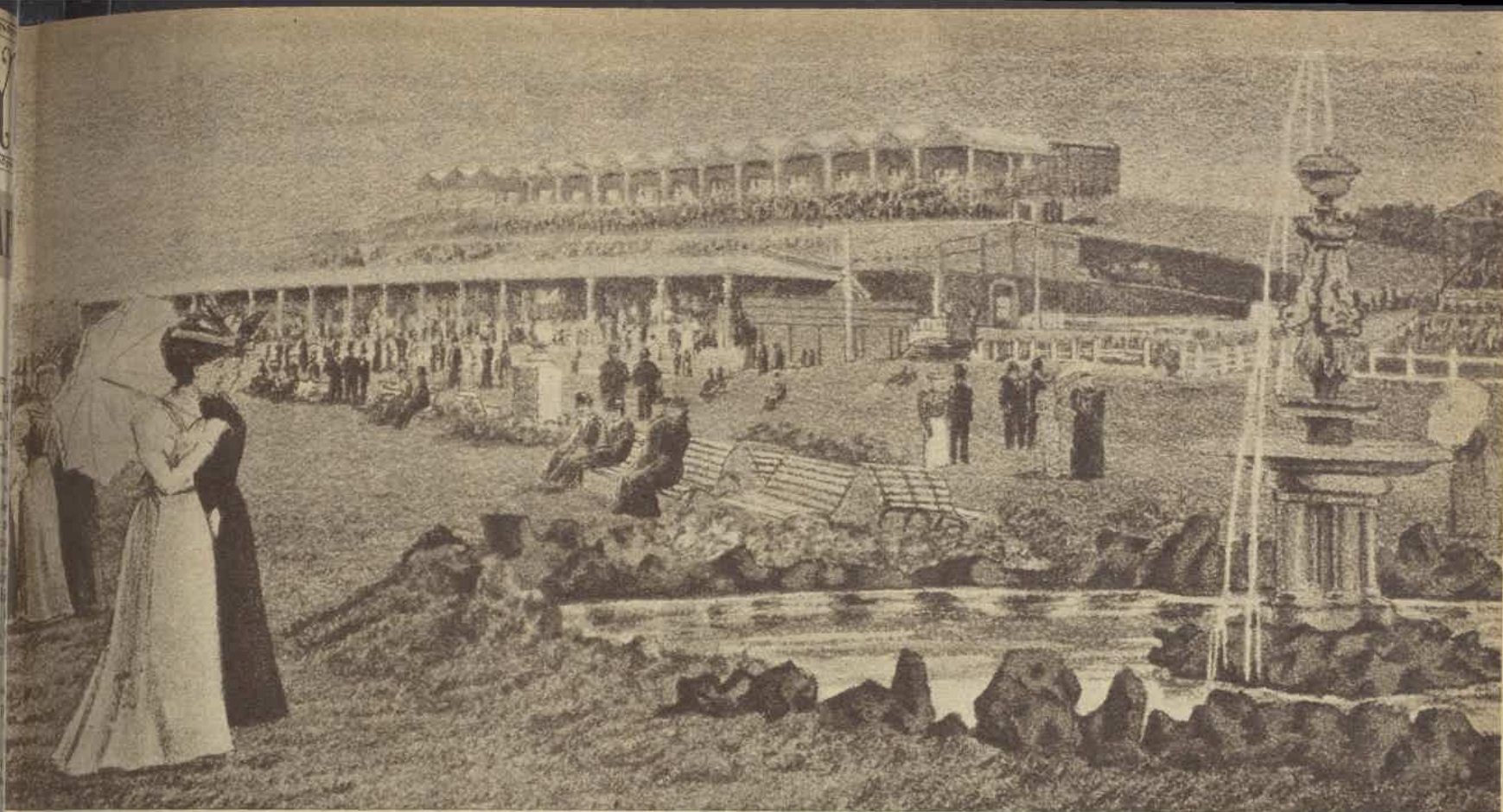
Some bookmakers, to their credit be it said, have a strong objection to bet with

women; and I know more than one man in the ring who declines to wager with them.

On many occasions I have seen these women, when the race is being run, sitting on a seat in a quiet part of the course, waiting for the winner's number to be hoisted, and taking no interest in the race itself. All they think about is winning money, and for the sport itself they care very little.

There are thousands of ladies, however, at Flemington and Randwick, on Derby and Cup days, who visit the racecourse out of pure love of the sport, combined with a natural feminine desire to be seen and to see others.

The women punters, however, are a nuisance on the turf, and it is not an edifying sight to see them losing caste in the whirlpool of the betting-ring. After considerable experience, I have found that once a woman takes to gambling, it absorbs her whole thoughts, and gambling leads to other things, such as champagne and its attendant consequences.



1872 GREEN-EYED MONSTER

FROM Melbourne "Punch" (under this headline):

SYDNEY is again wroth with we poor inhabitants of the cabbage garden. This time our unfortunate "Cup Day" is the cause of the trouble. The Sydney Echo, the evening paper issued from the office of the Sydney Morning Herald, trounced us soundly a day or two before our carnival in a column and a half of leading article, written in a sour and bitter spirit. The Echo, opening with a snarl at the Spring meeting, smites thus: The nation in body and spirit goes down to Flemington, as of old time Israel went up to Jerusalem, and as frequently in modern times nations stung or goaded into aggression or resentment have moved out to war. Tuesday next will see Melbourne practically deserted, every town in Victoria drained of its wealthier inhabitants, better class circles in New South Wales thinner than at any other period of the year, and the course at Flemington thronged by such a multitude as is not to be found elsewhere in the southern world.

What will Wednesday next see but multitudes of people, weary, disappointed,

saddened, maddened, demented, a community in the period of convalescence or decline, and not a people refreshed by a tonic, with appetite and faculties strengthened and braced.

Punch comments: The maddened and demented multitude must have a remarkably clever way of concealing their condition, or perhaps they have all gone to Sydney, where their bad state won't be uncommon. The Echo continues:

Let those who imagine they derive pleasure from the sport, and have no desire to make profit, open their eyes and ears; let them listen to the voices of ministers from the pulpit, of judges from the bench; let them see with their own eyes if they will, the countless cases of trouble, disaster, ruin, wrought by their sport.

Let us think a moment (says Punch). Is there any racing in New South Wales? Yes, there is; something on a level with our "Wallaby Flat" or "Narracan Valley" meetings. Now comes the crushing blow from the Echo:

Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing? Am I to make of myself such a Moloch as to feast at this guilt-blotted, crime-stained festival? The honorable man will see an insidious poison creeping and spreading throughout the land; culture, artistic and elegant amusement suffering; avarice growing, even habitual industry suffering serious shocks, and this magnificent, glorious, brilliant, universally, belauded Cup meeting as the fountain head of advertisement and infection. He will see how bookmakers and their satellites, tools, dupes and imitators flock to it, he will recognise it as the radiating heat which is, indeed, the blast, not of healthful warmth, but of pollution or destruction.

Punch concludes: Consuming jealousy of the big gathering at Flemington is the key note of this extraordinary diatribe. The exodus from Sydney to see the Cup is a bitter pill to our friends because there is no corresponding influx to see their cup. Even the joys of Sydney Harbor cannot keep the Sydney people away from the cabbage garden at Carnival time. Hence these strongly worded lamentations. Poor Sydney.

IN THE GAY 'NINETIES. "Grand Stand at Flemington" was the title of this contemporary painting.

BELOW: A Cup cartoon from the Melbourne "Punch."



THE REAL FAVOURITES OF THE "RING."

1884 From Melbourne "Punch":

A FEW sensible things to remember when you go to the races: Don't lose your temper. Bring your own eatables and drinkables, especially the latter. Don't forget the salt and bread. Don't bet if you want to enjoy yourself. Go on the Hill if you want to see the races. Bring your own forms for your ladies to sit on. Don't take ladies if you can possibly avoid it. Don't drink anything sold at the bars. Keep out of sweeps. Don't talk loudly. Drive slowly. Mind your pockets. Smoke your own tobacco. Don't stare the Governor and his family out of countenance. Don't wear tight boots. Count your change. Bring an umbrella and field glasses. Leave before the last race.

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£100 PRIZE

● A prize of £100 is awarded to the winner of each week's CROZZLE contest in our new series. Here is Crozzle No. 3.

If you have not already tried your hand at doing Crozzles, you will find them an absorbing test of skill.

A combination puzzle and crossword, the Crozzle is a word game which all the family can do. See how many points you can score.

CLOSING DATE for Crozzle No. 3, November 21.

HOW TO DO IT

With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published and a list of words relating to one subject. This week it's television.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words in the list. Remember, you may use only the words supplied, and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern or be symmetrical. But words along the same line, whether across or down, must be separated by a black square except where their letters interlock.

The sample CROZZLE below is a useful guide.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 3 must be received by November 21, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 3," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

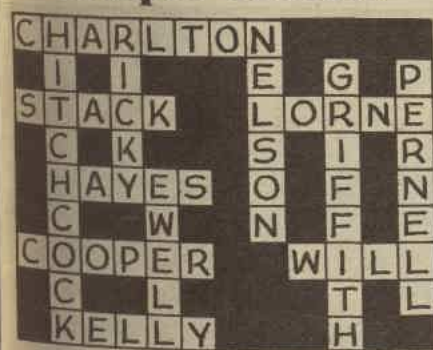
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries will share the prizemoney.

6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of October 24.

Sample Crozzle

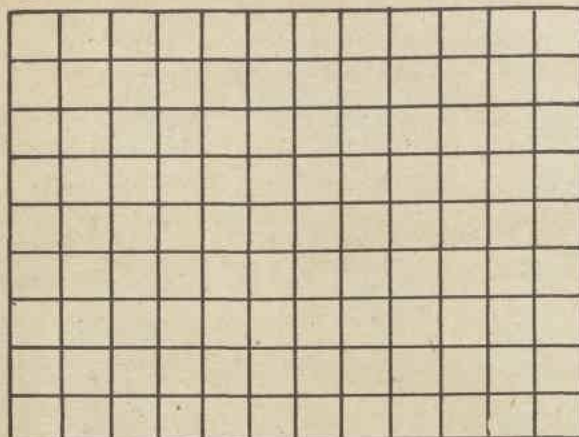


TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 64
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 130
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY. 194

● Winners of Crozzle No. 1, entries for which close on November 7, will be announced in our issue of November 28.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 7, 1962

CROZZLE No.3



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

SCORING: For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The sample CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters	3-point letters	6-point letters	12-point letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word List for Crozzle No.3

3 LETTERS	Joan	Danny	6 LETTERS	Searle	Russell
Ann	John	Davis	Armand	Taylor	Sanders
Ben	Lake	Denis	Beaver	Temple	Shirley
Bob	Limb	Diana	Bendix	Thomas	Silvers
Coe	Long	Digby	Camera	Walker	Skelton
Don	Lucy	Donna	Candid	Walter	Sothorn
Eve	Nick	Efrem	Connie		Stevens
Ida	Paul	Ellen	Conrad		Vincent
Lec	Phil	James	Cooper		William
Red	Reed	Jerry	Creana		
Rod	Troy	Hayes	Darren		
Tab	Ward	Kathy	Farson		
Tom	Will	Kelly	Garner		
	Wynn	Lloyd	George		
	Yogi	Lorne	Greene		
4 LETTERS					
Andy	Adams	Magoo			
Burr	Allen	Nolan			
Dale	Arden	Ozzie			
Dave	Arnaz	Ricky			
Dawn	Barry	Roger			
Dear	Bobby	Smith			
Desi	Boone	Stack			
Dick	Booth	Sykes			
Dyer	Brian	Terry			
Eric	Brown	Tommy			
Evie	Burke	Wolfe			
Fred	Burns	Wyatt			
Hans	Casey	Wyman			
Hass	Chuck	Young			
Jack	Clint				
Jane					

Another Crozzle next week

NEXT WEEK:

● 60 STEAK RECIPES

A six-page cookbook has 60 recipes using all cuts of beef steak.

There are ideas and instructions ranging from low-budget, simple dishes to gala gourmets' delights.

Three pages are illustrated in palate-tempting color.

● Australian summer fashions

Two color pages show summer fashions designed, manufactured, and available in Australia. There are elegant, easy shapes in easy-care materials.

● Pretty summer table napery

Eating indoors? Out of doors? Make three new table-linen designs to help you set a prettier table this summer. There's a gingham mat and napkin set (trimmed with embroidered edging), a beautiful cloth in eyelet cotton, and cross-over runners to dress up a plain cloth. Full directions in a three-page color feature.

● £40,000 art auction preview

Color pictures of some of the paintings from a £40,000 collection which will be auctioned in Sydney soon.

● "My African Garden"

Arriving in a remote part of Tanganyika, in tropical Africa, a woman had three years to create and enjoy a garden; then her husband would be transferred.

She had lived most of her 24 years in Tanganyika, and loved Africa. The family has now migrated to Australia.

The woman's touching story of the beloved garden she had to abandon is illustrated in color.

● How NOT to Kill Your Husband—3

In "Are You a 'Wifely' Wife?" a famous physician continues his advice to wives on how they can help their husbands lead happier, healthier—and longer—lives.

● For TV fans . . .

"Startime's" compere, John Laws, and brilliant dancers Carlu Carter and Bill McGrath are in color on the cover of the Television section.

● In Teenagers' Weekly . . .

A leading English mannequin, who visited Australia recently, models new-season teenage fashions, from beachwear to glamor evening clothes.

There are also pictures of her wearing the right make-up to go with them.



**Hair looks lovely . . .
stays lovely**

right through the liveliest evening!

Wonderful rhythm . . . wonderful hair style!

And her hair is as well groomed as it was when the party first started. How does she do it? With Gossamer! Just a whisper spray of Gossamer holds hair beautifully in place . . . through the busiest day . . . the liveliest evening. Gossamer's lanolin esters nourish your hair . . . give it a fresh-brushed lustre. Trust only Gossamer!

Gossamer
HAIR SPRAY



HAIR STYLE BY DAVID AND DALTON

Gossamer Invisible Net for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hair styles. Gossamer Supersoft for easy-to-manage hair and casual hair styles. Three sizes: Purse, regular and large salon size.

Page 18

ST419/62

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

Now—a fourth "Bonanza" son

One of the most popular men in Australia, Ben Cartwright, of "Bonanza," is about to add a fourth son — named Clay — to his family.

TELEVIEWERS will meet Clay on Channel 9 on Friday, November 9, at 8.30 p.m., when a brand-new "Bonanza" series starts, replacing the repeats that have been keeping fans in touch with the Cartwrights.

The announcement of such an event — a brother for Adam, Hoss, and Little Joe — is not as happy as it sounds.

For Clay, who is grown up, does not fit into the "Bonanza" pattern, and he's got to or be dealt with by Ben.

This is no small thing. Ben does not shyly-shilly with his sons, as televiewers who have rated "Bonanza" as the top show in Australia well know.

Cartwright boys have got to be upright, idealistic, and law-abiding or out comes the horseship—in fact or metaphorically.

"Bonanza" is TV's epic Western; the Cartwrights' ranch, "The Ponderosa," is 100,000 acres; their family a dynasty that is certain to help shape the destiny of the West.

Tough old Ben Cartwright (Lorne Greene) is the father of three sons in "Bonanza," all born of different mothers.

Their mothers are Ben's three former wives, who are all dead but are definitely not forgotten.

Ben thinks about them often and occasionally delights televiewers by thinking mistily back and introducing them to all by that time-worn device, the flashback.

In this way viewers have already met the Boston girl who was the mother of Adam (Pernell Roberts) and the tall Swede mother of big Hoss (Dan Blocker), but so far the producers have withheld the flashback to the story of Little Joe's Ma, the most interesting of all.

Wilful girl

She was a Creole from New Orleans, French and fascinating but withal a foolish, wilful girl—that is, until she met our Ben.

Ben fell in love with her, married her, and, with the influence of a good man around the house, she became a lovely creature who eventually mothered that volatile character and heart-throb, Little Joe (Michael Landon).

Which brings us back to Clay.

Clay (Barry Coe) turns up at the "Ponderosa" and turns out to be none other than Little Joe's half-brother, born in Mrs. (Creole) Cartwright's foolish, wilful days.

Clay bears the name of Stafford, but, in the big, wide, and handsome "Bonanza" manner, Ben takes him

into his family as the honored fourth son.

What happens when he does so is the first episode of the new "Bonanza" series, so far unrevealed to anyone.

I don't think televiewers could possibly stand a fourth son who is only half-Cartwright. He might not practise togetherness the way the others do, might not have all the sterling characteristics required.

I'm laying odds that he doesn't last more than one episode. I think he's got a past, he's killed a man, is unkind to horses, or doesn't respect women or something equally unacceptable.

I find it hard to wait for November 9 to find out—the unknown quantity overlaid with Creole charm. I'm afraid, though, Clay will have to ride off into the sunset at the end of the episode or meet with a terrible accident.

How can we fit him into the "Bonanza" picture, deliberately patterned to appeal to every section of the male and female TV audience?

According to the producers, "Bonanza's" appeal to men comes from its adventure and lack of women, its all-male household; its appeal to women is pure sex.

They say Ben was cast for the middle-aged woman, Adam for the thoughtful sophisticated to 28, Hoss for the 28-35 group who love the gentle, simple type, and Little Joe for the girls from 16 on.

Isn't there a foolish, wilful girl in the house who will settle for Clay?

New faces, old ideas

OF TV's two newest competitors, Bob Rogers and John Laws, I'd put my money on Rogers as the one most likely to become a permanent TV fixture.

Rogers is brash, but inoffensive and seems to me to be a personality; Laws looks unsure, ill at ease.

I feel sorry for both of them, framed in their present unbeknowning TV shows.

I know there is nothing new under the sun, but surely televiewers could have been presented with something newer than the format of either the "Bob Rogers Show" or "Startime."

Both of them evoke the ghosts of former shows—the first of "In Sydney Tonight" and the second, "Startime," of an amalgam of Bob Pollard's old show, "Talent Quest," and "Revue '61" and "62."

Producer Gil Rodin has borrowed heavily from the Revue shows. There's the white look, Carlu Carter and Bill McGrath and there is the Revue 20 Choir.

There is no doubt that

the Revue 20 is a good choir, made up of talented, lovely people, but I am so tired of them I could scream when I see them.

Surely it would have been a wise move, even if it cost the channel money to retain them on ice, to have let televiewers temporarily tuck the memory of their singing away among their TV souvenirs?

I am still enjoying not seeing Digby Wolfe, one of TV's most winning personalities, in "Revue '62" week after week, but I would hate to think I would never see him again on TV. The fact that he will be back makes the missing enjoyable.

I am sure I would feel the same about the Revue 20 choir if they "rested" for a while.

In the "Bob Rogers Show" my great dislike is the audience participation segments used from time to time. Audience participation is not entertainment, it is just painful experience.

TV has proved over and over again that Australians must rate as among the world's most inarticulate and unexpected race when faced unexpectedly with a microphone and a TV camera.

But the evolution of new, ambitious shows like these two makes TV interesting and viewing an experience.

And if they don't grow into what you like you can always fall back on "Rag Trade" technique—blow the whistle and shout "Everybody Out!"

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER those dear old uncomplicated days before there was a colored question and we didn't use words and phrases like "minorities" and "colored people"?

I remembered them last week watching A.B.C.-TV's play "Fury in Petticoats."

An Englishwoman, the vicar's wife, said, "You mean The Blacks?" when Charles Darwin referred to the "natives of Tierra del Fuego."

And how's your uncomplicated vocabulary. Is it equal to this? A girl and two lads on "People" were talking to Bob Sanders.

"A lot of people say they're surfies," one said, "when they're really Ho-Dads or Rockers."

I need help. I don't get that Ho-Dad jazz.

FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

★★ BOYS' NIGHT OUT

If you want to escape from harsh reality for a few hours, this is one to see. It's a lighthearted piece of nonsense about a glamorous sociologist (Kim Novak) who is set up in an apartment by three not-so-happily-married men. James Garner (remember him in the TV series "Maverick"?) plays his part as the man-who-gets-the-girl with his usual charm. Miss Novak is decorative and not much else, but the script is amusing and the sets and costumes superb. P.K. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . FUN.

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER of Elvis Presley's old flames, Joan Blackman, is getting married. Joan, who dated Elvis during the early days of his career and again when they starred together in "Blue Hawaii," is marrying Hampton Fancher III as soon as he divorces his longestranged wife.

★ ★ ★
ARRIVING in Madrid to star in "The Great Rebel" (based on Jules Verne's "Matthias Sandorf"), Louis Jourdan told interviewers he intended to cut out all nightlife and get plenty of rest. "Every wrinkle means about £500 less in my contracts," he said.

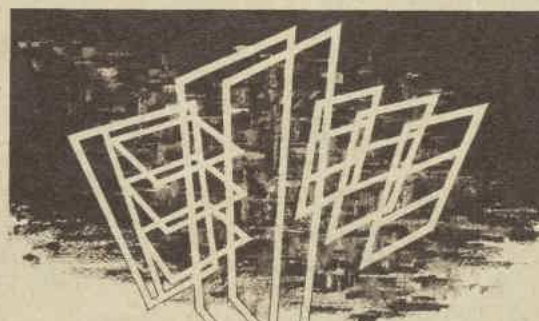
NEW ZEALAND actress Nyree Dawn Porter, who went to Britain four years ago for a three-week holiday, is certainly glad she stayed. Recently she starred in the West End comedy hit "Come Blow Your Horn." Now she finds herself signed for a major film part. She will star in "Two Left Feet"—a comedy about a factory lad and his girl-friend. The male role has yet to be filled.

★ ★ ★
MOST loyal of the Sinatra "Clan" members is Dean Martin. Recently Martin failed to show up for a guest appearance on the Dinah Shore TV show, saying he had laryngitis. But friends say the real reason is that Bobby Darin was also scheduled to appear. And the "Clan" hasn't cared for Darin since he claimed he would top Frank Sinatra's success.

★ ★ ★
DOROTHY LAMOUR, who first won film fame swimming in tropical lagoons in a sarong, hit the water again recently during the shooting of "Donovan's Reef." But this time she was wearing a muu-muu and was being tossed from a 10ft.-high balcony into a small fishpond by co-star John Wayne. "At least," said Miss Lamour, "no one can say I didn't make a splash."



LIKE HIS BROTHER? At left is Clay Stafford (Barry Coe), the new "Bonanza" boy, half-brother to Little Joe Cartwright (Michael Landon, at right). They have the same mother, different fathers, but the same gleam in the eye. Clay will be presented to televiewers on Channel 9 at 8.30 p.m. on Friday, November 9.



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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

LOUISE sat in the car while I went to the edge of the sea wall where waves exploded in swathes of spray on concrete ramparts below. A wind, which must have been whetted in Siberia, was razoring the sea and my problem was how to get Louise to stand so that she would be soaked by water while appearing to be oblivious of her chilly and dangerous position.

At a rough calculation every seventh wave was a monster. If I could persuade her to stand on the top ledge, now veined with rivulets of spent spray, and then, just before the onslaught of the seventh wave, ask her to move to the ledge below, it might be possible to achieve the desired result.

I returned to the car and took out camera equipment. "The tide is high," I observed. "It's bitterly cold and damp, but could you spare a minute?"

"I knew there was a catch when you ordered a bottle of wine at lunch," she replied. "A full bottle. Not a half-bottle, or 'care to have some beer?'"

As she stepped out I saw that a huge wave had just whipped a flail of icy water along the upper ramparts.

"Quickly. Down these steps. It's too cold to stay long."

"But everything is wet!"

"You'll be all right. Stand over there."

With considerable cunning I got her to pose with her back to the boiling waters.

"That's terrific. Now, if you'll move down a ledge and stand in exactly the same position."

She gave an apprehensive glance at the cold sea.

"Is it safe?"

"Of course."

"Oh, well . . ."

She stepped cautiously to her doom.

"Wonderful. Now look toward me."

A sinuous grey-green ridge of power was rolling toward the sea wall, mounting lesser waves in its irrevocable drive to destruction.

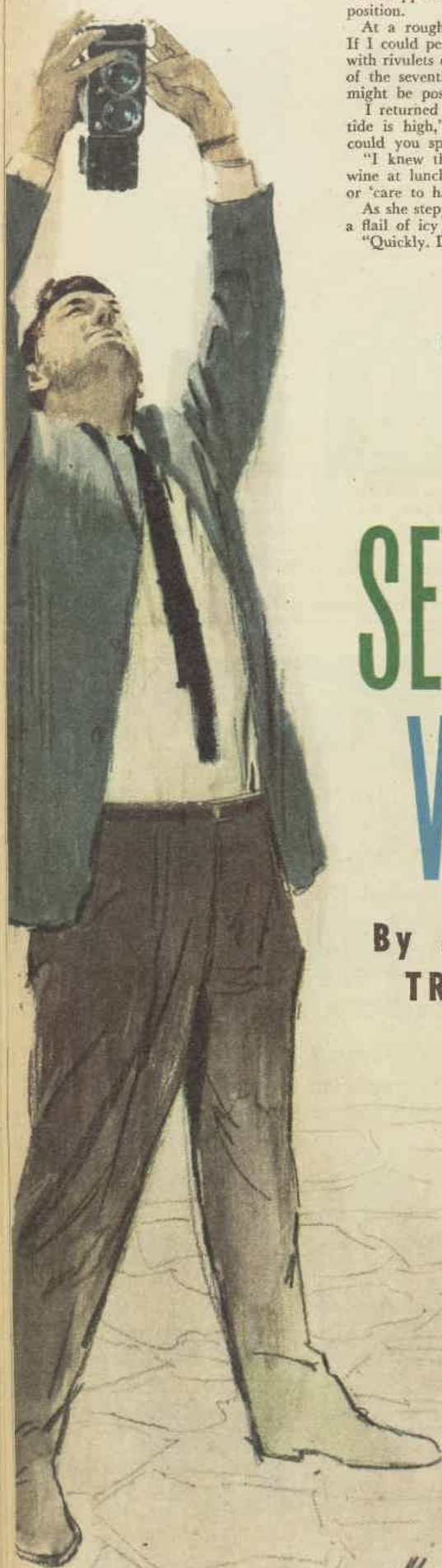
Louise began to smile. "Von must zoffer for ze zake of hart."

To page 21

My photograph of Louise in her gleaming yellow raincoat became a world-wide success.

THE SEVENTH WAVE

By MILES
TRIPP



Man Bon

she said in a gruff voice. The next moment she was drenched by a cascade of water. "Pig!" she screamed, scrambling to safety. "I bet you saw it coming."

The result was splendid. A photograph of a lovely woman, her body sheathed in a glistening yellow raincoat, with an enormous fan of spray arched above her.

It was a break-through picture for us both. A tobacco company with sales organisations in sixty-three countries bought the exclusive rights of the reproduction, and Louise appeared all over the world.

Then we had a second success. Early one morning, stripped to a bikini, she stood on the edge of Tower Bridge, poised in the attitude of someone about to dive. Superimposed on this photograph was an incredulous Beefeater. A cosmetic company purchased the copyright for advertising purposes.

Next we collaborated on a series of pictures called "The Fountains of Rome," which showed dancing water jets in warm piazzas and Louise in various moods. She acquired an agent and I began to see much less of her.

In no time she was in the gossip columns of national newspapers, she was seen at first nights, and, accolade of popular recognition, she was a celebrity in television.

I did not see her during this period. She was far too busy and I had plenty of work. But my commercial luck had run out. The truth was that Louise's beautiful image and not my art had been the selling factor.

Then I read that she had signed a contract to appear as the star in a film about a musical mermaid which was to be called "The Honey-maid." A few days later she arrived at my studio.

"Congratulations on the film," I said, and put a "gone to lunch" notice on the door.

"Have some coffee."

"Thanks," she said.

AS I went about the business of coffee-making she hovered in the background and blurted out, "You mustn't let anyone know why I visited you. I'm in a jam. This film. I'm to be a mermaid who beguiles an enemy navy while our sailors retake Gibraltar."

"And you can't sing a note?"

"That's true. But the singing sequences will be dubbed. It's the swimming parts which bother me."

"Why?"

"Because I've signed the contract and nobody knows I can't swim a stroke."

We had a cup of coffee and I offered to teach her to swim.

For the next few weeks we visited an indoor swimming-bath. But although she learnt to swim I didn't see her again because she had to fly to Spain on location.

A year later while on holiday in Copenhagen I saw that "The Honey-maid" was showing at a small suburban cinema. I went along for old times' sake and chanced to sit beside a man who spoke English. We struck up a conversation during the interval and went to a bar after the show.

"Not a bad film," he remarked. I told him I knew Louise.

He asked, "You loved her?"

"Yes. I realise that now. It began when I took a picture of her standing beneath a breaking wave. When the shutter clicked I was thinking more of her safety than the result of the photograph. It was the first time a woman had come between me and my camera."

"But she did not respond to your love?"

"She never knew."

From time to time I read of her progress in Hollywood, Paris, Rome (of memories), Venice, and Cannes. She graduated from comedy to drama and was cast as the nagging wife of a coal miner and a lorry driver's girl-friend. Eventually she starred opposite one of the perennials, Cary Grant or Gregory Peck, I forget which, and she had arrived.

Eventually she could pick and choose her director, her producer, and her co-star. I was very impressed by her fame and boasted of my acquaintance with her.

Continuing . . . THE SEVENTH WAVE

from page 20

It was an agreeable evening. He was dedicated to and obsessed by his subject and I warmed to his single-mindedness.

Finally he said, "I have an authenticated report of a remark Louise once made about love."

"Oh, yes?"

"It came after the break-up of her third and last marriage. In each case it was the man's fault. She was, how shall I put it, blameless."

"What was her remark about love?" I asked.

"After her third divorce she was quoted as saying, 'I have only really

loved one man in my life and he thought more of his work than of me. Sooner than spoil a fragment of his work he would let me be washed out to sea to drown—and once that nearly happened.'"

My ears came out on stalks. I asked him to repeat this incredible, marvellous, splendidly accurate piece of documentary reporting.

He obliged, word for word.

"Where is she now? This minute?" I asked.

"Acapulco, Mexico. I've had an awful job getting an interview with her, but one has been fixed for next week. I'm flying over. My publisher is sparing no expense."

True to his word, he flew to Acapulco the following week and interviewed Louise in a suite overlook-

ing white sands and a wide blue bay. She was forthcoming and gave all the information he wanted, but even so he was not altogether satisfied.

Perhaps it had put him off balance to find me with Louise. After all, my decision to fly to Mexico had been made only two days ago; he had no idea I would be there to greet him. Or perhaps he resented my presence in the room while questioning Louise. There must, I thought, be some reason for his obvious disappointment.

It wasn't until he stood up to leave that he explained his dissatisfaction. "Thanks to you," he said, looking at me sternly, "it will be necessary to give my book a happy ending and then no one will give me credit for being a serious writer."

(Copyright)

Hair looks lovely . . . stays lovely
right through the liveliest evening!

Wonderful rhythm . . . wonderful hair style!
And her hair is as well groomed as it was when the party first started. How does she do it? With Gossamer! Just a whisper spray of Gossamer holds hair beautifully in place . . . through the busiest day . . . the liveliest evening. Gossamer's lanolin esters nourish your hair . . . give it a fresh-brushed lustre. Trust only Gossamer!

Gossamer
HAIR SPRAY

HAIR STYLE BY JAVIER AND DALTON

Gossamer Invisible Net for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hair styles. Gossamer Supersoft for easy-to-manage hair and casual hair styles. Three sizes: Purse, regular and large salon size.

Death on the 6th. day

First instalment of a new suspense serial

By HENRY FARRELL

Author of "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"



SHE came awake at the first ring of the telephone, fully, sharply awake, knowing all in an instant that somewhere in the dim corridors of her slumbering consciousness she had been waiting for this call, expecting it all along. Even before the sound could echo away into the enclosed silence of the outer rooms of the apartment, she hurled the covers hard against the dark and rose into the night-time chill, unmindful of the thinness of her nightdress or the need for robe and slippers, thinking only that she must reach the hallway and the phone before it could ring again and wake Connie.

As she swung her legs out over the edge of the bed she reached to the night-stand and switched on the lamp. Her glance brushed the face of the clock obliquely, recording the fact that it was just a few minutes after two.

Lithe and sure in her urgency, she ran barefoot across the carpeted floor, through the open doorway, and out into the night-narrowed hall. Just as the phone renewed its cry she reached out into the obscured rectangle of the wall niche, found the instrument's cold plastic shell, and lifted the receiver.

Only then, with a kind of second waking, knowing absolutely that the call was from Dan, did she hesitate. She stood there, the receiver raised to her ear, the broken cry of the bell resounding in ghostly recall against the insubstantial wall of her own uncertainty.

She raised her hand in nervous distraction toward her brow, then dropped it away again, thinking even alone there in the dimness that the gesture was silly and melodramatic.

It wasn't that she didn't want to talk to Dan. She did—she wanted to talk to him very much. There was such a lot to tell him, really. And to explain. So much had come clear during the past few weeks of their separation. . . .

But she couldn't tell him like this, not over the telephone in the small, not-quite-real hours of the night, with more than three thousand miles between them. She needed him here with her, where she could see in his face that he understood and believed in her, where she could reach out to him, if need be, for courage. Even Dr. Emory had agreed that it was wisest to wait until

Dan was back from the Coast before she tried to talk to him, to tell him of her discoveries—and decisions.

But now . . . Recalling the lateness of the hour, it occurred to her suddenly that something might be wrong, and she pressed the receiver quickly to her ear. "Yes?" Against the stillness her voice sounded thin and childish, and she frowned. "Dan. . . . ?"

"Karen? Hey, Kare—that you?"

His tone instantly reassured her; he was safe, nothing was wrong, not really. "Dan—just a minute . . ."

Hurrying into the far shadows of the hall, she paused for a moment before the open door of Connie's room, listened for the muted sound of the child's breathing, then swiftly, silently closed the door. The sheer stuff of her nightdress swirled and brushed against her ankles as she turned and hurried back to the phone.

"Dan?"

"Golly, hon, were you asleep? Aw, I'm sorry, honest . . ."

He sounded so much like his old self, like the old Dan, so easy and sure, that for a moment she was carried helplessly back in time. Unbidden, there rose before her a vision from the time when they were first married, a time before Connie was born. They had lain together in the twilight, side by side, and she had turned to look down upon his blunt, good-looking face, and there in the lowering light from the window it had seemed a stronger and more beautiful face than any other in the world.

"It's after two in the morning," she heard herself saying. "I was afraid that something might have happened."

"Honest, I'm sorry. I forgot about the time difference. I checked before I called. I looked at the clock, and it said eleven. I just didn't think. Hon, if I scared you—"

"No, Dan," she said quickly, "no, it's all right. But why. . . . ?"

His laugh sounded then with sudden closeness, sharp and hard and male, and she felt again the quick inner disturbance, the mingled pain and pleasure of surprised recognition and recall.

"Dan—"

But she spoke so softly he didn't hear.

"Whew!" he broke in. "I guess I'm just a little bit high."

It fell away from her then, or was torn away, the remembered warmth, and in its place was a quick, angry thrust of jealousy. Again she was alone in the cold darkness, and he was only a voice from 3000 miles away. A voice which has been raised against her more than once, like a clenched fist, hard with anger and frustration. A voice which had tried foolishly to defend an indefensible relationship with another woman, a relationship that had begun cheaply at an office party—and with drinking.

But she had talked all that out with Dr. Emory, out and out and out, and she had promised to remember that her feelings in this area were too immature, too highly colored with angry, unreasoning emotion, to be trusted.

"You—you've been out celebrating?"

She tried to make it sound innocent, but she could tell by his altered tone, when he answered, that she had not succeeded.

"Well—yes. Actually that's what I'm calling about. There was an occasion this evening—with the boys."

She felt the cold grip of despair. How could she do it, how could she let the old mistrust lay hold of her so quickly when she knew so well what it could cost her?

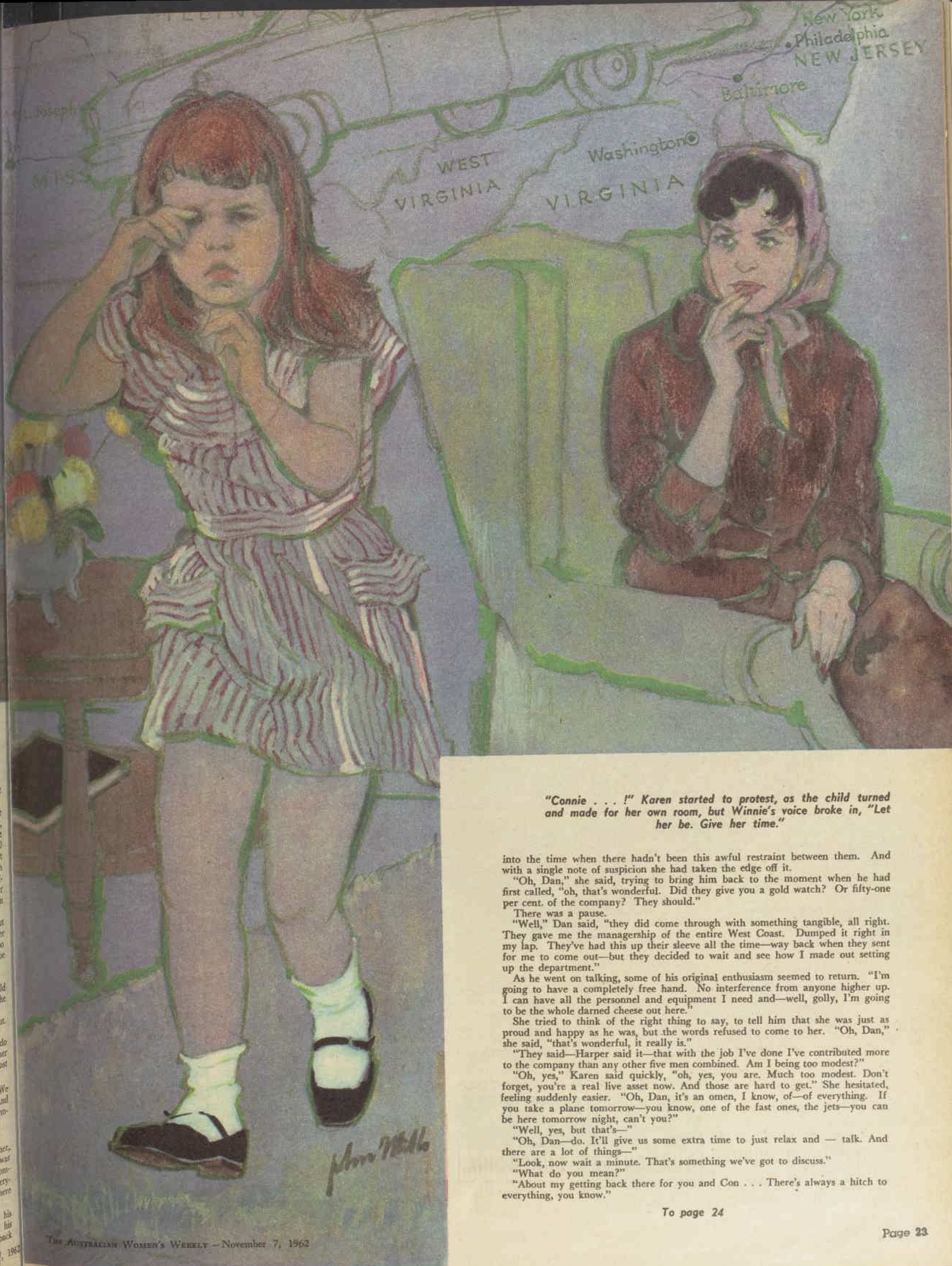
"Just me and the big brass," Dan was saying. "We all had dinner together—and drinks. Cooper. And Harper. And, if you can believe it, old man Armstrong, too."

"Dan—"

"Old A.E. himself." Again Dan's laugh came to her, but with none of the old infectiousness now. "I was told that I am not just a valued employee of the company but a major asset. How about that? Not everyone gets to be a major asset, you know, not out here they don't, not a major one, anyway."

He had called then, as husbands do, to share his good news with his wife, his pride in himself and his achievement. For a moment he, too, had slipped back

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -- November 7, 1962



"Connie . . . !" Karen started to protest, as the child turned and made for her own room, but Winnie's voice broke in, "Let her be. Give her time."

into the time when there hadn't been this awful restraint between them. And with a single note of suspicion she had taken the edge off it.

"Oh, Dan," she said, trying to bring him back to the moment when he had first called, "oh, that's wonderful. Did they give you a gold watch? Or fifty-one per cent. of the company? They should."

There was a pause.

"Well," Dan said, "they did come through with something tangible, all right. They gave me the managementship of the entire West Coast. Dumped it right in my lap. They've had this up their sleeve all the time—way back when they sent for me to come out—but they decided to wait and see how I made out setting up the department."

As he went on talking, some of his original enthusiasm seemed to return. "I'm going to have a completely free hand. No interference from anyone higher up. I can have all the personnel and equipment I need and—well, golly, I'm going to be the whole darned cheese out here."

She tried to think of the right thing to say, to tell him that she was just as proud and happy as he was, but the words refused to come to her. "Oh, Dan," she said, "that's wonderful, it really is."

"They said—Harper said it—that with the job I've done I've contributed more to the company than any other five men combined. Am I being too modest?"

"Oh, yes," Karen said quickly, "oh, yes, you are. Much too modest. Don't forget, you're a real live asset now. And those are hard to get." She hesitated, feeling suddenly easier. "Oh, Dan, it's an omen, I know, of—of everything. If you take a plane tomorrow—you know, one of the fast ones, the jets—you can be here tomorrow night, can't you?"

"Well, yes, but that's—"

"Oh, Dan—do. It'll give us some extra time to just relax and — talk. And there are a lot of things—"

"Look, now wait a minute. That's something we've got to discuss."

"What do you mean?"

"About my getting back there for you and Con . . . There's always a hitch to everything, you know."

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Karen hesitated, the quick devils of fear and anger pressing close again. "Dan," she said, making her voice carefully even. "You're coming, as we planned. You are, aren't you?"

"Well, sure, Karen, I'm coming, all right. But I just can't make it this week. I couldn't possibly leave here tomorrow. Now . . . well, everything's changed. I'm not just setting it all up on paper. This is for real. I have to call meetings — get the boys in and brief them on what's up. I'll have to do the new hiring personally and get everyone set in what they're going to do. I'm going to be working here for a while. They're making a real investment in all this, just on my say-so. Anyway, I know you're not just exactly crazy to come out here and — well, I told

them I'd put it off getting you and Con and moving you out . . ."

Karen let the receiver go slack against her ear. It was all true, of course; he couldn't make up an elaborate excuse like that. But the thought was there all the same, that he might be just putting her off, that he might still be in touch with Hazel Conway. It was possible that the woman was with him now and that they had planned . . .

She put out a hand, as if physically to suppress her own thoughts. They were wrong and neurotic. But that didn't help the feeling of loss deep inside. Dan wasn't coming for her as he had promised; he was content to be away from

her, free of her. But it was wrong, wrong to let herself feel this way, giving way to fear and insecurity. Dr. Emory had warned her that it wasn't going to be as simple as she thought.

"Actually," Dan was saying, "it's going to be better this way. We'll have more time. Look how worn out we'd be, me getting there tomorrow. We'd be starting out on Monday, driving for a solid week at least. This way I can probably take a whole month off, if I want to, three weeks, anyway. We can take out time on the trip and

show Con the country. What I was thinking—"

"But when?" Karen heard herself demanding. "Just exactly when will that be, Dan?"

There was a pause. "Well . . ."

"You've been out there more than two months now. I'm all ready to have everything shipped. I've told Mr. White we're giving up the apartment at the first of the week — on Monday. I've packed everything that we're going to take. I've made all kinds of plans and to try to change them now . . ." She knew a note of stridency had come into her voice, but she didn't seem able to do anything about it.

"Just how much longer do you think it will have to be?"

"Well . . ." Dan spoke hesitantly, with a studied quiet, "another six weeks, I guess, six or eight. That long at least."

Karen held tight to the receiver. "Another two months," she said. "That's a long time, isn't it?"

Again there was a pause before he answered, and this time his tone was less careful. "You could have come in the first place, Karen. But you didn't want to."

"I know, Dan. I know." And then it suddenly burst inside her, the fear, the loss, and she spoke before she thought. "But you know why I didn't."

He ignored the accusation, pretended not to have heard it. "You've got to understand how important this is. It's not just a question of making good on the job. If I fail, I'll be washed up in the field. Nobody will ever touch me again."

"But I've told Mr. White we're leaving," Karen said, the devils fully upon her now. "I've given up the apartment. And I've called the removalists. You've got to understand that!"

"Mr. White won't throw you out, for Pete's sake. Now, Karen, you've got to be reasonable—"

"I don't expect you'd give a damn if he did. All you'd do is . . ."

She broke off, aghast at her own outburst, listening through the ensuing beat of silence to the unreasonableness of her own words as they came echoing back to her.

"Oh, Dan," she said, "I want to see you. And Connie—it isn't good for her, our being separated like this. She's changed so lately. Sometimes she's so difficult . . . She needs you, Dan. She doesn't understand."

The silence came again, briefly. "What can I do?" he asked.

She waited, trying to hold it back, but still it came. "Nothing," she said, biting the word off at him. "Just don't do anything — please. Don't even try. Don't disturb yourself." Tears started in her eyes and streamed down her cheeks.

"Just forget it."

"Now, Karen, dammit . . .!"

SHE tried to wipe away the tears, tried to stop them, but she couldn't. It was no use now; nothing was any use. "There's no sense in — trying to talk," she said. "Let's just not try."

"Karen, you listen to me . . .!"

"Goodbye, Dan."

"Karen!"

She hung up.

She stood there in the dimness, immobile, numb with disbelief, her tears stanching for the moment by shock.

"Don't," she whispered to herself in muted wretchedness, "oh, don't . . ."

But it was already done. And she had known all along, almost as if she had stood back and watched herself, that she was doing it, deliberately, systematically, spoiling everything. That was the terrible part, being unable to stop herself, even knowing.

In the eddying stillness she turned and looked toward Connie's room. But she made no move in that direction. She would not let herself use the child for her own comfort and consolation as she had once been used by her own mother. Determinedly, she turned away and entered her own room.

She stood just outside the reaching circle of soft lamplight that shone from the night stand, looking bleakly at the room which had for more than five years been hers and Dan's—and which now was hers alone. She looked past her own disordered bed at the precisely made-up one that had been Dan's. It was by her own wish that things were as they were, she reminded herself; all her own doing.

It was she and no one else who had supplied all the good and logical reasons why she couldn't go with him out to California. She couldn't leave her mother, her sister . . . She couldn't leave Dr. Emory. All the good and logical and coldly polite reasons . . .

She turned and confronted her own image in the mirror of the vanity, in an attitude of hostility. In the muted light with her short chestnut hair tousled about her

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try changing
a woman's mind
when her
heart's set on
the best



One of the nicest things about being a woman is you know what you want. When you decide you want only the finest decorative surfacing, the brand you choose is Laminex. You know tests have proved Laminex surfacing more resistant to wear, stains and heat. You know Laminex was first on the market and today — 15 years later — it's still first choice with Australian women. (There must be good reason for that!) When you've set your heart on genuine Laminex brand surfacing, surely nothing can change your mind.

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Today it brings new beauty to furniture and it's a distinctive decorative

surface for kitchen or bathroom. You know when you specify LAMINEX brand that you're buying a guaranteed product. Should it fail to satisfy with due care, we cheerfully replace. See the new FORUM pattern soon at your Laminex retailer or fine furniture store. If you'd like us to send you a FREE sample, just drop a line to Laminex Pty. Ltd., 332 Bay Road, Cheltenham, Victoria.

Laminex brand guaranteed surfacing is also manufactured in New Zealand at Hornby, Christchurch.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

try changing
a woman's mind
when her
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LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

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Page 25



in any room...give fashion a function!

Venetians! Today's window covering . . . to make a room so lovely, so liveable. You'll live in cosy privacy with Luxaflex Twi-Nighters and their famous "not-just-dim-but-dark" closing . . . just tilt to view the passing parade. Tilt them, too, to catch a cooling breeze and to keep harsh sun off precious furnishings. And such happy-making decor. Decor! That's the really fashionable side, with a choice of two hundred colour combinations, twelve fashion-right patterns including Twi-Nighter's new two-tone designs. And the exclusive aluminium slats stand up to the roughest handling, snap back into perfect shape. Feather-touch cleaning, too, with Twi-Nighters' smooth durable enamel finish, plastic tapes and nylon cords. And — to top it all off — the slim, attractive Luxaflex aluminium pelmet. Your Luxaflex retailer will show you how Luxaflex quality is better economy. See him today or write to Luxaflex, Box 31, P.O., Rydalmere, N.S.W., for the colourfully illustrated free Twi-Nighter brochure.

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Don't be misled! Make sure you buy genuine Luxaflex Twi-Nighters! Only genuine Twi-Nighter venetians have this identifying seal of quality on the bottom rail. Look for it before you buy!

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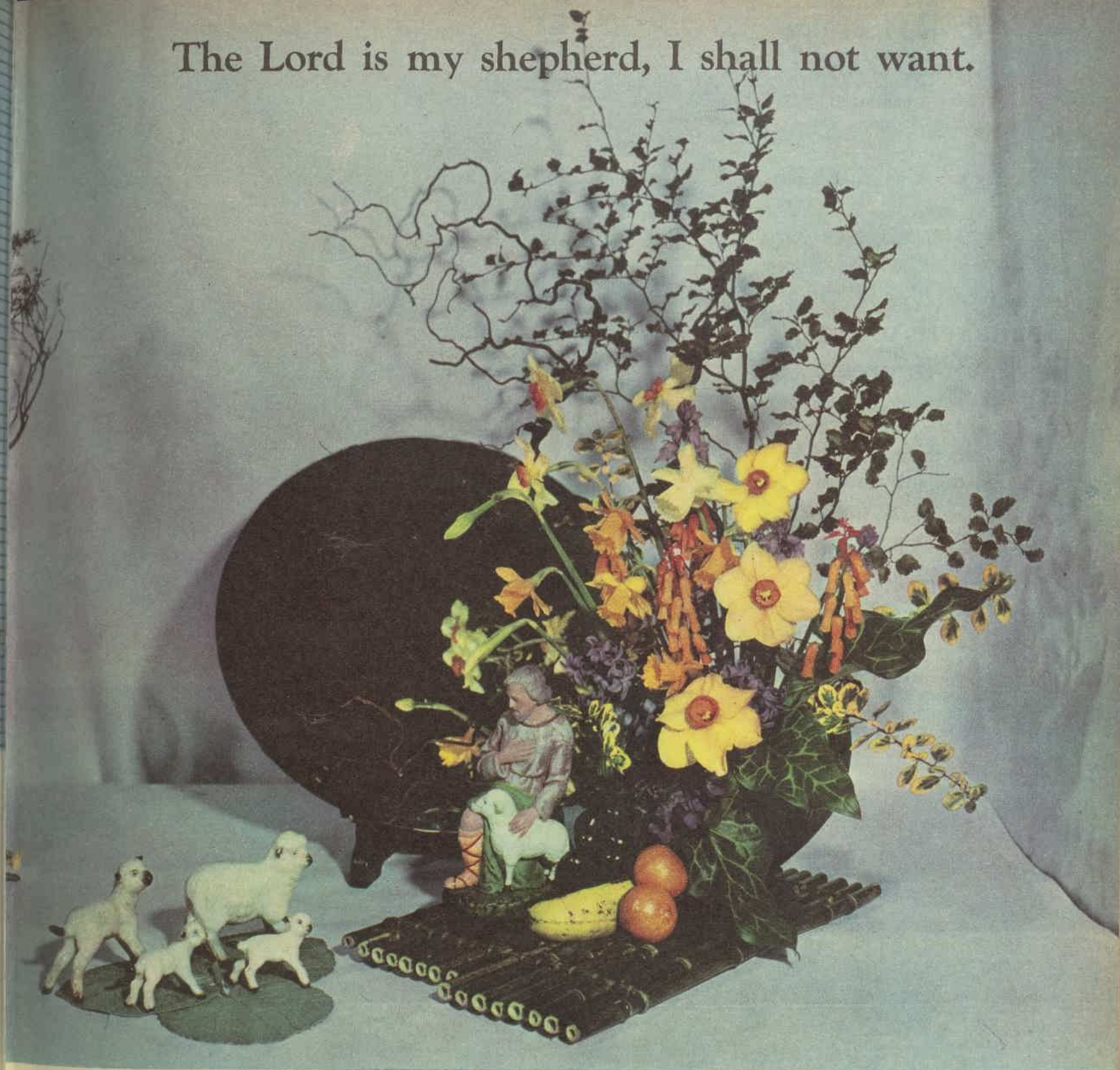
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Luxaflex — for the finest in aluminium products — Rigid and Roll-up Awnings, Insect Screens and Doors, Drapery Track and Fittings.

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The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.



A three-page feature

SOME of the descriptive phrases from the beautiful 23rd Psalm were illustrated in an unusual display of flower, foliage, and driftwood groupings in Melbourne recently. The arrangements were made by members of the North Balwyn Floral Art Group to aid the building funds of a local church, St. Silas'. Our pictures show their imaginative approach to the words of the Psalm.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

PSALM of the FLOWERS

● The china shepherd with his flock beside an arrangement of fruit and daffodils, violets, hyacinths, lachenalia, bluebells, and beech twigs, with a mirror, together symbolise the land of plenty, the four seasons, and the world.

Continued overleaf

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PSALM of the FLOWERS

— continued

He maketh me to
lie down in green
pastures:

he leadeth me beside
the still waters.

● Tiny white china horses rest in a pasture of moss and driftwood with clusters of spring primroses and narcissus.



Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;

● White arum lilies, freesias, magnolias, gladioli, andromeda, and green foliage are arranged before a gold triptych representing a church. On the steps leading up to the triptych are an anointing spoon and a china figure deep in prayer.



my cup runneth over.

● Carnations, gladioli, plum blossom, and thryptomene burst forth in colorful profusion from a green glass cup.

Pictures by staff photographer Bill Rowntree



He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

● A white dove and an arrangement of tulips and pussy-willow branches symbolise the ascending of the Spirit.



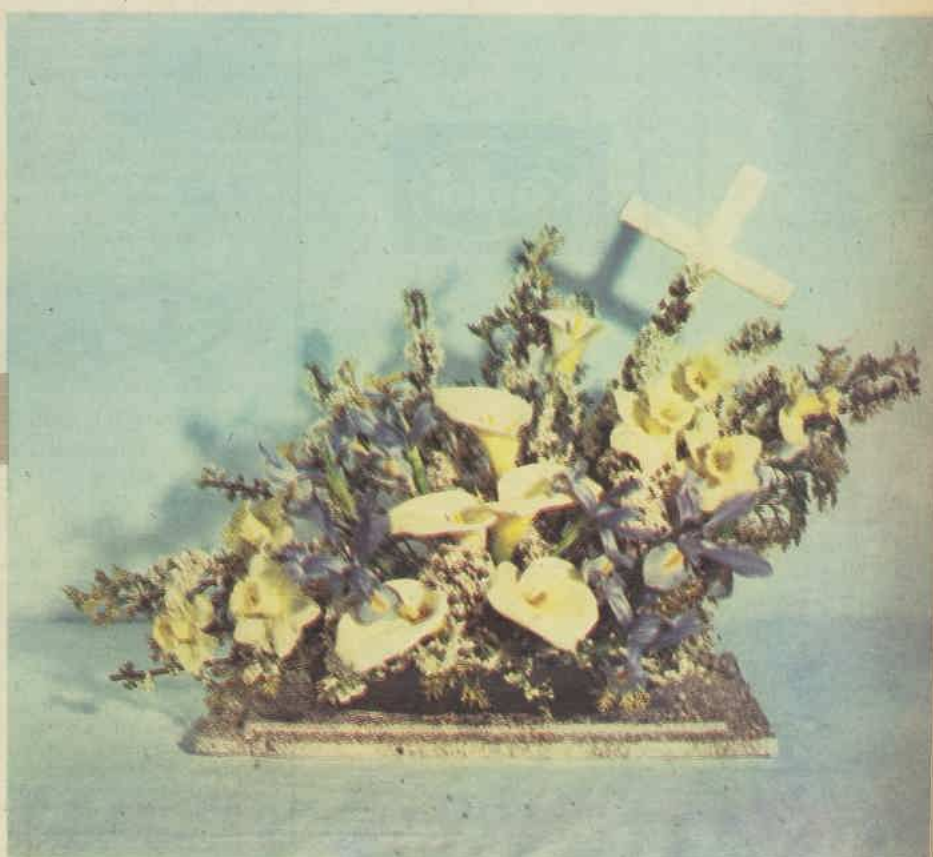
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

● A gold staff rises from a soft arrangement of magnolias, stocks, hyacinths, and prunus elvins blossom.



Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

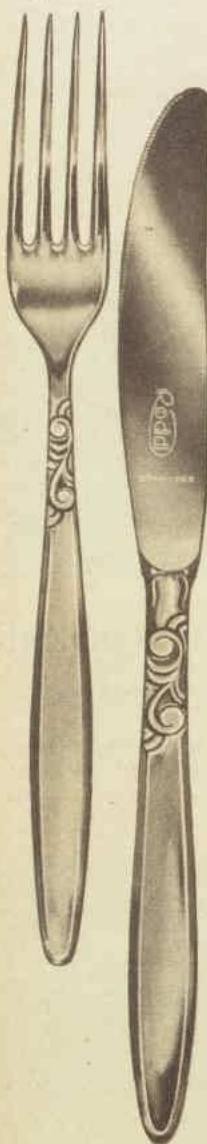
● Beautifully shaped driftwood points the way to heaven from a bowl of arum lilies, hyacinths, tulips, stocks, magnolias. Each candle represents a different attribute: pink for warmth and charity, blue for spirituality and hope, mauve for loyalty, white for purity, green for faith, yellow for joy, red for strength.



and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

● A peaceful arrangement of white lilies, prunus elvins, viburnum, cream daffodils, and blue iris with the cross symbolising the house of the Lord.

SLEEK—SOPHISTICATED—yet so graceful



Ballerina TABLE SILVER BY RODD



There's a difference in contemporary styling when it's by RODD! Here is elegance and charm combined with modern lines of simple beauty. Finely finished in 25-year quality silver, a 44-piece service of BALLERINA is priced from only £29.19.6. Matching pieces for all occasions are available, too.

See BALLERINA, and other contemporary RODD patterns—STARDUST, or SILVER RHAPSODY—at all leading stores.

Write for a FREE leaflet showing all RODD patterns, to RODD (AUST.) LTD., P.O. BOX 117, ST. KILDA, VICTORIA.



AUSTRALIA'S FINEST RANGE OF TABLE SILVER



most functional... most beautiful of all garage doors

from your local hardware store or Tilt-A-Dor Distributor
MANUFACTURED BY TILT-A-DOR PTY. LTD., BOX 39, P.O., BROOKVALE, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Beauty forever

WITH a Royal tour next year could there be a drive to make our cities more beautiful — permanently? Instead of thousands spent on bunting, a similar amount could be spent on permanent window-boxes of gay flowers, and awnings where appropriate. Trees and shrubs in tubs and fresh paint along the streets are much more heart-warming, and we citizens would have them forever after.

£1/1/- to "Beauty Please" (name supplied), East Burwood, Vic.

First haircut at eight weeks

I WONDER if any readers have had to cut their baby's hair as early as mine. My son was eight weeks old when I cut it myself to keep it from an infected ear. He then had it cut professionally at four-and-a-half months. The barber said he was the youngest in his experience.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Smerdon, Brisbane.

The spoons caused a stir

AT a party I recently attended the hostess had placed a teaspoon bearing the name of a different town with each cup. When it was time for second cups, each was returned to its user without any difficulty. And the spoons also led to some spirited conversation, everyone comparing notes as to who had been where and when. Also no one found time to indulge in local gossip!

£1/1/- to "Double Purpose" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Exchange for housewives

WOULDN'T it be nice if someone were to organise a means of contact whereby housewives could make exchanges. Every housewife has too much of something and not enough of something else. We could come to some happy arrangement with crockery and glassware. Perhaps even curtains, carpets, and furniture exchanges.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Thomas, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Good listening's not enough

TO be a social success the rule is to be a good listener, but if everyone carried it out there would be nothing to listen to. A few of my acquaintances have absorbed the advice to the letter. After the usual formal greetings they settle themselves down to the role of Good Listener. As we are not sufficiently friendly to be able to sit in Sociable Silence, the burden of speech falls on me. They're nice people and usually find their tongues to thank me on leaving — too late; by then I'm exhausted.

£1/1/- to "Verbose" (name supplied), Maclean, N.S.W.

What price?

LIKE Mrs. Gardiner (Cardiff, N.S.W.), I'm lucky enough to have a husband who never inquires "How much?" He has his pocket-money and couldn't care less what I do with the bulk of his earnings, but he knows I wouldn't buy anything we could not afford. He often tells me that I make his earnings go twice as far as he could. As a result, our home will be paid off in less than half the 30 years' loan period.

£1/1/- to "All Serene" (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

I WISH I had a husband who never asked how much I pay for things I bring home. Mine wants to know the price of the potatoes which are laid before him at mealtimes.

£1/1/- to "Watch Every Penny" (name supplied), Brisbane.

MRS. GARDINER should consider herself lucky, indeed, having a husband who never asks the price of anything. My husband, when shopping with me, always looks at the price-tag first before commenting on the article. Nothing could make him like an article he considered too dear.

£1/1/- to "Frustrated" (name supplied), West Preston, Vic.

MY husband is also very uninterested in the price of things, provided they are for the farm; but he can think up dozens of reasons why he can't afford the "thing" if it is for the house.

£1/1/- to "Tractor Parts" (name supplied), Galubaba, Qld.

I, TOO, have a husband who is uninterested in prices, and never asks what I pay for anything. What a tribute they are paying us to trust us so. When newly married I showed my husband a list of household commodities I had bought with the housekeeping money. He looked at it, then at me, and finally he said: "I'm your husband, not your auditor, and never do that again." Thirty-eight years later he is still my husband — not my auditor.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. J. Kirk, Warradale Park, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS going to bed in our motel room and I could not find the pillow.

"They've given you a pillow," I grumbled to my wife. "Why don't I get one?"

I had to use a cushion instead. When you pay for bed and breakfast you expect a pillow, so I complained next morning to the maid.

She unclicked a padded back-rest thing on the wall, and there was the pillow inside.

A neat idea. But it is confusing to simple folk who are not used to having their pillows hidden in walls.

It takes a little time to get used to all the equipment in motels. Take the tea-bags. This motel I speak of kept leaving tea-bags in our room.

The bags have little fishing lines for pulling them out when the tea is made. But when I was making a vacuum flask of tea the bags fell in, fishing lines and all, and it was a soggy job to get them out.

There was also the air-conditioning and the steam radiator. We kept fiddling with them and making the room too hot or too cold. At last my wife had the clever idea of turning them both off, and the temperature was just right.

MOTEL SPLENDE

Every time we left the room somebody would rush in and fly-spray it frantically. I did not like the smell of the spray much, and left a note asking them to stop. It must have been a sad disappointment to the devoted sprayer.

Outside our door there was a long passage, which children ran



up and down. I never ran up and down it myself, but no doubt it was fun. Children like motels, and these passages are among the chief attractions.

To us the most exciting part was filling in the card each night to order tomorrow's breakfast. It gives a magic-wand feeling. A tick against "eggs and bacon," and pow pow!

eggs and bacon appear next morning.

So much simpler than breakfast at home ("There's no butter on the table," "Can't I have scrambled eggs instead?" "She always takes the top of the milk!").

The midget personal packets of cereal at breakfast added to the fairy-tale atmosphere.

Yet in one or two respects motel breakfasts were not as good as those at home. At one place they were stingy with the toast. Being a toast-lover, I would like to see motels with signs outside: "All the toast you want!"

We were disappointed with the custom of serving marmalade in tiny plastic bath-tubs. Strange that an establishment so generous with tea-bags should be mean about marmalade. I don't want a microscopic bit of marmalade wrapped in plastic. I want a lot of marmalade in a dish.

But in general one must give the motel people credit for striving to please their guests. How does the song (almost) go? "There's a small motel with a wishing well." I haven't seen one yet, but I bet before long they will be equipped with two-tone wishing wells.



Warner's Pretty Look

For the young — their mammas too — the pretty look of Warner's "Double Play." Delicate embroidery highlights the waist; magic criss-cross bands put your tummy in its place, so lightly and lovingly it's a pleasure to be taken in. Girdles or panties in many fittings, including yours. Warner's pretty-look bras, too!

W233: dip-front pantie brief, criss-cross tummy control, 69/6. Short contour bra, 39/6.
W664: dip-front, long leg pantie, split hip thigh panel, 99/6. 'tomorrow' bra, 32/6 (D cup, 39/6).
W147: pullon girdle, Warner's exclusive 2" Sta-Up-Top, 84/-. Short Antron 'tomorrow' bra, 35/11.

(Prices vary in S.A.)

NEW and YOUNG from **WARNER'S**
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MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE WITH THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

Page 31

Style the only home perm with inbuilt Neutralizer-Shampoo!



IT SHAMPOOS...
Right after neutralizing, Style's inbuilt shampoo foams by itself! No need for you to shampoo before, or after.

IT CONDITIONS...
The foam from Style's Neutralizer-Shampoo is enriched. It conditions your hair—leaves it fresh, fragrant and shining with healthy highlights.

AND PRE-SETS, TOO!
Style's exciting Neutralizer-Shampoo leaves hair so manageable that it falls naturally into place... for bouffant, casual or curly styling.

it's instantly wearable!



No more waiting for that "perm'd" look to disappear! Style—the sensational home permanent—is instantly wearable, and it lasts beautifully... for months. And it has a secret it's ready to share with you! The exclusive Neutralizer-Shampoo. This revolutionary Neutralizer-Shampoo makes Style perm look natural and feel soft and silky... right from the start! Now, with a Style permanent, you can go straight out, confident your hair looks just the way you want it to, fragrant and lovely.

Choose the RED BOX for easy-to-wave hair, the BLUE BOX for hard-to-wave hair.



Style HOME PERMANENT

SMART GIRLS Style THEIR HAIR!

SHPS.145

Worth Reporting

INFORMATION

Gained by a non-racing reporter at a party given by bloodstock expert Jim Shannon for owners and trainers (many from New Zealand) in town to try to win the Melbourne Cup:

• There are no bookmakers in New Zealand, only totalisators.

• This year, for the first time, some New Zealand horses came by air. Seven horses arrived by chartered plane, the trip costing £270 per horse.

Horses now appear to think it's the only way to travel. "They didn't even need tranquillisers."

• New Zealanders attribute the success of New Zealand horses to New Zealand grass, which stays greener longer than the local product and, springing from limestone country, is reputed to be full of bone-building qualities.

"And a better diet builds bonnier babies," as Mrs. J. Wattie (baby: Caulfield Cup winner Even Stevens) so charmingly put it.

Mr. Jim Cummings, trainer of The Dip, advised your reporter to have a couple of bob on him.

Asked why he was so sure The Dip would win, Mr. Cummings replied sturdily, "He was born with a good heart."

The Dip, we learned, is a tranquil horse. "Sleepy," said Mr. Cummings.

He's a slow starter, but that's all right, we gathered, because if there's anything Mr. Cummings despises it's an excitable creature that cavorts around and dissipates its energy before the race is under way.

The Dip is phlegmatic, but



• The Dip, the horse with a "good heart," with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Witt.

— "When you ask him to go, he goes."

His jockey is W. A. Smith. "He's like the horse," Mr. Cummings said approvingly. "Good temperament."

When The Dip first raced in Sydney (in September, before his Metropolitan win), he lost, for which Mr. Cummings accepts full blame.

"I forgot to tell the jockey he shouldn't hit him with a whip. He hadn't been touched with a whip before and he pigrooted."

If The Dip wasn't to be whipped, we inquired how was he to be persuaded to make that last-minute run?

"His jockey'll just sooil him along," Mr. Cummings said with confidence and calm.

"All he needs is a shout in his ear and a couple of slaps on the shoulder and he'll do what you want him to do. He won't let us down."

Cats and cats...

FIRST there was Jim Birtles, who was 21, then Joe Rossiter, who was 21 and 8 months. Now there's Simon, 23 this November.

All three are cats, and by human standards they're all about 150 years old.

Simon belongs to Mrs. I. A. Bain, of Cockatoo Valley, S.A., who wrote:

"Simon was picked up by the roadside in November, 1939. He was just a kitten of about five weeks then. He still has all his teeth and is in very good health."

"He gets no extra attention except plenty of room in front of the fire on cold days. My family of two girls and one boy (the oldest is 23) have known Simon all their lives."

AFTER 6½ years, "My Fair Lady" finally curtsied off the New York stage. In London, the Drury Lane production (4½ years old) is now adding an unexpected note of finality to its advertisements. Nothing like "Last few weeks", simply "Last two years."

Children's art chance

YOUNG artists up to the age of 16 can make a name for themselves in Australia and abroad — if the Y.W.C.A. of Canberra succeeds with its Australian Junior Art Competition.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, has had a silver medal specially designed for the boy or girl who enters the "most outstanding painting."

The Commonwealth Director of Education, Mr. W. J. Weeden, has asked to see all entries with the idea of a representative collection to be exhibited abroad.

The Arts Council of New South Wales has offered to send the best pictures on tour in N.S.W.

The competition is open until December 1.

Inquiries and entries should be sent to Y.W.C.A., Alinga Street, Canberra.

Shoes—country style

WE used to pick a country fellow by his footwear, but the newest fashion with the smart young-man-about-town is riding-boot-shoes.

Hand-finished and cut from the finest materials (suedes, crocodile, buck, and even ostrich skins), the shoes show new streamline and variety in style, but all feature the high-cut and heavy heel of the "outback" horseman's boot.

The most popular styles are gusset-sided and buckled; very dressy when worn with suits and tuxedos. They are all off a triple-needle last, which means an exaggerated toe-point.

The shoes are produced by most of the leading footwear manufacturers in Australia and are 80 per cent. hand-made.

Mr. Ron Bennett, who owns three men's-wear shops in Sydney, tells us he is now selling 60 pairs of boots a week.

"Boots retail around £10 a pair and are very popular with television personalities and the older teenage group," he said.

Mr. Bennett says he re-

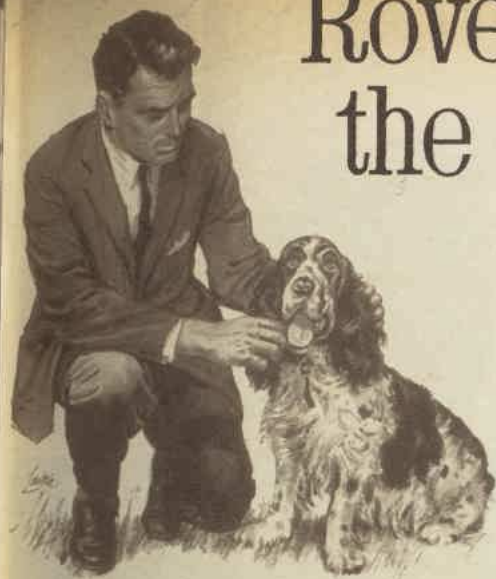


• Riding-boot-shoes

cently noticed a Press photograph of the Earl of Snowdon at an official luncheon in London dressed in a dinner suit and gusset-sided boots.

"Boots are light and comfortable to wear with strong ankle supports," said Mr. Bennett, and he forecasts that "boots will soon take the place of 'lace-ups' on many a pair of feet."

And talking of feet... Mr. Bennett thinks Australian men lead the world in footwear fashion. He goes overseas every year, noting the newest trends in many countries, and never fails to receive a good offer to buy the Australian shoe; he's wearing.



Rover and the rogue

At first the old dog resented the new pup . . . a short short story

By IRENA DICKMAN

Over the hill on to the ridge above the homestead came an animal known locally as the rogue. He was half dingo and half collie, and he wore no man's collar and ate no man's scraps. He was what society had made him—an outcast. At one time one person and another had tried to make a good dog out of the rogue, but the dingo half was strong in him and he had the reputation of being a chicken-killer and a sheep-worrier.

He stood on the ridge and looked down. He knew the house, as he knew all houses, and knew that there were two dogs, one old and dying, one a puppy.

He moved very slowly down to the garden, flat to the ground, his eye on the baby's fist holding the biscuit. He had nearly reached his target when Simon woke and saw him. He raised his head and struggled to his feet, but his legs crumpled and he fell heavily on his side again.

Instantly the pup shot forward, making for the stroller.

He was going so fast that when the rogue stopped and crouched, Rover tumbled right over the top of him and banged into the stroller, waking the baby. Twisting his feet like a cat, the pup sprang up, turning his head away and taking the weight of the rogue on his sturdy young shoulder, crying as the rogue's teeth ripped his soft flesh.

But if the rogue was bigger, he was pickings-fed, while the pup had the solidity that comes from good and plentiful food, the courage that comes from the age-old instinct to protect his own. Finally the rogue yielded, and the pup, snapping, grabbed him by the throat and shook his head for all he was worth.

Once the rogue freed his head a little and ripped Rover's ear to ribbons, but the pup still hung on, shifting his grip little by little instinctively toward his enemy's jugular vein.

The rogue was the first to yield. He began to back, the pup still hanging on to his throat. The backing became a retreat, and then, tearing his throat from the pup's grip, he ran swiftly up the ridge and out of sight.

Rover shook himself and tried to lick his fast-stiffening shoulder. He walked up to the stroller and licked the crying baby's leg reassuringly. Then, as if feeling in need of reassurance himself, he hitched himself up into the stroller and curled himself at the baby's feet.

Simon had struggled to his feet and walked with slow, tottering steps to the stroller. He stood there for a moment, trembling, as if the very standing were an effort of will. Slowly he put out his muzzle and nudged the puppy very gently. Then he went slowly back to the shade again and lay down.

The baby cried, and then he stopped and he and the pup shared the biscuit very amicably. Then, in the way of very young things after a crisis, they went to sleep, the baby clutching handfuls of the pup's soft skin in his hands.

Bart and Mary did not get very far on their road to town. They got a flat and had no spare tyre with them. Out of temper, they left the car and started to walk back to the homestead. When they were nearly there, the rogue ran past them and they saw his torn throat.

"Bart," said Mary. "He came from our place."

They took the hill and the ridge at a run and saw the baby and the pup still asleep together. Bart picked up the pup so that Mary could tend the baby.

"He's all right," said Mary in relief. "He hasn't been touched. How about the pup?"

Bart looked at the torn ear and shoulder.

"It must have been some fight for a little fellow. I'll get him into the laundry."

He started toward the house, but Rover struggled in his arms.

"Put him down," said Mary. "He wants to walk by himself. He's a grown dog now."

As they reached the house, the baby-sitter flew out, half-formed excuses ready, although she had no idea of what had occurred. Mary pushed past her to bath the baby and put him to bed. Bart followed, with the pup behind him, walking stiff and proud. After a few minutes Bart called, "Mary, Simon's dead."

"Oh, dear," answered Mary from the bedroom. "Did the rogue kill him?"

"There's not mark on him. He must just have cashed his chips."

He looked down at the pup, hesitating at the bottom of the verandah steps.

"Come on in, old fellow," he said. "You're a member of the family now."

(Copyright)

WHEN the baby was born Simon was already an old dog, over sixteen years old. He was a cocker spaniel and had been in his day a fine dog and a show-ring champion. Now his legs were stiff with rheumatics and all he wanted to do was to lie down somewhere out of the sun.

"He's too old to be of any use to himself or anybody else," said Bart. "I ought to put a merciful bullet in his brain."

"You can't do that," protested Mary. "Simon is one of the family. He doesn't do any harm and he does watch out for the baby."

"Fat lot of good he'd be if the baby was in trouble," said Bart. "It would all be over before the poor old bloke could get to his feet."

But Mary, who was wise in the ways of men and particularly of her husband, smiled sweetly and said, "Of course, dear, you know best. If you think that Simon should be shot you had better go and do it."

So, of course, Simon wasn't shot and his meat was cut up small because he had very few teeth left, and he was allowed to sleep in the house as befitted a senior member of the family.

Then, when the baby was six months old, someone gave Bart a cattle pup, who was just six months old, too.

"They'll grow up together," he said, admiring the pup's sturdy chest and chunky stance.

"I don't know," said Mary doubtfully. "Simon doesn't like him. And he's been the only dog for such a long time."

"Nonsense," said Bart. "He'll be company for the old fellow."

But the pup was company only for himself, chasing butterflies, rounding up chickens, running busily to the far corners of the property.

"I wonder what he's looking for?" said Mary. "Bart, don't you think he's looking for something?"

"Nonsense. He's just a rover, that's all."

So Rover he was called, and sometimes, when he was not too busy, he answered it. He was a friendly, busy, happy pup, with only one cloud on his canine horizon. He was afraid of Simon, because Simon hated him.

Although they fed from different dishes, Simon would guard both plates, running between them—not to eat the food, but to harry the pup. The same with the water-trough, until finally the thirsty pup had to travel to the creek to drink.

Far from letting him in the house, Simon would not let him put a paw on the verandah steps. Once the pup had strayed near the baby's stroller and Simon had sprung on him, making a long gash in his side.

"Rover will have to go," said Mary decidedly. "After all, Simon was here first. It's his place."

Bart looked up at his gun and then down at Simon, and once again it was unthinkable that he should shoot so old a friend. "All right," he said. "When we come back from town I'll take him back."

It was a hot day. Too hot, they thought, to take the baby on a long ride. A neighbor's daughter, a sixteen-year-old, would look after him and would be glad to make a little money.

She fed the baby and put him in his stroller out in the shade, a large biscuit in his hand to keep him quiet. Then, because she was a garrulous girl and hated a lonely house, she went to the telephone and called up a friend who was staying twenty miles away, dropped two cushions on the floor, and stretched out for a nice comfortable chat.

Outside it was hot and still. Rover chased a blue butterfly and tried to cajole Simon into chasing it, too. But Simon lay on his side, his eyes closed, his ribs moving sporadically as he tried to draw breath in the heat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

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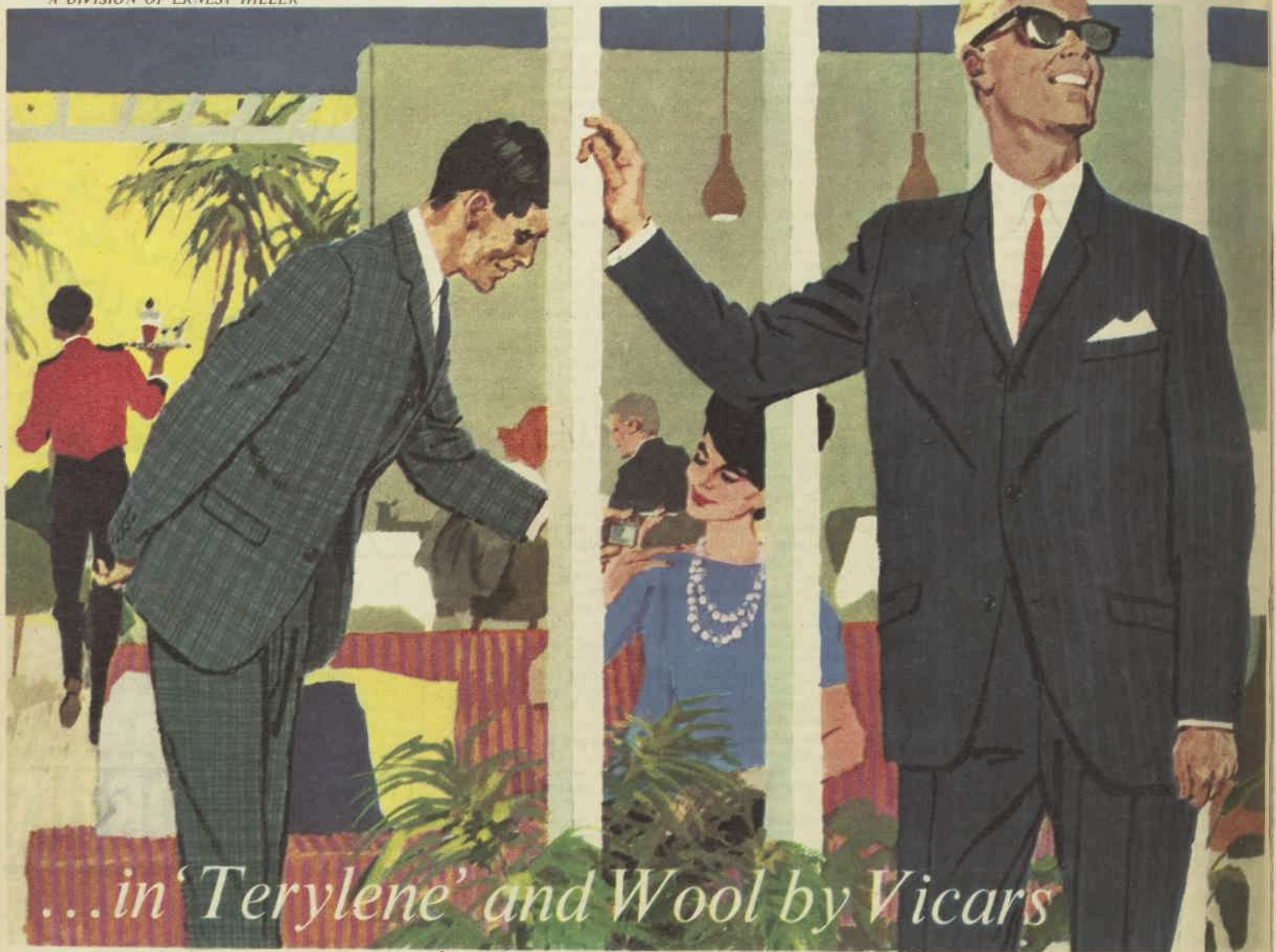
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PALM BEACH—AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS NAME IN LIGHTWEIGHT CLOTHING



When Bill had read out the names of the properties, Miss Stevens said, "Why, they all sound delightful."

AT the moment when the great eruption took place the machine which drove the firm of Dawson and Kidd, estate agents, auctioneers and valuers, was ticking over as placidly as usual.

The first rush of the morning was over; the correspondence (a gas bill, an advertisement for an encyclopedia, and a picture postcard from Weymouth) had been dealt with, the weekly announcement for the local paper had been drafted, and now the principals in this activity were relaxing.

Bill Dawson (senior partner, junior partner, and all the things mentioned in dim gold letters on the door) was sipping coffee and reading the paper.

Miss Blossom (the staff) was nibbling a chocolate biscuit and, having read the postcard from Weymouth twice, was now reading between the lines.

There were no important estate deals anywhere in sight, nothing to auction, and nothing to value except the form of the horses at Kempton Park.

This was not unusual. Featherbridge was not a town where things moved quickly. Set amidst a great deal of lush and tranquil country which no one seemed to be in any hurry to ruin, it was an oasis of grey stone and cobbles.

Had King Alfred (whose troops had once killed three Danes in the neighborhood in a minor skirmish) returned unexpectedly, he would no doubt have remarked that the old place hadn't changed.

It was against this background, then, that The Client arrived.

At first, like most clients, she was merely a hesitant knock at the door. Miss Blossom

popped her postcard underneath her typewriter and Bill Dawson dropped his newspaper into the wastepaper basket. They both sat up, assumed alert expressions, and called in unison, "Come in!"

The client came in and Bill Dawson leapt to his feet. He saw at once that she was very beautiful, just the right age, and clearly the most important visitor to Featherbridge since King Alfred had ridden off.

"Please take a seat," he begged her.

She nodded pleasantly and took the chair which he indicated. She smiled her thanks as if he had offered her the freedom of Featherbridge, which indeed, had it been in his power to do so, he would have done.

"My name is Barbara Stevens," she said. "I'm looking for a house."

"Good morning, Miss—er—Mrs.—"

"Miss."

"Miss Stevens. I'm Bill Dawson." He paused briefly so as not to interrupt his pleasure in watching her compose herself in the chair. "I shall be delighted to do my best to help you. If you can just tell me the address you're looking for—"

"I'm afraid I don't know that yet. I'm hoping you'll help me there. I want to buy a house."

"To buy a house! Ah!" Bill tried to keep the surprise out of his voice. "Here in Featherbridge?"

"What I was actually looking for was quite a cheap little cottage. I'm a painter, you see, and I felt I wanted to get right into the heart of the country. I've had a studio in Chelsea for the past three years."

"I'm certain we can find you something." He looked across in the direction of the type-

writer, from behind which Miss Blossom was minutely scrutinising Barbara Stevens, working from her hairdo to her shoes in expert appraisal. "Miss Blossom," he said briskly, "perhaps you would just look in our files."

"Certainly, sir." Miss Blossom jumped to her feet. She took two swift steps to the dark green filing-cabinet.

She whipped out several cards and handed them to Bill.

Bill looked as pleased with them as if Miss Blossom had given him a lavish birthday present. He read aloud the addresses on the cards. "Meadow View . . . Dingle Nook . . . The Dean . . . Muffin's Hollow . . . Sunny Cot . . . Bishop's Green."

"They all sound delightful!" Barbara Stevens cried.

"Oh, yes, they sound all right." A dubious note slipped treacherously into Bill's tone. He had seen all these properties before, and enthusiasm came less readily to him than to his client. "Miss Blossom," he said sharply. "Haven't we still got Verbena Cottage?"

Miss Blossom raised her eyebrows. "Verbena Cottage? You think Miss Stevens might like that?"

"I'm sure she will. It's quite the nicest property of its type we have, Miss Stevens."

Miss Blossom shrugged and found the card in the file.

"Perhaps," Bill said, "you'd like to look at the property right away?"

"No time like the present." She smiled gratefully.

"Perhaps you would give me the key of

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KEY FOR TWO



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A short story by L. S. HOWARTH



THE MOBIL LIMB SHOW



FRIDAYS

CHANNEL
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SYDNEY

AT 7.30

JONAH AND THE GRAPE

A short story

By GWEN VIMPANY

JONAH MANTON said bitterly to himself, "I reckon I was well named." A twentieth-century Jonah disgorged into the unspectacular environs of Hobart. He stared into the empty breakfast cup as though its leaves were telling of trouble. Beside the cup lay that emissary of disaster that had come this morning—a long pink envelope. The half-yearly rates. With inhuman frankness he was informed that his rates were due. Payable within thirty days. Otherwise legal proceedings would be taken.

His fist came down on the table. Where, he demanded of the small room, was he going to get twelve pounds fourteen and sixpence in that time? He had eighteen and tenpence in the house and nothing in the bank.

Stiffed by a sense of injustice he went into the back-yard. It was a narrow yard, its high gate and fence smugged with barbed wire. It was notable only for its barren cleanliness and the canary cage stapled high on the fence. Thrusting his hands deep in his trouser pockets he stared morosely up at the bird. It chirped dispiritedly, as though appraising his mood.

The canary had belonged to his wife, Maudie. And she had loved the bird.

"Poor little beggar," he muttered, "I'd just as soon let it out." He knew he never would. He could hear Maudie answering him, shaking her grey golliwog head, "Wouldn't work, duck, other birds'd only kill it." Always something waiting to prey on something else. He felt very much like the canary.

A whiff of blue smoke drifted over the fence. Heavy boots crunched over brittle leaves. Trigger Polson was burning off. Quietly he moved away. He could not face Trigger's well-intentioned commentaries.

At the corner of the sunroom something plopped on to his head. He glanced up, knowing what to expect. A section of roof guttering was rusted and shedding its flakes. It promised a wet let-down when the rains came. If ever they did come, Jonah reflected sourly as he brushed his head. The driest summer on record, heartbreaking in its toll of bushfires, alarming in its water shortages.

He turned down the side path. He passed the splendid grapevine without noticing it. He was aware that pebbles cut into the worn soles of his boots and that there was heat in their sharpness.

People were going up the short dead-end street flanking one side of his property. They were laughing and talking. No doubt on their way to the tennis courts. He felt a flare of unreasoning resentment in their carefreeness. In her younger days Maudie had liked a game of tennis. Thinking of her, he recalled the happy days. When he had driven the brewery lorries he had never minded the rough jokes his name provoked among his mates. He wasn't a Jonah then. That had come later, when Maudie had become sick and trouble had settled upon them like a thick sediment.

Her protracted illness had mopped up their savings. Drawing prematurely on his superannuation, he had seen with bleak surprise how quickly it vanished. Finally her utter dependence had forced him to quit his job. After she died he had returned to it, but the long stress had affected his health. His hands were no longer steady on the wheel and he caught cold easily.

Voluntarily he had taken himself off the road and sought an indoor job. But he could not sustain a full-time effort. That was when his brewery bosses had decided that they needed an extra caretaker. He had thought his problem solved—until he had realised that they were generously



"Cabbage moths," Jonah said briefly to Mrs. Figg as he smacked at one with the fly-swatter.

carrying him. Against all persuasion, he quit. The pride of Jonah Manton was a fearsome thing.

There had been no option but to apply for the pension. That had hurt. Nothing could convince him that it was his rightful due. Every fortnight when he stood his turn in the queue he felt ashamed. Each time he tore away the pension envelope he tore away a little of himself. His bitterness had begun then. There was the constant heartbreaking battle to subsist above the breadline, to conceal his need from others. And now—the rates. Helplessly his hands clenched.

Standing there in the apricot heat of the February day his eye followed the laden flight of a bee, then drifted beyond it to encompass the garden. He had never shared Maudie's green skill and enthusiasm. In tribute to her, he kept the weeds down, tidied the paths, clipped the unsatisfactory bit of lawn inside the front fence, and saw to it that the barbed wire remained unclimably in place. Maudie had given no quarter to trespassing children.

The sound of a rake wielded half-heartedly drew his attention to the lower side of the fence. Kindly old Mrs. Figg persisted in passing vegetables over the fence, tactful in her assurance that they would be wasted otherwise. "Oh, Mr. Manton." Her voice never failed to surprise him. Its innocent, sweet coquetry cancelled the years. She kept a short stepladder beside the fence. Climbing it carefully now, her head bobbed up like a swirl of wild white clematis.

"Mr. Manton, have you seen Dooley?"

"No," he answered briefly, shaking his head.

"He's been gone two days this time and I'm so worried." You needn't be, thought Jonah sourly. Dooley raked his garden and split the quiet harmony of his night.

"He's such a lovely cat."

Jonah looked at her sideways and refrained from committing himself. He had an aversion to cats. Dooley, in particular. Dooley had long coveted the canary.

"He'll be back," he assured her gruffly. Giving him a grateful smile, she bobbed out of sight.

Prodding his pocket, Jonah brought forth a cigarette packet. It was empty. Disgustedly he flung it away and crossed the road to Oscar Villey's grocer's shop.

It was like a cool green lagoon after the heat of the morning. It was the biggest shop in the neighborhood. Everything within it testified to the ample means of its proprietor. Fretfully jingling the coins in his pocket, Jonah watched Oscar Villey reaching high to a shelf.

Oscar had never married. He was in his fifties. His secret philanthropies forged a splendid barricade against loneliness.

Glancing over his shoulder, a jar of pickles dwarfed in his hand, he saw Jonah. His eyes lit up, flashing and at once concealing a message. His face pleaded into a smile of warmth and welcome.

Leaning over the counter he spoke in a low voice that did not carry beyond the harassed little housewife making a pretence at fumbling in her purse.

"Quite all right, Mrs. Croft, now you just forget all about it." Mrs. Croft had five small children and a husband who no longer bothered to look for work. She hurried out, eyes downcast with embarrassment.

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Record Offer Repeated

The response to the recent announcement of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY FAMILY ALBUM has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which an 8-record set is available for £12 cash or £4 deposit and £1/10/- a month for 6 months. There are 12 records from which you can choose any 8:

- Bing Crosby—TWILIGHT ON THE TRAIL (Mono E275).
- Johnny O'Keefe—THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ROCK AND ROLL (Mono E276).
- Burl Ives—SONGS OF THE WEST (Mono E271, Stereo SE271).
- Louis Armstrong—SATCHMO (A MUSICAL AUTO-BIOGRAPHY) (Mono E273).
- Al Jolson—THE IMMORTAL AL JOLSON (Mono E272).
- Liberace—PIANO SONG BOOK OF MOVIE THEMES (Mono E270, also in Stereo SE270).
- Les Black—DINE AND DANCE WITH LES BLACK (Mono 239).
- Don Costa—SING-ALONG WITH DON COSTA (Mono E246, also in Stereo SE246).
- James Verity and the 110 String Orchestra and Buckingham Chorus—THE BEST OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Mono E233, also in Stereo SE233).
- Alfred Apaka, Roy Smeek, etc.—ADVENTURES IN PARADISE (E269, also in Stereo SE269).
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- Deanna Durbin — DEANNA (Mono E274).

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AWW7/11/62

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YOU'D HAVE TO SQUEEZE FORTY-TWO ORANGES TO COME CLOSE TO THE THIRST-QUENCHING GOODNESS IN ONE BOTTLE OF SCHWEPPE'S ORANGE JUICE CORDIAL. BUT YOU COULDN'T TOUCH SCHWEPPE'S CORDIAL FOR QUICKNESS, ECONOMY AND CONVENIENCE. ALL SUMMER, SCHWEPPE'S IS READY FOR BIG-THIRST SATISFACTION! IT'S TRUE YOU PAY A FEW PENNIES MORE FOR SCHWEPPE'S. BUT THESE CORDIALS ARE **TRUE TO THE FRUIT! ENJOY LEMON, ORANGE, LIME, FRUIT CUP, PINEAPPLE.**



STRIPES in the SUN

NEW
OUTDOOR
LOOK

● Stripes in all colors and dimensions are the essential ingredients of the newest beach and holiday fashions. Cotton is the No. 1 fabric. Styling (as shown here) is easy, cool, and unadorned—the wearing scope is wide. Hems are mainly short-cut; the chic young seashore wanderer this season will show a goodly length of leg.—BETTY KEEP.



● A dress of many colors in the new combination of red, pink, lilac, and blue. The design skims the wearer's figure; is collarless.



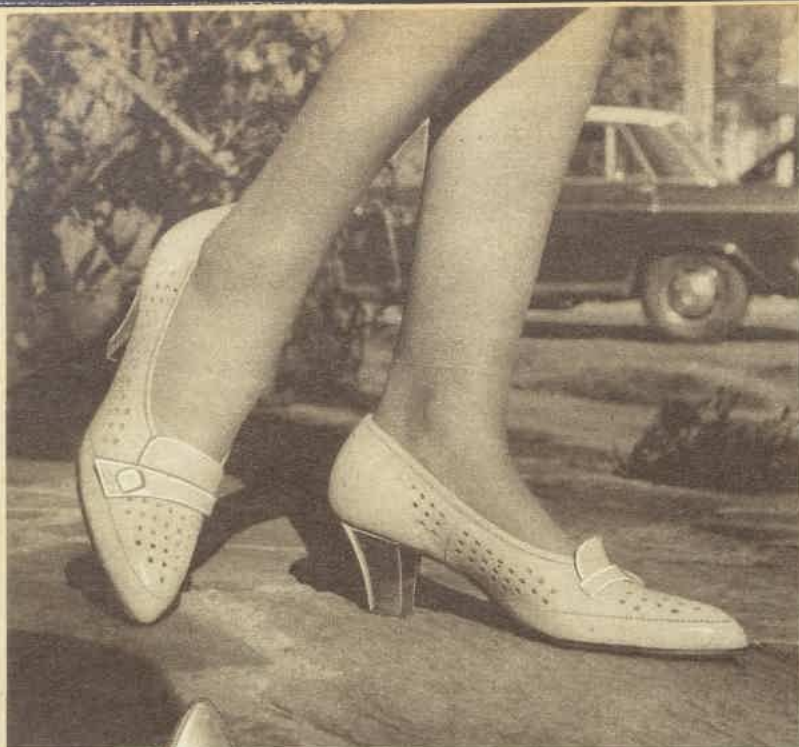
● Bare-armed one-piece, with a skirt just short of the knee. New sophisticated color team is grey, gold, and charcoal.



● Diagonal-striped cotton in a short, self-belted beach dress. The dress bares one shoulder. The silhouette—in keeping with the summer fashion mood—has an easy cut.



● New look for the seashore (left), a tunic-type beach cover in red and white stripes. It is high to the neck and cut to a peak front and back.



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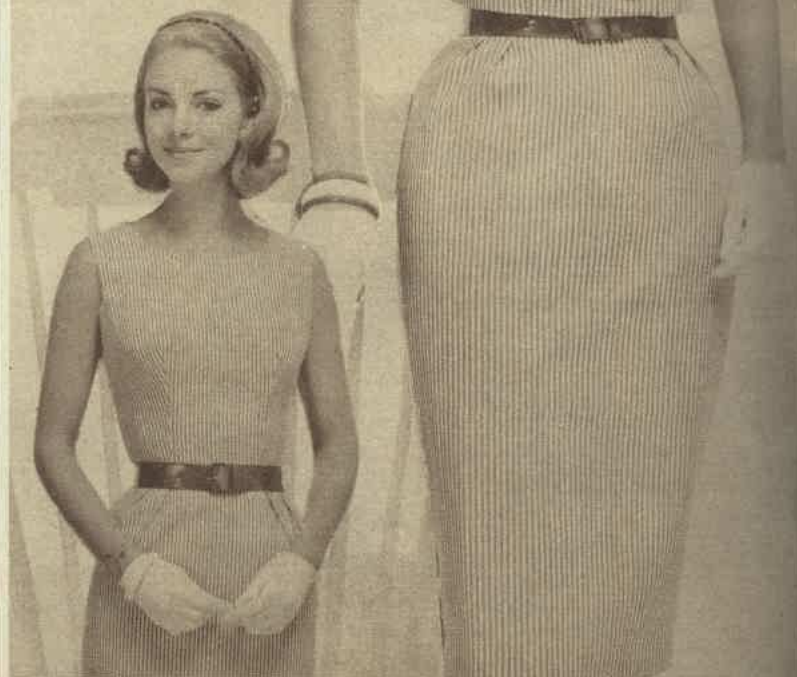
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Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**



DS504.—Dress-and-jacket ensemble in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 5/-. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● The striped seersucker dress and jacket above were chosen for a young married woman who asked for a smart all-purpose daytime ensemble.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"My query is for an outfit I can wear in summer for visiting and going to town. I want the style smart, but at the same time it must be practical, as I have two young children. Could I obtain a pattern for the style you choose?"

I think one of the most practical summer fashions, and it's chic, too, is a sleeveless dress and matching jacket. A design is illustrated above. The dress is sleeveless and collarless and accented at the waistline with a leather belt. The short-cut jacket has a double row of buttons. My material choice is striped seersucker. However, the ensemble would look equally attractive in a floral- or spotted-pattern material. To obtain a paper pattern, see details under the illustration.

"Would it be correct to have the bodice front of a linen frock fastened with a zipper?"

Yes. A zip-fastener is very neat and can be used on all parts of a garment.

"Should I line a black satin coat with a colored material?"

Of course. Apricot, turquoise, or rose-pink would be attractive with black.

"Please tell me if there is any smart new design for a casual skirt suitable for heavy cotton."

The hipster skirt is currently popular. Description of "hipster" is a skirt resting on the wearer's hips. Self-material braces are often used on this type of skirt.

"Is white too girlish for a woman in her late forties to wear at night?"

My husband wants me to wear a white evening frock to a ball. I am fairly tall and take between a 34 and 35in. bust fitting."

I think white is the most flattering night color for all age groups. White crepe or white silk moire are both suitable materials for a mature woman. Keep the design simple—perhaps a dress with an empire-line bodice, widening out at the hemline.

"Do the airways allow tourist passengers to carry a coat, or is it included in the luggage allowance?"

In addition to the baggage allowance, passengers travelling economy-class can carry an overcoat, umbrella, books, hand-bag, binoculars, and camera.

"Would you suggest something new and snappy for a summer nightgown?"

The shift, or the "slumber shirt," as the American designers label it, is the newest thing in summer sleepwear.

HOW TO MAKE A

perfect plum pudding

It's the easiest thing in the world! In just eight easy steps you can make the good, old-style, rich plum pudding shown here. The instructions are simple to follow and the result will make your family stand up and cheer for more. Here's what you need to make two medium-sized puddings to see you through the holidays.

1 ½ lbs. Seeded Raisins
½ lb. Sultanas
½ lb. Currants
½ lb. Mixed Peel
¼ lb. Blanched Almonds
½ pint Milk
6 Eggs
10 oz. Butter
½ lb. Plain Flour
½ lb. Soft White Breadcrumbs
½ lb. White Sugar
1 level teaspoon Mixed Spices
1 level teaspoon Ground Nutmeg
¼ teaspoon Salt
6 tablespoons Brandy, Rum,
Sherry or Whisky

And here's what you do . . .

STAGE 1. Grease two medium-sized basins of about 6" diameter. Cut two thicknesses of greased paper to fit the top of each basin. Flour the pudding cloths. Have string ready to tie the pudding cloths down.

STAGE 2. Chop the almonds and the raisins into uniform-sized pieces.

STAGE 3. Sift the flour, salt, spice and nutmeg together and rub in the butter.

STAGE 4. Then add the fruit, nuts, breadcrumbs and sugar.

STAGE 5. Beat the eggs and add the brandy and milk.

STAGE 6. Gradually add this liquid to the dry ingredients making into a soft mixture.

STAGE 7. Put the mixture into the greased pudding basins. Cover each basin with the double thickness of greased paper and tie the pudding cloth over the top.

STAGE 8. Place each pudding basin in a saucepan of boiling water. The water should reach halfway up the sides of the basins. Cover tightly with the saucepan

lid and boil steadily for four hours. As the water boils away, replace it with more boiling water. The day each pudding is to be served, boil it for a further one hour. Treat your family to a complete Christmas dinner this year — complete with this wonderful, old-style rich plum pudding. Buy the ingredients tomorrow and make it this week. Remember — a real Christmas pudding improves with keeping.



We know this recipe will make your Christmas merrier. With best wishes from the Australian Dried Fruits Association.



How NOT to Kill Your Husband

IT'S A KILLER

● Why coronary thrombosis is more likely to pick on your husband than on you is not clear.

Irrespective of trade or status, a man is four times as likely to die in his forties of coronary artery disease as his wife is.

In addition, in Britain, nine men of all age groups die of arteriosclerotic disease for every woman.

The preponderance of men over women who have arterial disease is so large that it looks as if maleness is in itself a disease, and coronary thrombosis a complication of it.

(NOTE: The first of this series of articles appeared last week and dealt with suitable diet for keeping husbands fit.)

MANY a husband's road to misery—and high blood pressure—has been paved with his wife's good intentions.

Her rash promises which commit him to dances, dinners, or weekend parties can make great inroads into the time available for his relaxation.

"But we would love to come, darling," you tell your best friend on the spur of the moment, when asked to fill in a last-minute gap for a bridge four.

Perhaps your husband will not be quite so thrilled when he arrives home after an

again) becomes geared for flight and his arteries contract.

This won't do any harm if relaxation follows—it is long-continued constriction of the arteries without let-up that is harmful.

But the continued stresses of modern life bring about this long-continued constriction, and pave the way to arterial disease.

● Even perfectly good wives develop habits that are bad—bad for their husbands' health.

Many a wife who honestly does not expect her husband to do domestic chores is constantly saying thing like

hard to get that executives' wives are having to work much harder than their mothers or grandmothers.

As a result, it is the husbands' work which is never done, because they help out.

No sooner have they returned from the office than they find themselves involved in domestic tasks such as washing the dishes or the children.

"Why don't you sit down, dear, while I do the dishes?" says the wife, as she ties her apron round his waist.

Unfortunately it is not possible to do the dinner dishes before your husband comes home from work.

So it is up to you to make it a clear rule that a man's place is not in the kitchen after he has had a hard day.

The phrase "Woman's place is in the home" was coined by a man who meant to say that a man's place is certainly not at the sink.

If only the modern woman would realise that it is more dangerous (in terms of arterial disease) to work as a high-pressure executive or professional man than it is to be a sailor or a coal miner, she would rejoice

them that they are all right so far, but what many top-brass businessmen require is a boss, not a doctor.

This is where their wives can be so useful.

Many men deceive their wives about their lives because they are ashamed of them.

And I don't mean their love lives!

They are ashamed of their many little weaknesses, such as overeating, over-smoking, and drinking in the middle of the day on the pretext of entertaining clients.

They do not even tell their doctors the truth about those things—let alone their wives!

But it is up to their wives to find out—unobtrusively, of course.

Men are so childish that they will persuade themselves that it does not matter that they are killing themselves, as long as their wives do not know.

Therefore I say to wives, "Find out what your husband is up to at midday. He will soon stop killing himself when he discovers that you know."

All tyrants have to have secret police. There is no

If your husband is the type who can never do things by halves, and bringing work home is merely a means of cramming more into the 24 hours—DON'T LET HIM DO IT.

● The businessman not only takes in more fat than he needs, he also consumes more carbohydrate and protein than he needs.

in pursuit of his prey or when fleeing from animals whose prey he was.

We have no reason to suppose that the fat potentate of early times who was carried about on a litter was any less prone to coronary artery disease than a modern businessman who is carried in a sitting position from place to place in his car.

Daily stresses

Each one of his many excesses may form a separate part of the key to the problem of coronary thrombosis.

His excesses include food, alcohol, tobacco, and sitting around. Above all he over-indulges in stress.

His stress is due to a failure to adapt himself successfully to his way of life. Instead of taking his responsibilities as part of his job, he makes them part of his daily life, or even his whole life.

Stress is his own personal reaction to his responsibilities. It is a nervous tension generated in his own mind.

Imagine a business executive whose heart is in bad shape because he does not take enough exercise.

He eats too much fat.

He is overweight and he smokes too much.

He drinks too much and his blood pressure may be high.

He is a man in his forties and he is constantly in a state of stress which leads to constriction of his coronary arteries.

He has everything wrong. Is it surprising that coronary thrombosis should pick on this man?

● Whatever he may think to the contrary, your husband is not Big Chief Sitting Bull—accent on the "Sitting."

By nature man is a walking or even a running animal. In his primitive state, at all ages, he must have done a good deal of running, either

Unfortunately, most of the fine, healthy youngsters who arrive in the world of commerce from the universities immediately catch the most contagious disease in business—sitting around.

This disease has a very slow but fatal course.

Admittedly far more people die lying down than in any other position, but a great many of them have been chronic sitters for many years previously.

The trouble is that young men leave school or university, where it is easier to take exercise than not, to enter a world in which facilities for exercise are sadly lacking.

Few struggling young men on their way up can afford expensive sports.

As a result, rot sets in during the important early years, so that the young man who has been in business five or 10 years looks, and is, years older than his contemporaries who went in for farming or some other outdoor job providing plenty of regular exercise.

The modern business executive would benefit if our cities became so choked with traffic that it was impossible to take cars into them.

If that happened, walking would once more become a necessity to man—to the benefit of his coronary circulation.

Too much ease is as much a contributory cause of coronary occlusion as standard housing and overcrowding were in the case of the

SIDE-STEPPING

(The second of four articles)

By A Family Doctor

● Has your husband too much to do and too short a time to do it? (YOU will know, but he may NOT.)

● Is he working too hard at the office, tearing home with peak-hour traffic jangling his nerves, fitting in a couple of odd jobs before dinner, taking you out socially at night, then getting up too early?

● If he is, the chances are his arteries will suffer.

Bus for auntie

hour's journey from the office.

He may be late, and by the time he comes you are in an aggressive mood.

Instead of making the evening's invitation sound attractive, you issue it as an ultimatum as soon as he gets inside the door.

The result is that the sparks fly, and you both feel annoyed and frustrated by the time you set out on the dreary drive.

It doesn't help the evening along. Trump his ace, and all his chances of relaxation before the next day's work are gone.

Another day, you promise your favorite aunt that your husband will drive her home after a visit to town—and auntie lives 20 miles out.

Of course, this is kindness on your part—to auntie.

But whose energies are you being so generous with?

A man can do two things at once, but three crowd in on him.

There are times when an overbusy man instinctively looks around for escape.

Having too much to do makes him feel he is being chased. His system (just as if he were primitive man

"While you are on your feet, dear, just take the rubbish out to the bin."

While you are on your feet!

Just because the poor man has not yet had an opportunity of resting, why should she take away what little chance he has?

Ten to one he is older than she is, but eternally she treats him as one of the children and thinks he is fit to run here and run there.

She asks him to do things she wouldn't dream of asking the children to do (possibly because they wouldn't).

Unless she wants the little dears to be orphans before long she will make them carry out her good intentions and let her husband sit down and relax.

Alternatively, she might fulfil her own good intentions. It would be very good for her soul and even better for her husband's body.

It is a strange thing that the very generation which has seen the development of labor-saving devices of all types has also seen the growth of chores for men.

Until recently, most of the housework in reasonably well-to-do homes was done by servants, who are now so

Slippers ready

when her husband returns from the city and meet him with a pair of slippers instead of a dishcloth.

Every man imagines that he is a tough, tireless machine which can go on indefinitely without rest. Some women appear to share this delusion.

Madam, your husband is not that durable. You have only to look around your neighborhood to see how many widows there are.

● Businessmen who have too much on their minds, who are out of condition, and who don't get enough proper relaxation are sitting shots for heart troubles.

Frequent medical check-ups are valuable to reassure

reason why wives should be exceptions.

● If by bringing home some work to do in the evening in his own home he can reduce the pressure during the day and avoid that feeling of being chased, then encourage him to do it.

To sit down with his feet up, working quietly at his papers, is definitely very much less dangerous than trying to cram it all in at the office.

But if his work is such that he cannot do this, he must shut down on all thought of work when it is closing time at the office, turn the key in his mind as well as in his office door, and come home and relax.

A "CORONARY" (a man's wife can help a lot)

• "What many top-brass businessmen want is a boss, not a doctor. This is where their wives can be so useful."

squalid diseases of dirt 30 years ago.

• Overnourishment is as much a danger to the present-day businessman as undernourishment was to the slum dwellers of a few decades ago.

As much can be achieved by general preventive measures in reducing the number of cases of coronary artery disease as was previously achieved in the realm of infection.

In the case of many infectious diseases, improvement was obtained long before the specific cause of the disease was known by raising the standard of living of the people among whom the diseases were rampant.

making the sacrifice for the sake of the doctors or wives who are constantly nagging them. They would be making it entirely to save their own skins.

In fact, all they're being asked to do is keep up a reasonable amount of exercise and eat sensibly.

However, among the conditions of life which make a man liable to coronary artery disease, there are two factors which cannot be altered — his age and his family history.

It is true that you cannot alter the number of a man's years, but it is possible to modify the effects of age if you start soon enough.



• The boss is—you

allows himself to be carried on toward the inevitable.

Others think that it cannot happen to them.

There is a third group in which the excesses of their lives are knotted together in such a tight tangle that it takes a major calamity like a coronary thrombosis to unravel it.

But the object of a wife will be to loosen the knot before the catastrophe.

• If it is possible for a man to lead a sensible life after a coronary thrombosis, why can he not do so earlier and dispense with the coronary?

If your husband is pressed for time in the morning, it

after heavy meals at any time of day.

The man who hurries after a meal may have a pain in the chest which he rightly puts down to indigestion.

But this indigestion pain may mask something else.

One of these days it may be something worse. It may be a warning of insufficiency of the coronary circulation, but he is so used to the indigestion pain that he does not heed the warning.

• Also, sheer exasperation at such things as slow city traffic is bad for the businessman's arteries.

Men will never learn that

not be earlier because he worries himself to death, but, if having starved his heart muscle of blood he then leaves his car and rushes to keep his appointment, he may never get there — he may have a heart attack on the way.

• As to the jobs around the house, there are too many.

Our standards of repair and decoration are often too high.

This is largely because we have been sold the idea of doing a lot of unnecessary work in our modern homes.

The answer is that we should only do what we can afford to do. By "afford" I mean both the amount of money we are able to spend on labor and the amount of

have not enough common sense to see how much work is entailed.

These wives keep on at their husbands until finally they make a start, knowing perfectly well the job is more than they should tackle.

The result is either that the job never gets finished, and remains a reproach and an eyesore for months, or the poor man keeps going doggedly on until he has done himself positive harm.

Of course, how much a man can safely do varies tremendously. The man who works only five days a week at the office and spends every Saturday and Sunday doing manual work at home is capable of undertaking major operations successfully.

"Puny" sacrifice

Perhaps a similar reduction in the number of cases of coronary thrombosis might be obtained by lowering the standard of living of the class in which the principal sufferers are found.

Mind, the primary cause of coronary artery disease still eludes us — but overeating and under-exercising are contributory factors.

Therefore the best form of prevention which is available at present is to promote a code of hygiene for businessmen. Hygiene means the principles of health — not just putting disinfectant down the pipes.

• How puny, really, is the sacrifice which businessmen would have to make to save themselves from coronary thrombosis. It can be measured entirely in terms of personal inconvenience, surely a very small price to pay for such a valuable return. And they wouldn't be

If young men would keep the wolf of advancing age from their doors from the time they leave school, many of the effects of being middle-aged could be postponed indefinitely.

• But to be sure of having the best possible chance of avoiding coronary thrombosis your husband must cut out his surfeits — overstress, overeating, overdrinking, overworking, and overliving.

These are not always conscious vices. Often they are merely the line of least resistance.

Overstress, overworking, overeating, overdrinking, and overliving all add up to an attempt at overliving.

But although a man may overlive, in the sense that he crams too much in a given time, he will reach the stage when time is no longer given, for in the long run he underlives.

Many a man sees this, but

Gardening hint

• Buy your husband a smaller spade—considerably smaller.

is far wiser for him to take only a cup of coffee and an apple, or at most a very light breakfast, than to take a heavy one and then rush. He can exist perfectly well on this amount of food for the morning.

If he takes a full breakfast, he would be better off to miss both the train and coronary thrombosis — one cannot stress too much the importance of not hurrying

they don't get to the office more quickly by worrying about being late.

Many a man causes his coronary vessels to be in a constant state of spasm, which reduces the blood flow to his heart muscle, by worrying himself sick at the frustration of being held up in traffic jams or being unable to find a parking space.

If your husband does this, tell him that not only will he

energy we are able to spend on doing it ourselves.

The do-it-yourself craze is something to beware of.

Manual workers' wages are so high in comparison with the earnings of executives that only the rich can afford to employ hired help in their own homes.

Whether they can afford hired help or not, many men in responsible positions today enjoy doing their own minor repairs and odd jobs.

But those who do not enjoy it often decide to do these jobs themselves on grounds of economy.

Assuming that your husband is going to do-it-himself (for whatever reason), certain common-sense rules must be observed.

First, he should never take on a job which is too big for him.

Men very often start on jobs which they know perfectly well are too big for them, because their wives

In the first place, he is likely to be in quite good training for manual work.

The man who only takes on a job occasionally is quite different, especially if he takes no regular exercise.

He is probably out of training, and, being unpractised, is probably an incompetent worker.

This makes the work much harder.

More than likely he is not sufficiently experienced to know how much he is letting himself in for.

He may go at it hell-for-leather after a heavy meal and land himself in trouble in no time.

Or he may not realise how long the job is going to take and wear himself out by working very late at night.

If your husband is in this category, you will need to keep a strict watch on his

Continued overleaf

What IS coronary thrombosis?

A THROMBOSIS is a blood clot. While it is normal for shed blood to clot, it is abnormal for blood to clot inside any part of the circulatory system.

It is the clotting of blood within this system which we call thrombosis.

It may occur in the heart, in arteries, or in veins. When it occurs in a coronary artery, it is known as a coronary thrombosis.

The coronary arteries are so called because it was thought that the pattern these arteries make as they spread over the surface of the heart muscle resembled a crown, or "corona."

They branch off from the aorta, the largest artery of the body, and their function is to supply the heart muscle with an

absolutely constant supply of blood carrying oxygen and nourishment — vital needs to keep this most important muscle working.

The heart muscle must have this constant supply of fresh oxygenated blood to every vital fibre.

This is arranged by the coronary arteries branching repeatedly throughout the heart until finally a tiny branch goes to every muscle fibre.

The formation of a thrombosis in a main branch of a coronary artery may be instantly fatal, be-

cause heart muscle cannot survive even for a short time without oxygen, and the clot can cut off the supply.

If, however, thrombosis occurs gradually, a life-saving collateral circulation may develop — which means blood is actually getting through.

If a large branch of a coronary artery is suddenly plugged by a thrombosis, the case is desperately serious, but it may not be fatal if correct treatment is given without delay.

I say it may not be fatal, but it will be touch and go. The man

will be hovering in twilight between life and death.

When it occurs he will be suddenly struck down by the most terrible pain known to man.

Cannot move

This pain is a blessing in disguise because it brings everything to a standstill.

This is fortunate, because the slightest exertion may place demands on the shocked heart which it cannot meet and cause it to fail completely.

But the human body protects

itself by strange means, and, in this case, in order to preserve his life, it strikes a man down in the midst of life with a pain so intense that he cannot move.

A heart attack of this sort can occur when a man is over-exerting himself physically, when he is taking some moderate exercise, or when he is completely at rest. It often happens in the middle of the night when a man has over-exerted himself or over-eaten during the preceding day or days.

He may or may not have had some warning pains in the chest during previous weeks.

Over-indulgence in almost anything can precede an attack — including responsibility, playing games, cigarette-smoking, eating, drinking, hurrying, worrying, or manual work.

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SIDE-STEPPING A "CORONARY"

activities to see that he works neither too hard nor too long.

● Another important point is that middle-aged men who lead sedentary lives are not fit to do such things as scraping off ceilings, or anything else that entails hard work with the arms above the head.

Admittedly, some are used to it, and they will come to no harm.

But there is no law against hiring painters to do the hard work. It may cost very much more to let your husband do it.

Husband and wife should reconnoitre a job together and discuss exactly what it entails in terms of husband-power.

Any sensible woman knows how much her husband can tackle, and if part of the job is obviously too much for him, she should either hire a man to help or veto the whole undertaking.

Once her husband has started, it is too late, because pride will not let him admit he is beat until he is dead-beat — or perhaps just dead.

When your husband has undertaken a job and got his teeth into it, watch him like a hawk.

He will go on and on doing hard labor he is not fit for, just because he has set himself a target.

He may have said to himself that he will do so much before going to bed, and he will do it, even if everything goes wrong and it takes three hours longer than he thought it would.

The woman who lets her husband behave like that must think that black becomes her.

● The home handyman should spread his jobs around.

from previous page

to do work around the place he must invest in the right kind of tools, machines, gadgets.

Remember, though, a labor-saving machine only saves labor if it works. Many a man expends more energy and far more patience fooling with a motor-mower that won't work than he did in the days when he had only a hand-mower.

But provided a mechanical tool is in working order and can do the work, it is in the interest of the heart, temper, and blood pressure of a businessman to have his odd jobs mechanised.

● "I haven't time," may be your husband's cry. "My work" is the great god.

Not money, mark you, but "My work!"

Industriousness, which

not want to share their lives with him anyway.

The man who has spent his life ignoring his family is surprised and hurt when in his old age he finds that his family are not particularly pleased when he wants them to look after him.

And so, many a man spends an embittered old age because he considers that his children, whom he has worked so hard for and spent his money on, are selfish.

You must convince your husband that if he would spend his money with his family instead of on his family, he would be a wiser and happier man.

More than half the top businessmen die before they have reached retirement age. What is the use, then, of postponing enjoyment until they retire?

● The man who has most chance of avoiding coronary

Family fun

used to be considered a virtue, has become a vice.

A life devoted to pleasure might be equally vicious.

Only a life which is balanced between pleasure and work is a civilised life, and no one could describe the work of an average executive as a civilised existence.

When I was a prisoner of war of the Japanese we were told that in Japan at that time the men and women seemed to belong to different races.

All that was kind and gentle was focused on the women, while the men were habitually cruel and hard.

I appeal to wives not to allow Western men to become like that, not for the sake of the Western civilisation, but simply for the

thrombosis is the man who has had one.

It is much easier for him, when he is recovering, to lie in bed and analyse what has been happening in the immediate past.

He can see clearly exactly where his mistakes lay.

It would be of much greater value if a man were to analyse his life before his coronary occurs and change the formula in time to prevent it.

Moderation is a dull sort of word, and it suggests a dull sort of life.

But it need not be dull, because it can lead to a completely balanced life with the right amount of work, play, food, and drink.

Temperance is an even duller word and it suggests dull, stuffy people.

But are we right about it? Actually, if a man leads a temperate life, it means he can do everything so long as he does not do it too much.

So there is no need for your husband to be depressed when I say that to prevent coronary artery disease, moderation and temperance must be his watchwords.

A man is not awarded the Coronary Medal for having a heart attack in the office, however late at night it may be. Far from it.

Sorry as the firm will be for his widow, they will all heave a sigh of relief that they no longer have the eager beaver around the place.

Although no one will say it, they will all be thinking, "And poor old what's-his-name thought he was indispensable!" as they get on with his job.

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EXCLUSIVELY FROM

WOOLWORTHS

"I haven't time"

The amateur should have a spell at the hard part for half an hour and then turn his attention to an easier section of the job.

When working on steps or ladders, he should arrange matters so that he is not constantly having to climb up and down.

His wife may not be much good on top of a ladder herself, but at least she can be on hand to fetch, carry, and pass things up to her husband.

And it does not always pay to be a perfectionist.

It is no good a man making a perfect job of decorating the best bedroom for his coffin to lie in.

If your husband is going

sake of their own husbands and families.

You may think your husband is happier working. That is because he never tries anything else.

● If you can persuade him to have a little fun with his family before it is too late, he may find that he likes it.

He may not make so much money, but the family won't starve, and you will have done your husband a very great service.

But you must do it before it is too late. By that I do not mean before he has a coronary thrombosis. I just mean—before the everlasting work-habit has become too ingrained, before he has been doing it for so long that his children, never having seen much of him, do

(Condensed from the book "How NOT To Kill Your Husband," by A Family Doctor, to be published by George Allen and Unwin, London.)

NEXT WEEK: "How to be a 'wifely' wife"

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ARE YOU THE SPINSTER TYPE?

● Once a woman was embarrassed if she were still unmarried at the age of 20. Now there is no stigma attached to the single career girl.

WHICH way do you lean? Toward marriage? Or toward self-sufficient independence? Check your reaction to these questions:

1. You prefer to spend an evening:

- a. attending a lecture on modern art.
- b. at home with a book or television.
- c. at the races.

2. If you could buy one new garment, disregarding cost or the needs of your present wardrobe, you would buy:

- a. a tailored suit.
- b. a sequined cocktail gown.
- c. an afternoon dress.

3. You value most:

- a. your bank account.
- b. your home and possessions.
- c. your friends.

4. You feel children:

- a. should be seen and not heard.
- b. are precious little people.
- c. say the funniest things.

5. You consider men, as a group, are:

- a. inferior to you.

- b. your equal.
- c. superior to you.

6. You prefer to read:

- a. biographies or factual material.
- b. mysteries.
- c. romantic fiction.

7. Would you say your emotions should:

- a. be suppressed.
- b. be expressed (within limitations, of course).
- c. be trained to work for you.

8. You would rank in importance:

- a. job over home.
- b. both home and job as the same.
- c. home over job.

9. When faced with an important decision, you want:

- a. to make it yourself.
- b. leave it to someone else.
- c. discuss it with someone before coming to a conclusion.

10. When you first wake up, you are:

- a. good for nothing until after breakfast.
- b. feel like a million dollars.
- c. about the same as you will be at noon.

Well, are you?

GIVE yourself one point for each "a" answer, two points for each "b," and 3 points for each "c." If you scored:

10 to 15 points: Whether you are married or not, you are the spinster type. You tend to think and act like a man, which most men shy away from when it comes to proposing marriage.

16 to 23 points: Chances are that you will marry if you have not already. However, you often leave a man wondering if he should slap you on the back or hold you in his arms.

24 to 30 points: You are the marrying kind. You prize your home and friends and have the womanly traits that make a man pop the question.

"A woman in a single state may be happy, or may be miserable, but most happy, and most miserable, these are epithets applicable only to the wife."
— Samuel Taylor Coleridge, English poet and critic.

By
JANE SINGER



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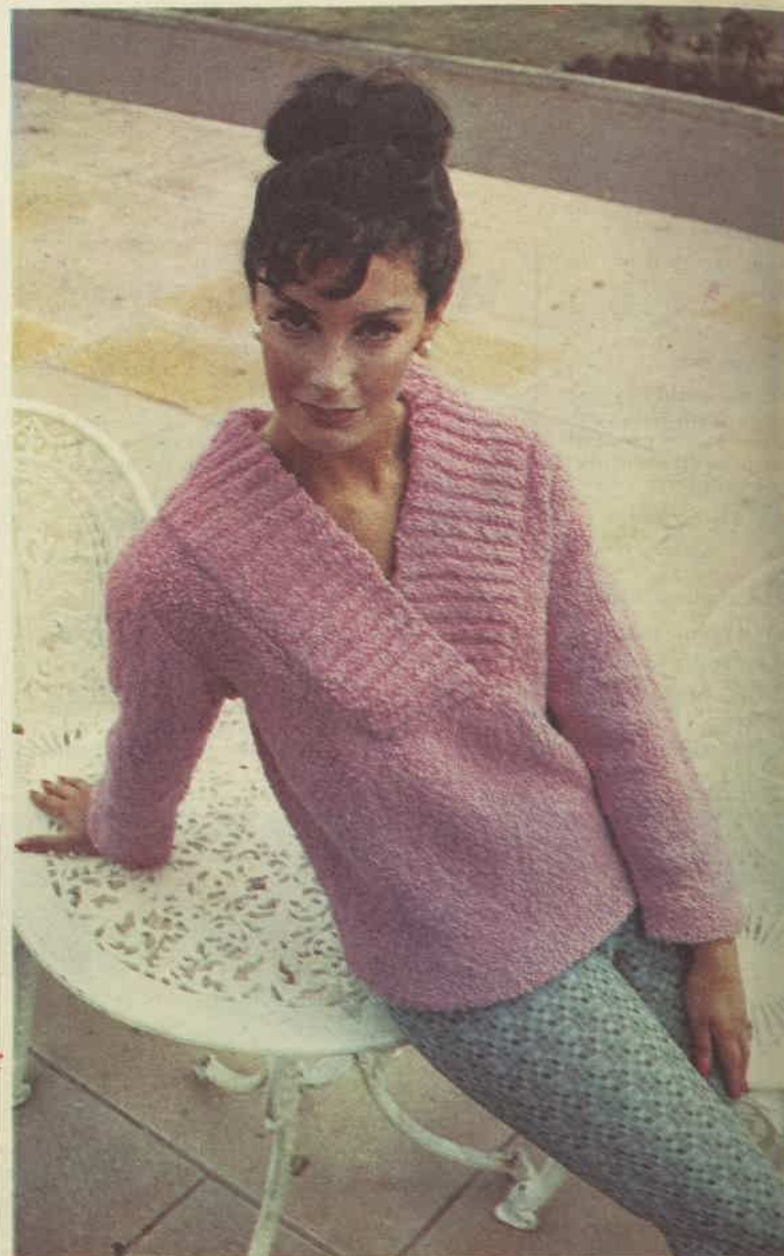
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NEW DESIGNS . . .

● Our two special patterns for all-season knitters include a cool 3-ply sweater (right) in pale blue to wear right away and a glamorous chunky knit (below) in astrakhan wool to make for later on.



Astrakhan sweater

CHUNKY SWEATER with ribbed shawl collar in nubbly wool.

Materials: 24 (25, 26) balls Lincoln "Astrakhan"; 2 balls Lincoln "Crepetex" (same shade); 1 pair each Nos. 6 and 9 knitting needles; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22 (22½, 22½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½ (18, 18) in. **Tension:** 9 sts. and 12 rows to 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and Crepetex, cast on 103 (111, 118) sts. and work 16 rows st.-st. Change to No. 6 needles and Astrakhan wool.

Next Row (right side facing): P 3 (0, 1), * p 2 tog., p 1. Rep. from * to last 1 (0, 0) st., k 1 (0, 0) — 69 (74, 79) sts.

Next Row: Knit. Cont. in reverse st.-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 10th row foll. until 79 (84, 89) sts. Cont. without

further shaping until work measures 14 in. in Astrakhan.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 1 (2, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 69 (72, 75) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 6½ (7, 7) in.

To Shape Neck (right side facing), 1st Row: P 16 (17, 18), cast off 37 (38, 39) sts., p 16 (17, 18).

2nd Row: K 16 (17, 18), turn, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

3rd Row: Cast off 12 sts., p to end of row.

4th Row: Knit. Cast off rem. 4 (5, 6) sts., ending at armhole edge.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from holder and work right shoulder to correspond, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and

Crepetex, cast on 111 (118, 127) sts. and work 16 rows st.-st. Change to No. 6 needles and Astrakhan wool.

Next Row (right side facing): P 0 (1, 1), * p 2 tog., p 1. Rep. from * to end of row—74 (79, 85) sts.

Cont. in reverse st.-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row until 84 (89, 95) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 11½ in. in Astrakhan.

Neck Opening (right side facing), 1st Row: P 30 (32, 35) sts., cast off 24 (25, 25) sts., p 30 (32, 35).

2nd Row: K 30 (32, 35), turn, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Work 4 rows reverse st.-st., then dec. 1 st. at front edge in next and every foll. 3rd row 3 times—26 (28, 31) sts.

To Shape Armhole (wrong side facing): Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next row.



They know what they like...

you know what's good for them

Peek Frean's Vita-Weat

No more soggy sandwiches. Vita-Weat crisp bread 'sandwiches' in your youngsters' school lunches are the answer. Easy for you—battered with meat, egg, cheese, tomato or spreads. Essential for them — Vita-Weat has all the known goodness of the whole wheat kernel, and whole wheat is *proved* Nature's most valuable grain. Sustains energy — helps build firm flesh and solid muscle. Isn't this the kind of lunch *your* children should have — every day? Such good eating — so good for them.



"YOU CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"

PF31

Television

Hold that tiger!

ROGER SMITH, Diane McBain, and a large striped friend—a tiger used in some Warner Bros. films—stroll around between "takes" in Hollywood. Roger is, of course, Jeff Spencer of "77 Sunset Strip" and is married to Australian actress Victoria Shaw. Diane (her blond prettiness masked by the Cleopatra-type costume decreed for a film job) appears in "Surfside 6." Now that that show has finished filming in America, Diane is devoting some time to movies; she recently completed one called "The Caretakers." With rare honesty, she says, "I was awful when I started acting. In TV you can get away with being a bad actor for a while; it's a good training ground. But I'm much better now . . ."





CRAIG ("Peter Gunn") STEVENS as journalist Mike Strait in "Man of the World."

"MAN OF THE WORLD" stars Craig as a journalist-photographer, Mike Strait, who will go anywhere in the world for a good story.

This does not make him unusual as a journalist — what does is that he owns his own yacht and uses that as transport from story to story.

"Man of the World," expected to hit Australian TV in the New Year, is being made by I.T.V., Britain's commercial TV channel, and is being filmed all over the world.

The keynote of the series is realism, and mock-heroics are definitely out.

"I have the occasional fight — but nothing like the action in 'Peter Gunn,' where I had some 70-odd fist fights," Stevens said.

Pretty co-star

Craig's co-star in "Man of the World" is pretty, dark-haired English actress Tracy Reed, who plays the part of Michael Strait's assistant, Maggie MacFarlane. There's no romance between these two, so Mike's free to have flirtations with as many glamorous girls he chooses to have.

(Tracy, incidentally, comes from a distinguished theatrical family. Her grandmother is actress Fay Compton; her mother is actress Penelope Dudley-Ward; her father is producer-director Anthony Pelis-

sier; and her stepfather is film producer Sir Carol Reed.)

No two stories in "Man of the World" are alike. During the 26 episodes Mike finds himself involved in terrorist adventures in Oran; in a motor-racing drama in the South of France; political drama and murder in Germany; and he visits many more exciting countries.

New personality

Though he is as tall, good-looking, and virile as the Peter Gunn viewers remember, Craig points out that the characters of Gunn and Michael Strait — the hero of this new one-hour series — couldn't be more different.

"In fact, that's why I decided to take this part," Craig told me when I met him on the set of "Man of the World" at Shepperton.

"There's nothing more dangerous in the movie or TV world than getting typed as one character. So when we wound up shooting 'Peter Gunn' I made up my mind that my next series would have to be about some entirely new personality."

The producers say that "Man of the World" not only has a new-type hero but also has a new-type conception. The "world" in the title has a strong bearing on the stories.

Pictorially, "Man of the World" by far outdoes the "Peter Gunn" series. The show is saturated with beautiful and

romantic backgrounds of all parts of the world.

"In many cases," Stevens said, "the locales for our series were chosen first, and the stories built around intriguing settings. Shooting began on location in and around Algiers, in Spain, before any studio filming took place."

In each of the 26 hour-long episodes new faces are featured, as well as stars of international repute, such as Marie France, lovely Christina Gregg, Erica Rogers, Patricia Donahue, Noelle Middleton, Zena Marshall, and Indian beauty Leela Naidu.

Australian's role

Perhaps the one thing most reminiscent of Stevens' old "Peter Gunn" series in "Man of the World" is its theme music.

It is being provided by Henry Mancini, who, for the record, helped build "Peter Gunn" to popularity with a musical score that throbbed and resounded as no other TV score before it had.

The day I visited Shepperton an episode entitled "The Highland Story," about an Australian gaol-breaker who returns to his family in Scotland, was being filmed.

The gaol-breaker is played by that tremendously popular Australian actor in London, Ray Barrett, who starred in the high-rating "Emergency Ward 10" for several months. Ray, who has been over here three-and-a-half years, has just finished



ENGLISH actress Tracy Reed plays Maggie MacFarlane, Mike Strait's assistant and Girl Friday. They follow what now almost amounts to tradition in a TV series—avoid becoming romantically involved with each other, although it is obvious they would both like to.

making the movie "Mix me a Person," with Anne Baxter and Adam Faith, and is always in great demand on television.

Over lunch, Craig, voted last year as the best-dressed actor (as Peter Gunn) on American television, spoke about clothes.

"I'm glad I brought 45 outfits with me from the States, as I haven't had a moment to do any buying since I arrived in England," he said.

"I wear all my own clothes before the cameras, so I need a bigger than average wardrobe."

Casual dresser

A fanatical out-of-doors man, Craig loves dressing casually, but describes his taste as "pretty conservative."

"I'm interested more in the cut than the color," he said.

Craig's hair is proving a bit of a problem in England. He still wears it in the short Peter Gunn style and the difficulty was in finding a hairdresser here who could give him his regular once-a-week trim.

"I eventually found a fellow who cuts other actors' hair, and he's magnificent," said Craig, stroking his short shiny dark hair.

Craig, who's 6ft. 2in. and a former athlete, has been sending teenagers and adults into

swoons for years. Before the "Peter Gunn" series he had appeared in 85 TV shows, as well as numerous films and stage plays.

"I've played pretty well every type of part, from hero to heavy," he said. "And I enjoyed them all."

He met his wife, film actress Alexis Smith, when he appeared with her in one of his earliest films, "Dive Bomber."

On the stage Craig had a long and successful run in the title role of "Mr. Roberts," in Los Angeles; appeared in his first musical, "Plain and Fancy," with his wife, and again co-starred with her in "King of Hearts."

"We've just played together in another show, 'Critic's Choice,' before coming over to London for this series," Craig told me.

"We get along awfully well together on stage," he said.

"But we don't go into a play unless we think both parts suit us."

"Alexis is a marvellous person," said Craig. "She's enthusiastic about everything she does and sincerely interested in most things."

"We've only been here six months and she's already taken up two foreign languages, visited every art gallery in London, and 'discovered' all the good restaurants."

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: I'm beginning to think we're moving too fast. In less than 50 years we have learned to fly, and now it's an everyday thing to fly from your home to another city and be home in time for dinner. Cars, in a short space of time, have gone from a maximum of eight to ten miles an hour to way over 100. We are sending TV pictures through the air from continent to continent. We have rockets that can destroy a city, or meet an enemy rocket 100 miles up and destroy it. Now we are racing to see who can get to the moon and Mars first, although I can't understand why.

Momma's moral: It seems like the human race has been able to improve everything except people.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 7, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

**HOW TO MAKE
BEACH
PONCHOS**
—page 3



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Study how to study for success

THE reason why many pupils in the fourth, fifth, and sixth forms fail is that they don't know how to study.

Some pupils can, over the years, set up a plan of study for themselves; but many don't know how to begin, study haphazardly, and consequently fall by the wayside.

All high schools should print and issue leaflets which give hints on how to study methodically and therefore more successfully.

These leaflets should be written under the supervision of trained guidance officers and altered to suit the requirements of each school's syllabus.

I'm sure this help would give many students the basis on which they could study successfully.—"Student," West Brunswick, Vic.

Tape exchanges

ON reading the article in *Teenagers' Weekly* of October 3 about a tape-recording sent by an American school to Australia, we would like to tell you that our class sent a tape to a school in Bristol, England.

We have since received from them a similar tape, telling us about English school life. Although the English accent made the account a little difficult to understand, the recording was both interesting and enjoyable.

We recommend this interesting and unusual method of communication with schools in other countries.—M. Billett, Devonport, Tas.

Test wigs

ABOUT 40 per cent of the teenagers in my town are always dyeing their hair. Many of them have spoilt their hair by dyeing it the wrong color.

I think there should be a place at the hairdresser's where girls can try on different-colored wigs and see which color suits them best.—J. Bain, Nambour, Qld.

Next week

ONE of the world's top models, Jill Stinchcombe, posed for the wonderfully colorful teenage fashions in our next issue, in which she also gives make-up secrets for glamor occasions, in the office, and on the beach. Jill is a London model and one of the "Vogue" mannequins who appeared in the All-Australian Fashion Parades this year.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mind training

THE present form of education, which consists of numerous examinations, does not necessarily improve the mind of the individual.

To train the mind to cope with the situations of our complex society should be the main aim of an education.

This, however, is not what is achieved. Instead, pupils are prepared only for examinations which they try to pass to get a diploma, but are they adjusted to the surrounding society in which they must work?

Most students worry about examinations, but education should not be associated with fear, but with joy for the opportunity that is given to gain greater knowledge.

Very little time is devoted in schools to the development of culture, which is essential for any outstanding citizen.—Jill Newman, Gympie, N.S.W.

Bike holiday

I WOULD like to pass on my formula for a magnificent holiday, combining instruction with fun and freedom.

I set out on my bicycle with a sleeping-bag, a large ground-sheet, and two changes of clothing, plus £5, on a nine-day trip to where my fancy willed.

In all I covered 550 miles and averaged spending 7/11 a day.

Farmers helped me find a place to sleep each night, and in the day I really saw the country and visited interesting places instead of whizzing by them in a car.

If other teenagers would like to try this they can be assured they will never regret setting out.—Alexander Frazer, Broadview, S.A.

Whistle warning

HAVING recently been accused of entertaining my boy-friends too late, especially on week nights, my father has bought a whistle. Yes, a whistle!

First whistle, "Get ready." Second whistle, five minutes later, "Out!"

At the moment I am treating it as a joke, but it could become embarrassing. Have any other readers a similar problem?—"Cherida," Melbourne.

Foolish woman

WHY can woman never be just woman? Why this rebellion, this repulsion at being dominated, the continual struggle to be better than man, belittle him, and gain independence from him?

Then she complains at the results and hates man even more for his weak will, his indefinite being, his unambitious nothingness.

"Oh, for a man, a real man" is the constant wail. "What is wrong with the boys these days, they are so sissy-looking with their skin-tight trousers and long lemon-juiced hair."

Yes, look at them. Look at what woman is creating by her stupid attitude.

Woman's "superior strength" was given her to build up man's own confidence and strength, not to tear down and destroy it.—Diane Powell, Mt. Pritchard, N.S.W.

Love and like

MUM and Dad had been against my elder sister's engagement, so they were pleased when she called it off recently, and they did not ask too many questions.

I couldn't help wondering what had made her decide that she didn't love the boy enough to go through with the wedding, and I finally asked her.

She told me that she hadn't stopped loving him at all, but had made up her mind that she didn't like him.

"Liking is a lot more impor-



tant than loving when you intend marrying," she said.

I couldn't tell whether my parents agreed with her or not; they looked a bit stunned.

Do other teenagers think that I have a great philosopher for an elder sister, or is she simply dotty?—"Dotty's Sister," Fulham, S.A.

Hitch-hike licence

HOW about a licence for hitch-hikers? If all persons wishing to hitch-hike were given a licence (which certified their character) by the police, it would be so much easier for the people who own cars—and for hikers.

There would be no fears of picking up irresponsible people, and this would make drivers more ready to co-operate with hikers.—C. Grayson, Maclean, N.S.W.

Girls' education

SOME people think that it is a waste of time educating girls because when they get married they leave work and waste their education. I think that if you educate a girl you educate a family. What do other teenagers think?—Y. Lewis, Murray Bridge, N.S.W.

Bad training

HELPING at home is supposed to train girls to be good housekeepers in their own homes. I don't agree. Polishing our brass taps has been my Saturday job for as long as I can remember, and I know that once I am married I'll never polish a brass tap again.—"Spit and Polish," Geelong, Vic.

Spelling—and exam marks

● "Fifteen-year-old Student" (T.W., 22/8/62) said he thought it unfair that marks should be deducted from examination results—particularly in biology—because of bad spelling and writing.

IT is quite right for teachers to deduct marks for bad spelling and untidiness, even though it must be a disappointment for students who fail their exams because of this.

The writing at the end of an exam when you are tired is not the same as the writing at the beginning. This may be the reason for bad spelling, but it should not give way to untidiness.

Teachers have many papers to correct and it is only natural that they lose their tempers when they see the careless mistakes students have made.

Untidy work and bad spelling do not help, and I am sure an examiner would much rather read a tidy paper and would tend to give the pupil a few extra marks for tidiness.

If pupils were interested enough in their work they would learn to spell large words, and if they had any respect for their teacher they

would not hand up grubby, untidy work.—"Another 15-year-old," Rockhampton, Qld.

I AGREE that it is not right for students to be failed in an examination for bad spelling, especially for a subject such as biology.

Biology contains many technical terms which are hard to remember, let alone spell. A number of marks should be taken off for untidiness, but failing a student because of bad spelling is going too far.—"Ex-biology Student," Tully, Qld.

IT is essential to know the correct spelling of words in all subjects, especially biology, where a little slip can often make another word and thus change the whole meaning.

So "bear up," students. It's for your own good and will have good results in the long run.

If you learn words with a will they are so much easier to remember and spelling is no longer a drudge.—"Dis-ided," Mittagong, N.S.W.

STUDENTS should try to understand why marks are deducted for poor spelling or untidiness in an examination paper.

They should stop to think of the number of papers a teacher must correct and the limited time in which it must be done. If the paper is a maze of scrawling and scratching and strewn with misspelling, it becomes very tiresome and very difficult to give a fair assessment.

Students must realise that a little consideration in this takes very little time and effort and will benefit them both in school and later on when they start their chosen careers.—John Hewison, Hightett, Vic.

PONCHOS FOR THE BEACH

● OUR COVER GIRLS this week are wearing two of the most colorful ponchos so far seen on a beach. One has a circular design and the other is square.

SO, if you want an eye-catching outfit which is free and comfortable for those days by the sea, take your pick and follow these easy-to-make directions.

CIRCULAR PONCHO

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 2½ yds. 36in. fabric, 5½ yds. 4in. fringe edging.

Note: Each square in the accompanying diagram equals two inches. This pattern also provides a ½ in. seam allowance on all raw edges.

Rule 1in. squares on a large piece of paper (it will need to be 36in. x 50in. Use sheets of newspaper, joined with sticky tape.)

Using the diagram as a guide, draw your pattern in RED pencil. Then it won't get muddled with the graph.

Cut three paper patterns: one for the cape, one back yoke, one front yoke.

Fold your material in half, right sides inside, so the raw edges meet.

Pin pattern to the material (using diagram again for a placement guide). Cut out two capes, two front yokes, four back yokes.

Right sides matching, stitch the two cape pieces together at the shoulder seams. Press both seams flat.

There are two sets of yokes: the yoke itself and the facing, which is exactly the same.

With each set, join back yokes to the front yoke at the curved shoulder seams. Clip seams (so they'll lie flat) and press.

Put yokes together, right sides inside, and machine along one centre-back edge, around the neck (smaller curved edge), and down the other centre-back edge.

Slit neck edge, turn yoke right-side out, and press.

Turn under and press the ½ in. seam allowance on the remaining curved edge of both yoke and yoke facing.

Pin, and then sew, fringe edging into place along the top edge and on right side of the cape. Overlap fringe so join is not obvious.

Pin yoke facing into position on wrong side of cape, matching shoulder seams. Machine.

Hem edge of yoke into place by hand, just above the fringe. Finish neckline at centre-back yoke opening with a hook and eye.

Hang poncho on clothes-hanger for a few days to allow the hem to "drop."

Then adjust hem to required length, turn under seam allowance, and attach fringe.

SQUARE PONCHO

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 2½ yds. 36in. material, 9½ yds. 2in. washable ribbon for binding.

Note: Each square in the accompanying diagram equals two inches, as before. A seam allowance of ½ in. is provided, and a 1in. hem allowance.

Using method described for Circular Poncho, and with the accompanying diagram as a guide, cut two paper patterns.

Fold material as before. Pin pattern to material, using diagram as a placement guide.

Cut four fabric pieces: one for the front, one for the back and two for the "sleeves."

With right sides of fabric meeting, and shoulder squares between front/back squares, join the four squares together at the straight "seam" edges. Stitch from neck to hem. Press seams open.

Using the paper patterns again, cut four pieces of ribbon-binding to fit the four "neck edge" sections. Add ½ in. seam allowance to each raw edge of the ribbon.

Join ribbon pieces together, using method described for the complete squares.

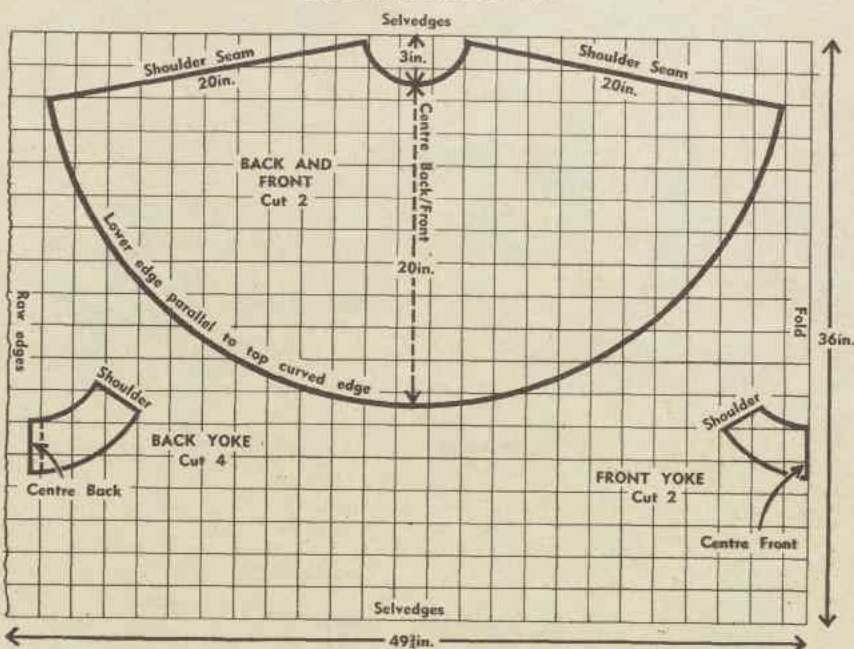
Lie poncho flat on the floor, right side up. Fold ½ in. seam allowance at neckline over on to right side and pin in place. Now set neck edging round neck, matching seams, and pin.

Sew by hand—or machine—each edge of the ribbon into position.

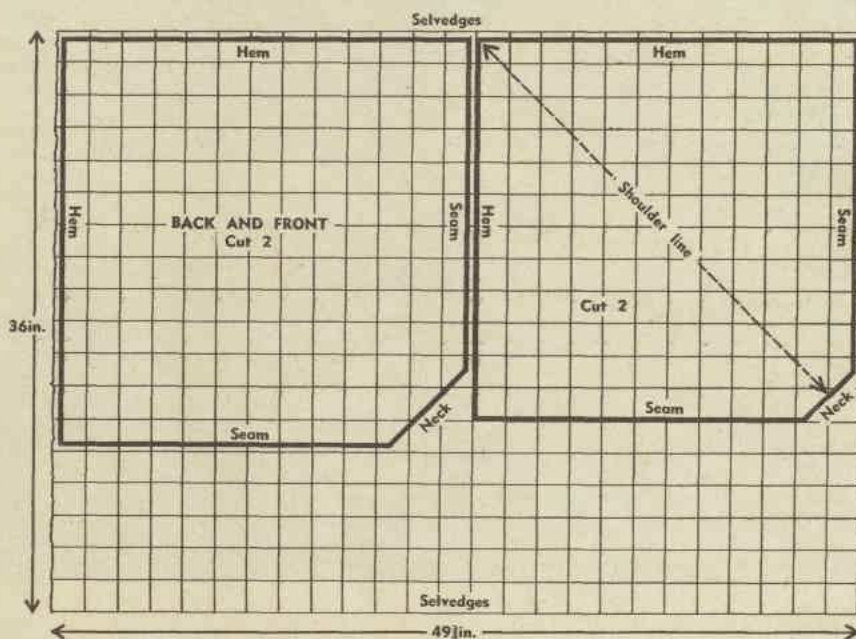
(Note: The top edge of the ribbon should exactly match the fold of the seam allowance. The ribbon itself then covers the seam allowance's raw edge.)

Measure and cut the four lengths of ribbon for the poncho's hem and attach in the same way.

CIRCULAR



SQUARE



TRAVEL TEENS

THE motor-boat age has certainly arrived in Canada, where the lakes and rivers are more numerous and more accessible than in practically any other country.

Fairly typical is the Mills family, with whom we spent a long weekend recently. At their cabin on Rosseau Lake, 120 miles north of Toronto, they keep three outboards—one 75 h.p. for the family, one smaller "spare," and an 18 h.p. run-about for Bruce and Scott, aged 9 and 11 respectively.

Many children under 12 drive their own boats, and if you're a teenager without an outboard you're not "in" with the lakeside crowd.

MR. MILLS recently phoned the claims department of his insurance company after a weekend in the lake country.

Asking the cause of the damage, they were astonished by his reply: "A porcupine has been eating it."

Seems that the prickly ones have an appetite for rubber,

● Just a short note this month from Sue and Sally Sangster, your "travelling teens," who are still having a fab time in Canada.

and in one night Mr. Mills lost one tyre, all his radiator hoses, electrical wiring, and windscreen wipers.

WILD animals we have so far found, petted, and chased through the maple forests include deer, raccoons, chipmunks, ground-hogs, and squirrels. We haven't seen a bear yet.

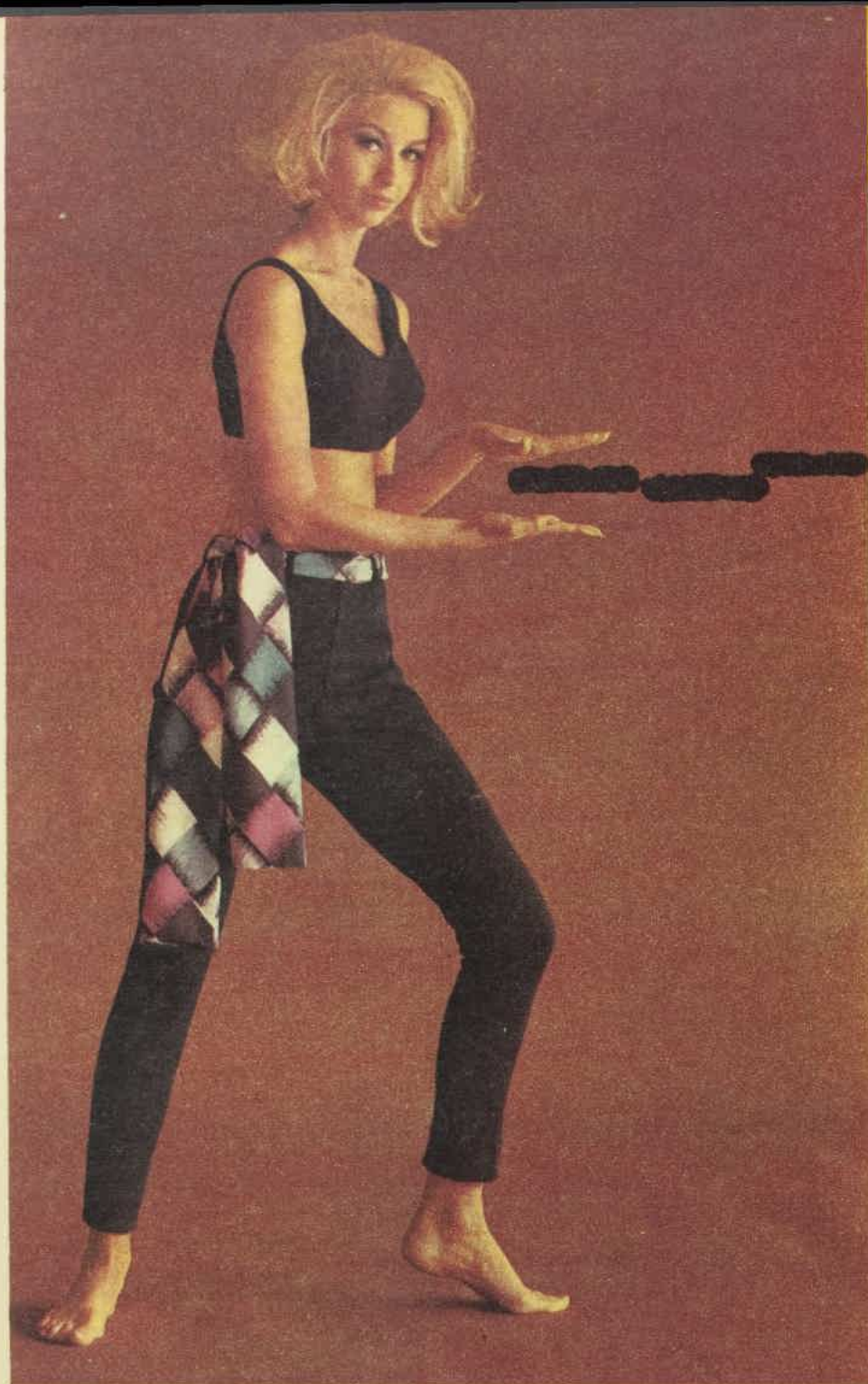
But the most interesting

animals here are the beavers. Their huge dams are often many acres in area—and they neatly cut down hundreds of trees, from saplings to those with 2ft. trunks, to build them.

SUMMER in Canada lasted four months, with most days in the 70s and 80s, much warmer and longer than we expected.

FASHION P

● *Picking clothes with fashion punch is great fun once you get the hang of it. Just to show how it's done, we've chosen this stunning all-occasion wardrobe for summer, 1962, and, as a conversational gimmick, added an appropriate punctuation mark to each new fashion "look" that's pictured.*



DASH into the limelight in skin-tight, hip-hugging pants slotted at bone-tip-level and worn with a delicious sash in a heady color combination of stripes. Demure and brief camisole top (it's newer than the bikini top) demands a firm midriff.

Fashions by Sports De Jour from Farmers, Sydney, and all Myer's stores.

Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly

QUOTE Paris fashion pointers shown in both the "match-box"-pleated dress, at left, and the plunge-back sheath for after-five. Fabrics are mixtures of pure silk and easy-care synthetics with jute-fibre textures which pop up everywhere this year.



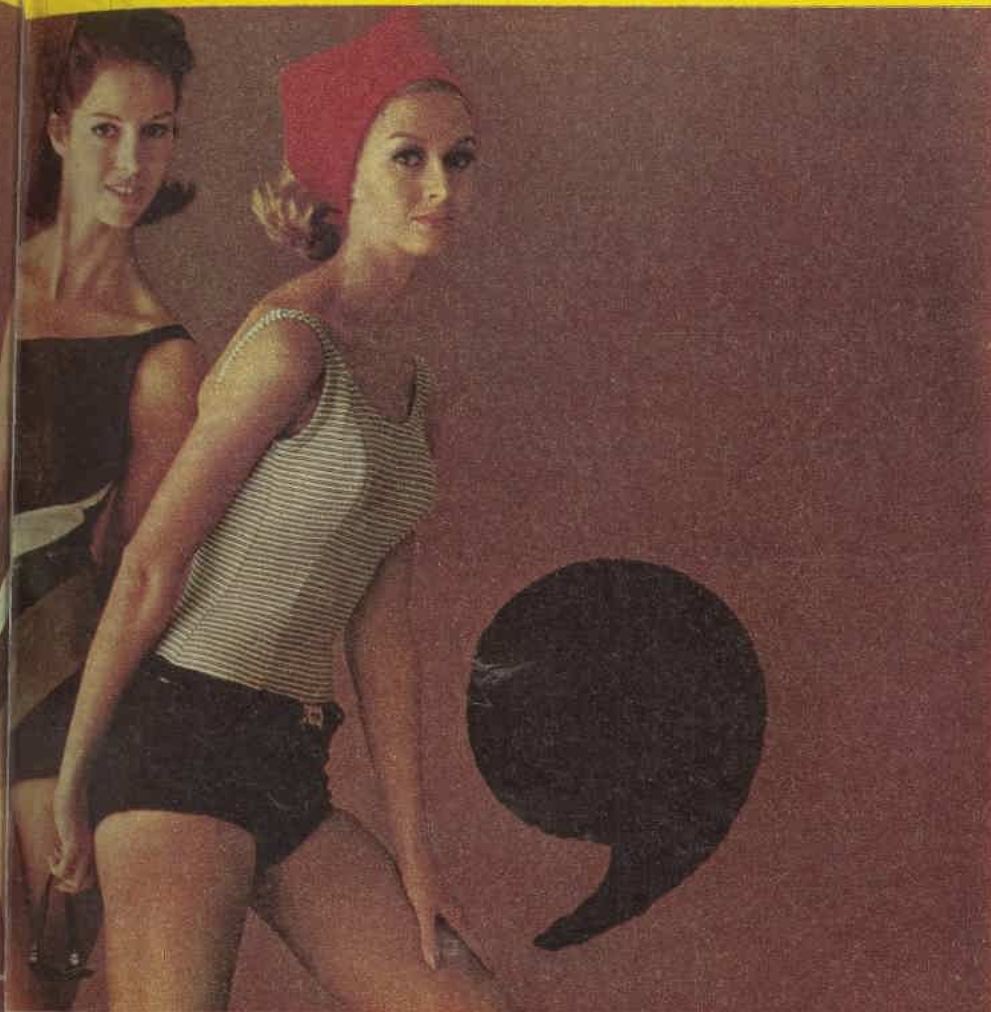
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Next Row: Knit.

Cont. in reverse at st. inc.

sts. from holder and work in next and every foll. 3rd row 3 times—26 (28, 31) sts.

PUNCH with punctuation



PAUSE and consider the smartness of stripes above. Diagonal and in broad contrast are those in the sleek Cardin-inspired swimsheath with off-centre neckline (left). Narrow and regular, the stripe from the 1930s (right) is a current news-maker. The "look" is long-stemmed, with accent on hipline.



EXCLAMATION of approval for the comeback of colorful towelling used in two summer-tan flat-terers (left). Penguin-line jacket has big pearl button trim, cone-shaped tunic features contrast side panel.

STAR turn for any traveller is this classic ensemble in silk/nylon (right). The relaxed-line coat tops matching "matchbox" skirt and brown-and-white-striped blouse of Swiss cotton.



QUERY the fashion mileage to be found in new Bermuda shorts. This season's favorite style is vividly and vertically striped to pare down the hips; it's teamed with shape-holding top of Swiss fabric that won't sag or bag.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—November 7, 1962

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 7, 1962

rib for 32 rows.

sleeves. Sew sleeves into arm-

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Taste in socks

"COULD you please tell me why boys don't like long chunky socks, colored and black stockings, little bows on the hair, and smocks over slacks? And do boys like little heels?"

"Teena," Qld.

Some boys do, some boys don't. If you want to know which are which, ask. The ones that don't like them will tell you."

Flame still burns

"I AM 19 years old and engaged to be married. Recently I met an old flame and find I am attracted to him again. Could you please advise me, as I do not want to be unfaithful to my fiancé."

"Problems," N.S.W.

You'd better throw some cold water on that old flame, and fast. But if you're really not sure of yourself, break off your engagement.

Exams first

"WE are two 17-year-old boys who are sitting for the Leaving Certificate this year and the exam means a lot to us. We have recently met two girls we like very much, but find that taking them out interferes with our study time. Last weekend we stayed at home to study, but found we daydreamed about them instead. We have decided it might be better not to take them out until the exams are over so we can concentrate better when we do study. However, we're afraid this might not work and our minds will wander anyway. What should we do?"

"Stargazers," N.S.W.

I think you both know what you'll have to do — forget the girls until after the exams.

Love poacher

I HAVE a girl-friend who every single time I get a nice boy-friend takes him from me. She can be very nice but, at times, really seems to enjoy making me jealous. I feel like telling her off, but find it difficult, as she is my best friend. I have told my mother about her and we agree that she is really using me. What do you suggest I do?"

"Concerned," N.S.W.

Telling her off won't help much. Finding another girl-friend would be better.

First beau

"I AM a girl of 16 and I have never been out with a boy. The other night a boy asked me these questions: 'How old are you?' and 'Are you allowed out at night, and how often during the week?' He is 18 and always smiles at me at our church dance. Do you think this is leading up to something, and what should I do?"

"Wondering," Qld.

Accept when he asks you out.

Next move

"AT the beginning of the year I was told by some friends at school that a boy liked me. At the time I had no interest in him so I completely ignored him. However, since then I have grown to like him and would like a few suggestions about how I could get to know him, without running after him."

"Emma," W.A.

Why not mention to these mutual friends that you think he looks rather nice. They'll relay the message and if he's still interested he'll make sure you get acquainted.

Time to wait

"NOT long ago I went out with a boy whom I like very much. I still like him a lot, but he doesn't stop to talk to me like he used to and talks to his boy-friends instead. He's doing the Leaving Certificate this year. Do you think his parents may have told him to study and not to go out with girls, and do you think he could still like me?"

"Determined," N.S.W.

I think it's very likely that he is really studying hard at school just now and hasn't got the time to be interested in girls. I'm afraid you'll have to wait until the exams are over to find out if he still likes you.

Too drastic

"I AM 16 and I like a footballer who plays for my home town. I think he likes me, too, because once he smiled at me when I got his autograph. I know he hasn't got a girl-friend. Do you think that if I wrote my phone number on the front of his car that he might get in touch with me or can you suggest a way for us to get acquainted?"

"Fan," Vic.

I don't think that writing your number on his car would help you get acquainted. He might sue you and I wouldn't blame him. Your only hope is to have a mutual friend introduce you.

Popular Romeo

"I AM 15 and madly in love with a boy of 16. I often see him on the bus and he is usually quite nice to me, but sometimes he can be nasty. It is pretty evident that I like him and he seems to take advantage of this fact and to like having every girl in the neighborhood swooning over him. How can I make him like me all the time and not ignore me some of the time?"

"Hopeful," Vic.

If I knew any reliable way to make a boy like a girl, I'd set up as a paid consultant and get rich. But it might be wise not to join the swooners. Act naturally and hope for the best.

Modelling offer

"I AM a girl of 16. A few weeks ago I was offered a modelling job by a photographer, but when I asked my parents if I could take it they refused firmly. The work pays well and is only on Saturdays, which leaves me Saturday night and Sunday to study. I could do with the money and my parents could use an extra income. How can I persuade them of this?"

"Belle," S.A.

Your parents have said "no," so I'm afraid that's the end of that.

Beauty in brief

PARTY POINTERS

FOR a very special party you need heaps of confidence. Here are some ways of getting—and keeping—it.

Even though you may only have an hour or so to yourself before going out, there should be a lasting quality in the make-up you put on and even the fragrance that you wear to set the right mood for dining and dancing.

Take the time for a careful tub or shower, using it as a beauty treatment, and apply your cologne after the dry-off. This provides a good foundation for the use of perfume when you finish dressing.

A light dusting of powder all over your body is an inexpensive luxury and helps to absorb perspiration. For girls who perspire a lot, an effective anti-perspirant — as much a necessity in one season as in another — is an absolute "must" in summer.

Pile all the make-up that you need on the dressing-table, then do your face slowly and carefully. Mistakes take more time to correct than doing the job right the first time.

Ideal foundation for a long-lasting make-up is a pale liquid or faintly tinted one; for a bare-back dress, find someone to cover your back with it before you put the dress on.

A slight repair or two during the evening keeps your face dewy — and your perfume fresh — when you do as professional a job of grooming as you know. —CAROLYN EARLE.



A word from Debbie



HOW old were you when you first tried to find out the initial of the man you would marry? Five? Seven? Nine?

In those far-off days it was fun, but add 10 years to those ages and it's a dreamy pastime.

Here's a few secret rituals that should produce some happy confusions to be shared with your best girl-friend.

- Peel an apple, keeping the skin in an unbroken piece, and throw the skin over your left shoulder. The initial it shapes when it lands is that of your man.

- Eat an apple and get a friend to name four apple seeds after your four favorite boys, keeping the names secret. Then you choose, picking up the seeds in any order, saying this piece of magic: "This one I love, this one I like, this one I'll marry, with this one I'll fight."

- Pick up the next hairpin you see, for "If you find a hairpin and stick it in your shoe, the next boy you walk with will marry only you."

- Sleep with a piece of wedding cake under your pillow and you'll dream of your future husband.

- Try to accidentally leave your shoes in the shape of a "T" when you're undressing, and, the sages have it, "Your own true love in dreams you'll see."

Next time you're wandering along the seashore, look for hidden signs — a name in the ripple marks in the sand, a trail of seashells forming an initial.

If all this is too difficult, there is an uncomplicated way to achieve the dream of the man you will one day marry.

Stare very hard at the brightest star in the sky, wink three times at it, go straight to bed and sleep your way to the dream man who is your future.

But be careful if you dream about the boy you see on the bus; he may not be the man you'll marry. THAT man will come as a surprise, and when he does you'll know it without any secret signs.

Steady dating

"I AM 17 and live with my grandparents who are quite strict and do not want me to date steadily, but to meet lots of different people. There is a boy at work who has taken me out twice and has now asked me to go steady. We see quite a lot of each other during the day and quite often have lunch together. Should I ask my grandparents' permission to go steady with him?"

M.S., Qld.

Seeing him every day at work sounds steady enough for me. I'm sure you'd have a lot more fun going out with others at the weekend.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

Yachtsman brings new sound to pops

● What has two octaves, a triangular body, 30 notes, and could put a different sound into the Australian charts?

ANSWER: The ancient, hauntingly sweet balalaika — as played by former blue-water yachtsman, 22-year-old Andy Sundstrom, from Denmark.

ANDY uses this instrument in his first Coronet single, "Theme From an Unwritten Movie," composed by Sven Liback, a former member of the Windjammers folk-singing group.

This disc is Sven's first production as artist and repertoire manager of the Australian Record Company.

Andy came to Australia the hard way—as a member of the crew of a 38ft. ketch on the final leg of a round-the-world voyage.

Before that he'd been playing his way around Europe, working with trad jazz bands, skiffle groups, rock groups, and as a cafe entertainer.

By the time he hit Sydney he was so bitten by the sailing bug that he took a job at the Cruising Yacht Club so that he could stay around boats for a bit longer.

Now the barometer's swung back to music, and with a long-term recording contract in his pocket, his first TV appearances behind him, and others to follow, Andy will have to be a strictly weekend sailor this summer.

He's been learning music ever since he was 12, and plays just about every stringed instrument, barring the violin.

NEXT local release on Coronet will be the Ray Price Quartet's follow-up to the

big-selling "A Moi De Payer." Ray's got hold of two oldies again, and from what I hear has given them the works.

The Leemen, the group that used to be heard with Lonnie Lee, as well as Johnny Rebh have discs coming up on the same label in the near future.

Local talent: Breaking away from his recent light operetta style, Warren Williams has written himself a genuine, warm-hearted pop in "Stand There And Cry" (Leedon 45). The flip, "Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder," skips along to a faster orchestral backing.

If you're expecting a few of those falsetto notes that have become Warren's trademark, you won't be disappointed.

WELL what do you know!

Just a while back singers were trying desperately to shed their old rock label, and now along comes the Popular Record Club with an LP specially for people who are anxious to find out what it was all about.

The Club's got the right guy to demonstrate — Johnny O'Keefe — and the disc's called "The Good Old Days Of Rock And Roll."

YOU can't say there's not a real idea behind Arthur Blanch's Columbia single "If I Had Television On My Telephone," a bright little number in happy mood.

But the flip, a heart-wringing Country and Western by Net

Kipner, "Our Best Man," might have even more appeal than the happy side. They're both good, anyway, and the production's outstanding.

Pops: One of the prettiest and tenderest songs Brenda Lee has ever sung is "All Alone Am I" (Festival 45). For variety, on the flip of this lovely ballad, she bounces back into belting form for "Save All Your Lovin'." In other words, "the two voices of Miss Brenda Lee" — on the one disc.

GOT a new stereo player and looking for a disc to show it off? The title doesn't mean much, but Enoch Light and The Light Brigade play some lovely music ("That Old Black Magic," "Green Eyes," "As Time Goes By"), and in dazzling style, on the Command LP "Vibrations."

LIVELY girl singer from the U.S. Pat Hervey (she sounds young, but you can never tell) puts plenty of teen appeal into "Mister Heartache" (R.C.A. 45) and plenty of pep into the optimistic "First Thing Tomorrow," on the other side. We could easily be hearing more of her.

FOR a powerhouse performance in the adult nightclub manner, there's Rhetta Del's "You've Gotta See Mamma Ev'ry Night." You won't get much more stylish singing than you do on the flip, "The Quiet One." An R.C.A. single.

Jazz: It's something of a classic by now, and everyone knows "High Noon." It sounds a bit different, though, given a bland, quiet jazz treatment by the Manny Albam group on an Impulse 45. There's more bite and steam in the flip, "Steam Shuffle."

Operetta: Any disc's worthwhile investigating when it carries the magic words Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. I say this because highlights from the two Johann Strauss operettas "The Gypsy Baron" and "Die Fledermaus" (H.M.V. LP) mightn't seem everyone's cup of tea.

The singing, by some fine voices, is in German, and the tunes are familiar to most people—even though they may not have known where they come from.



ANDY SUNDSTROM and his balalaika.

SOPRANOS WITH THE TENNERS!

● I see that India's first bank completely staffed by women has opened — and all-belle branches are on the way.

A PART from the fact that the change should do them good, there's a lot to be said for beautiful bankers—or should they be called good-lucres?

Although my bank manager is not Indian (nevertheless, he's Nepal of mine) I can easily imagine the set-up.

With lady bankers I suppose, of course, that zacs would rear its ugly head.

Perhaps there would be kiss 'n' tellers. And the staff would probably show quite a lot of interest in male customers.

After all, who wants to be all a loan in the world? But, after a period of making rupee, I suppose a lass would want to settle down and raise quids.

For this purpose the staff would always be prettying themselves up. And, like all office girls, they would borrow each other's perfume, etc. (This sharing of a bottle of Eau de Shame of It is known in Indian banking circles as three per cent.)

To encourage male customers, perhaps the bank would adopt a slogan such as "You Can Bank on the Females," and write love notes to visiting fellers. These notes, naturally, would be quietly slipped into pass books.

You need not, of course, marry a girl banker. You can have a friendship with no pursestrings attached.

Girls, too, might insist that if boys take out money they have to take out the tellers, no matter how plain. This could be called a quid pro crow arrangement.

The Bankers' Ball would be a grand annual affair. There would be the presentation of the junior clerks — debit-antes, y'know.

One thing about the ladies' banks — they would always be easy to locate. Just follow the old Indian advice, "Sikh and ye shall find."

There would always be silly girls piling petticoats on the customers' writing tables. Just because pieces of paper there say "Deposit Slips!"

One last Punjab at the business . . .

Women probably wouldn't be able to properly keep the books straight.

After all, they say that there's no accounting for women! — Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

MOUSSORGSKY: "Pictures at an Exhibition."

A FEW weeks ago we reviewed here a recording of Moussorgsky's suite of descriptive piano pieces "Pictures at an Exhibition." Now we have a new recording from R.C.A. (by conductor Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra) of Ravel's orchestral version of this work, which is perhaps even better known than the original.

Ravel was one of the greatest orchestral masters of all time, and when the conductor Serge Koussevitzky commissioned him in 1922 to orchestrate Moussorgsky's suite Ravel seized the opportunity to give a dazzling display of his skill, translating the black-and-white tones of the piano music into brilliant and subtle orchestral colors.

"Pictures at an Exhibition" was not very well known outside Russia when Ravel made his transcription. It was the orchestral version which made the work popular, but fortunately it has not ousted the original, so that record-collectors and concertgoers have plenty of opportunity of comparing Moussorgsky's strong, four-square Russian style with Ravel's many-hued and sophisticated translation.

— Martin Long

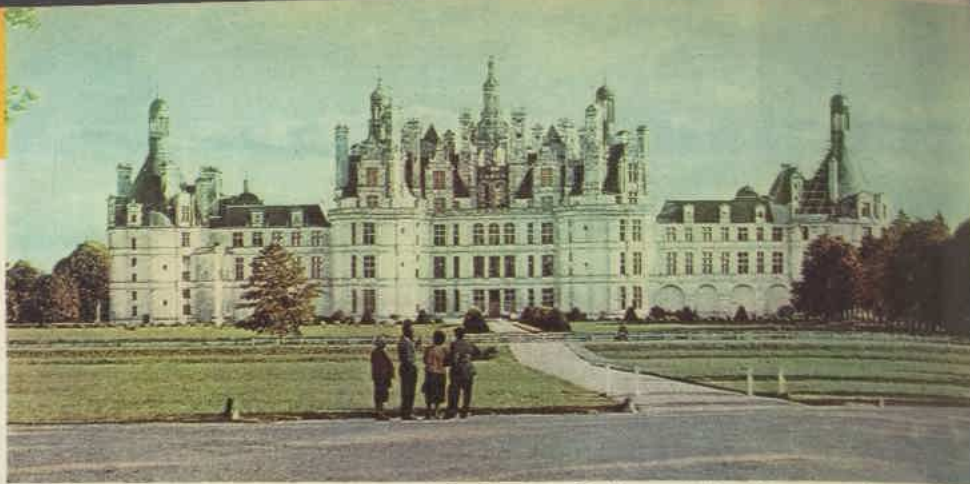
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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By MORTON HERMAN No. 17

A French royal palace



CHATEAU de CHAMBORD, a transition between Gothic and Renaissance architecture, is perhaps the most romantic of all French buildings. From "European Architecture in Color," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).

IN early Renaissance times, while ordinary people in France were building themselves open, unfortified houses (such as Azay-le-Rideau), so the great people of the land discontinued building fortified castles to build palaces instead.

Francis I, King of France in the early 16th century, was extremely fond of building and actually had two huge new chateaus being built at the same time he was remodelling four others.

Being a king, he naturally set a fashion that his courtiers readily followed, and in the valley of the Loire River may be seen scores of chateaus dating from that time.

Some of these are on crags above the river, some nestle in folds of the hills, and some, like Chambord, are set in the midst of forests.

It is a wonderful experience to come through the thick woods of Chambord to enter the great

clearing which forms the setting for perhaps the most romantic of all French buildings.

It was begun in 1520 and was finished in 13 years, the original design being followed throughout. Many a building of the Renaissance period took so long to complete that the design was altered time after time. But Chambord is one idea, unaltered and unspoiled, which probably accounts for its great success.

The steep and numerous roofs of old French tradition are here set above plainer walls of Renaissance detail. The mouldings and ornamentation of the roofs, and chimneys, too, are all of Renaissance character, so that Chambord is, like so many of its contemporary buildings, a transition between Gothic and Renaissance architecture.

So intricate is the piling up of roofs in the centre block that there are actually "streets" on top

of the chateau where people can stroll about among the 365 dormer windows, pinnacles, and chimneys.

And the highest pinnacle, in the centre, rests over one of the most curious staircases in the world: it is a double staircase, corkscrew in form, and two people can be walking up or down between the same floors on the same staircase and not see each other.

Now a national monument, the Chateau de Chambord is preserved for the French people.

Besides being a national treasure it is also a tourist attraction, most beautiful perhaps at night. All around the walls and the tops of the parapets concealed floodlighting has been installed so that the fairytale towers and pinnacles of Chambord seem to float in brilliant light.

NEXT WEEK: English Renaissance.

TEENA® by Linda Terry



Hattie's a fatty, and glad of it

By CELIA HENDERSON, in London

● Breaking into the theatre world is never an easy job—but for a girl of 19 who weighs 12 stone or so it's rather like that camel getting through the eye of a needle.

BUT Hattie Jacques managed it, and by the time she came to co-star with Eric Sykes in his television programmes she had already been established as everyone's favorite fat girl on stage, screen, and radio for some ten years.

It was all done by sheer single-mindedness. Ever since she can remember, Hattie has been determined to get into show business, although she doesn't come from a theatrical family.

Her father, an R.A.F. pilot, was killed in a crash when his daughter (who was christened Josephine) was only 18 months old.

"But I think my mother always wanted to go on the stage," she said, "so she always encouraged me."

"Then there was my grandfather—I got my first stage wardrobe from him. You see, he was a jeweller and pawnbroker—but too kind to make it pay."

"The poor old women around" used to come with parcels of clothes to raise ten bob and often he'd take them without even looking inside, knowing they needed the money.

"Then every so often came Turning In Day, when the pledges expired and these parcels were opened. Often there was nothing inside but paper—but sometimes there were fantastic old ball gowns,

Chinese headdresses, top hats, anything out of the attic—and I got them."

"And my poor schoolfriends—as soon as they set foot in the house they had to dress up and join in some play or ballet before they knew what had happened to them."

But there was a long way to go yet.

When World War II started young Josephine, then only 15, got a job as a hairdressers' apprentice, thinking she might break into the theatre world through the make-up side.

"But there's a bit of a Florence Nightingale streak in most of us," she says, so she lied about her age and joined the Red Cross as a nurse in London's air-raid shelters.

Army welder

Then her group was moved to the country, but Jo wanted to stay in town, so—of all things—she joined up with an army group to learn welding.

"I must have been mad," she said. "Twenty-two soldiers and me, learning to weld bits of Bailey bridges and the lot."

"And soon I was in a factory, teaching other people, which I'd no business to do."

Of all the unlikely places, that factory was to supply a way into the theatre.

At that time, as now, the Little Players' Theatre Club was putting on its "Late Joys" under the arches of Charing Cross Station.

It is based on the Victorian music hall with a chairman compering the show and the audience joining in the choruses of the songs.

Young Jo Jacques heard some of the women at the factory singing the old comedy songs of the period, so she learnt them and tried them out at the Players, where they went like a bomb, among the real ones falling outside.

It was there that she decided her name didn't sound right, and adopted the Victorian "Hattie," which has stuck ever since.

From there she went into the radio programme ITMA, which became almost a legend in the English entertainment world. She later worked with Eric Sykes (then a writer only) in his radio series "Educating Archie," which ran for four years and included, at various times, most of the top-line radio and TV comedians of today.

Sykes decided that Hattie was not just funny because of being fat, but was one of the best comedy actresses in the country in her own right, and she was his first choice as co-star when he came to do his own TV series "The Eric Sykes Show."

"He's so wonderful to work with," Jo says, "you'd do it for free."

Now, while standing by for the next Sykes series, Hattie is planning a TV series of her own about a girl who works for a private detective.



Buxom, cheerful Hattie Jacques, No. 2 in the popular "Eric Sykes Show," has been the favorite fat girl of British stage, radio, and television for the past ten years.

Hattie is about the least "theatrical" personality you could find, with her light, gentle voice, pretty face, and shrewd but very kind wit.

Between all the work she

spends as much time as she possibly can with her family. For 12 years she has been married to actor John Le Mesurier, and they have two sons, nine-year-old Robin and six-year-old Kim.

The youngsters never see Hattie's TV show because it is after their bedtime. They complain because some of the other chaps at school see it, but Hattie is firm about normal family life and hours.

The rest of her spare time is spent in working for various charities, and she has raised a tidy sum for spastic children and leukemia research.

One of her most successful ways of fund raising is to go round the cheerful crowded pubs in London's East End, with their honky-tonk pianos, and sing the old songs she sang at the Players.

In no time, crowds are gathering in the street outside as well, and, at the end, Hattie goes round holding out her apron and the money comes clattering in.

Like Eric Sykes, nothing is too much trouble in a good cause, which is why they are two of the best-loved people in the business.

DID YOU KNOW?

ACTOR George Hamilton has been throwing cold water on the singing careers of Dr. Ben Casey (Vincent Edwards) and Dr. Kildare (Richard Chamberlain). Hamilton thinks they are both making a mistake.

"It hurts an actor to disturb his image before the public," he says. "I don't think it's a good idea for an actor to be taking out TV tonsils one minute and then trying to become a recording star in the next breath."

TALKING about Dr. Casey, it seems the fire-eating Ben does have a soft spot after all. The rumor in circulation is that he is scared to death of injections, of all things. Vince fell and scratched himself while filming a movie in Italy and adamantly refused a needle.

AUSTRALIAN Joan Sutherland's voice is the most sought-after by American TV networks. John McCormack, who died in 1945, still holds the record as the highest paid singer of all time. Before the TV boom, his tenor voice earned him nine million dollars (£A4,500,000).

"GUNSMOKE'S" Dennis Weaver hopes to have his own show next year. He has a contract with Columbia Broadcasting System to submit three story ideas.

IN the good old style of Clint Walker, Ed (Kookie) Byrnes, and the Maverick boys, it seems as though there could be another dispute on the lots between Warner Brothers and "Hawaiian Eye" star Connie Stevens. One of the TV networks was told a few days ago that Connie's New York hotel reservation had been cancelled and that she had been allegedly suspended.

"RIFLEMAN" star Chuck Connors says young singer Dale Wright, who he discovered in Cincinnati and took to Hollywood, could become another Elvis Presley.

THE British Broadcasting Corporation paid 50,000 dollars (£A25,000) for 14½ minutes of film on the Patterson-Liston heavyweight title fight, in which Patterson went down in 126 seconds. The terms of the deal with the fight promoters specified the 50,000 dollars sum on a come-what-may basis.

THE Marilyn Monroe Story is being taken from film archives to be released in December as a 30-minute TV special.

SEEMS that an appearance as a guest of Danny Thomas makes actors a certainty to have series of their own. Andy Williams, Joey Bishop, and Jack Carter have all been given TV series of their own after guesting with Danny.



HAWAIIAN EYE THREESOME

SINGING ALONG to the twang of Poncie Ponce's ukulele, three of the "Hawaiian Eye" stars relax on the set. Hawaiian-born Poncie plays Kim, the singing cab-driver, in the Waikiki-based detective series; pert blonde Connie Stevens is Cricket Blake, who divides her time between flirting, taking photographs, flirting, singing in the Shell Bar, and flirting; Robert Conrad is private (Hawaiian) eye Tom Lopaka. He's looking pleased because he has just sold his first teleplay to Warner Brothers. Called "Requiem for a Golden Boy," it was two years in preparation and is based on one of his childhood experiences. Poncie Ponce has off-stage interests, too; he recently opened a school in Hollywood to teach the art of self-defence (and naturally the "Hawaiian Eye" cast loyally turned up for tuition). And Connie? In a flutter of talk she says, "I want to be a mother and a success. But I'm not even engaged yet. I think I should buy some insurance or something or maybe put some money into one of those mutual funds. What's a mutual fund? An insurance man told me I could have a monthly salary when I was 65. But who needs it? I mean—65!" (Connie is 21.) The other member of the team, Anthony Eisley, has dropped out of the cast—although he's still in the series currently showing in Australia—and has been replaced by Troy Donahue, formerly of "Surfside 6," which has finished filming in America.

to knit this summer



High-fashion blue

SUMMER SWEATER
(above) has a pretty yoke and tiny sleeves.

Materials: 5 (5, 6) balls "Peacock" crochet wool or "Peacock" 3-ply nylon; 2 pairs Nos. 11 and 12 needles.
Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 (20½, 20¾) in.; bust, 32 (34, 36) in.; length of sleeve seam, 1 (1, 1) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass sl.-st. over; w.l.f.w.d., wool forward; g-st., garter-stitch.
Tension: 8 sts., lin.; 10 rows, lin.

BACK
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 108 (114, 120) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. Change to No. 11 needles, p 1 row on wrong side, inc. 20 (22, 24) sts. evenly across row, 128 (136, 144) sts. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 1, w.l.f.w.d., p.s.s.o. the k 1 and w.l.f.w.d., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: K 2 * sl. 1, k 1, w.l.f.w.d., p.s.s.o. the k 1 and w.l.f.w.d., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: Purl.
Rep. these 4 rows and when work measures 12 (12½, 12¾) in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 46 (48, 50) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 36 (40, 44) sts., work 46 (48, 50) sts. Cont. on last 46 (48, 50) sts. and cast off 2 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row, at the same time when work measures 13 (13½, 13¾) in. cast on 12 (12, 12) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Keep the first 4 of the cast-on sts. in g-st. and rem. 8 sts. in patt. and cont. to cast off 2 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 12 (14, 16) sts. When armhole measures 7 (7½, 7¾) in., cast off. Join wool at neck. Work other side to correspond.

YOKE

With right side of work toward you, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k 170 (176, 184) sts. around neck.

1st Row: (wrong side): Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.
Work 27 rows of lace patt., ending with 3rd row of patt. Change to No. 12 needles.

Next Row (wrong side): * P 4, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 (2, 4) sts., p 2 (2, 4) 142 (147, 154) sts.

Work 4 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Cast off in ribbing.

FRONT

Work front and front yoke the same as for back.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press on the wrong side with a cool iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder and side seams. Stitch back the 4 g-sts. around edge of sleeves to form facing.



Furniture by Eastern Emporium, St. Leonards.

Quilting is the newest, prettiest fashion for you and your bedspread. The shortie gown, "Tania" (Jeldi D0006), is drip-dry quilted nylon tricot, in white, pink, sapphire blue, aqua, cherry red, coral rose, 32"-38", £5.19.6. And quite the prettiest bedspread of the year is "Goddess" (Jeldi 711/1), light as spun sugar in drip-dry quilted terylene, in pink, blue, lilac. Also available, matching curtains, with 7 ft. drop. Bedspread is also available in lemon, blue or pink in flock nylon.



Continued from page 48

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next row and then every alt. row 4 (4, 6) times, at the same time cont. dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 3rd row until 8 sts. rem., then every 2nd row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off, finishing at armhole edge.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from holder and work to correspond, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles and Crepetex, cast on 63 (63, 66) sts. and work 16 rows st.-st. Change to No. 6 needles and Astrakan wool.

Next Row: (P 1, p 2 tog.) to end of row—42 (42, 44) sts.

Cont. in reverse st.-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row foll. until 72 (74, 74) sts. Cont. without

further shaping until sleeve measures 17½ (18, 18) in. in Astrakan or required length to underarm.

To Shape Top: Cast off 5 (6, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row 4 times, then every alt. row 4 times. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 63 (64, 65) sts., place marker, cast on 8 sts., place marker, cast on 66 (68, 70) sts., place marker, cast on 8 sts., place marker, cast on 63 (64, 65) sts.—208 (212, 216) sts. Work in (k 2, p 2) rib for 32 rows.

Cast off 32 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. in rib on rem. 144 (148, 152) sts., inc. 1 st. each end of every row

until 208 (212, 216) sts. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Steam-press Crepetex facings only. With cast-on edge of collar to neck opening and commencing at base of right side, sew collar to right front, finishing at 1st marker. Commencing at 2nd marker, sew collar to back of neck, finishing at 3rd marker. Commencing at 4th marker, sew collar to left front opening. Sl.-st. right end of collar to cast-off edge at centre front and left end to inner side of cast-off edge. Fold collar in half lengthwise and sl.-st. in position. Seam sides and sleeves. Sew sleeves into armholes, seaming top of sleeve to collar between markers. Turn under Crepetex facings and sl.-st. in position.



Whatever's for sweets tastes better with Streets

DELICIOUS PARTNERS . . . A CAN OF PEACHES
AND STREETS . . . IT COULDN'T BE CREAMIER!



Verbena Cottage, Miss Blossom," he said.

After a few minutes' searching Miss Blossom found the key. "There's a bus from the Market Place every hour," she said as she handed it over.

"I have my car outside," Miss Stevens said.

"I shall take Miss Stevens myself," Bill said firmly. "We can't have her wandering about the country. Oh, Miss Blossom, I don't think I shall be back before lunch."

Barbara Stevens' car was bright red, squatted near the road, and was obviously capable of travelling at enormous speeds. Bill clambered in beside her. "Past the Old Cross," he directed, "and then first on the left."

They came in due course to Verbena Cottage.

She cried in joy. "This is perfect!"

Barbara got out. Bill saw she had very long and very beautiful legs.

"It's heavenly!" Barbara exclaimed, pushing open the garden gate.

"If this is the sort of place

you were looking for," Bill said a little smugly, "it's got everything. It has even relatively modern plumbing."

"Gosh!" She took in the roses which rambled round the door.

Bill took the key and pushed it into the lock. Or nearly into the lock, anyway.

"The lock's blocked," he said. "I'll just clear it."

He took a pin from under his lapel and poked in the lock. It was quite clean.

"Perhaps it needs oiling," his companion suggested.

"No. It's — damn!"

"What's the matter?"

"It's the wrong key."

"Please don't worry. It's so lovely here. Look at that gorgeous view. Can you spare me just a minute while I sit and enjoy it?"

Bill sat with her, after carefully covering the blistered wood of the rustic seat with a clean handkerchief.

"Good heavens!" he cried

Continuing . . . KEY FOR TWO

from page 35

when he had finished explaining the view to her. "It's nearly one o'clock. Will you have lunch with me?"

The Black Lamb had its limitations, but it also had its standards and a very good draught cider to boot. Consequently, when Bill returned to the office he was less cross with Miss Blossom than he meant to be.

"The wrong key! But how on earth could that have happened?"

"It happened," Bill said, aspiring to sternness, "through inefficiency."

"But whose? Certainly not mine. If I see a key labelled 'Verbena Cottage' I naturally expect that that is the key which will open Verbena Cottage."

"Agreed. But who," Bill demanded shrewdly, "put the wrong label there in the first place?"

"It could have been either of us."

"Oh, well," Bill said lamely. It was clearly one of those cases where nobody could pin anything on anybody. "Look through your drawer again and see if there's a loose key kicking about."

Miss Blossom rummaged industriously and Bill joined her. All the keys were plainly labelled and not one of the labels made the slightest reference to Verbena Cottage.

"Well, I'm quite sure," Bill said wistfully, "Miss Stevens doesn't want to be kept hanging around here."

"No. Then what I suggest is that you take Miss Stevens to see one or two of the properties that we can get into while I take all these other keys to Verbena Cottage and see if by any chance one of them might have been wrongly labelled."

So at half-past two Bill presented himself at the Black Lamb with a ring of keys.

They rode round the countryside from then until half-past five, stopping only at the several cottages for which, by a happy chance, all the keys happened to be the right ones, and at the Bluebell Inn for afternoon tea.

But at the end of the afternoon, as they sat in the garden of Cherry Tree Villa, she shook her head.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said contritely, "but there are really none of those I could possibly live in."

"I understand," Bill assured her.

"I did fall for Verbena Cottage, though." Her voice was wistful. "If you could only find the key I'm sure that would be the one for me."

"I'm sure, too."

"I'm afraid," she sighed, "I've rather wasted your afternoon."

"My dear Miss Stevens—"

"Barbara," she murmured. "My dear Barbara, I assure you I—well, the fact is, I've never enjoyed an afternoon so much."

She turned her head to give him a long, slow, warm smile. There was so obviously only one possible next move that Bill took it in his stride. It was a thorough and satisfying sort of kiss, and she was still smiling when it was over.

Ten minutes later she began to straighten her hair and decided it was time to start the car again.

"And tomorrow," Bill promised, "you shall see Verbena Cottage, even if I have to put my foot through the door."

"You needn't do anything violent. The key may turn up." She took his handkerchief and removed a spot of lipstick which had found its way to his right ear. "And there's really not all that hurry. Haven't you any other cottages you could show me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then perhaps tomorrow we could go round and have a look at some more."

When he returned to the office Miss Blossom was still there. He started guiltily, and for a moment it crossed his mind to wonder why a man should feel guilty entering his own office. "You're still here!" he said accusingly.

"As always," Miss Blossom said gravely. "I was waiting to see whether you had made a sale."

"Did you," Bill asked, "get into Verbena Cottage?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"Ah, well!" Bill took the news remarkably cheerfully.

Barbara Stevens was back at ten the next morning.

"Have you found some more for me?" she asked brightly.

Bill jangled a ring of fresh keys. "One or two are rather far out," he said.

"That's all right. I have all day."

At the door Bill turned perfunctorily to Miss Blossom. "You'll take care of things while I'm out?"

"Certainly, sir," Miss Blossom said. "And if the Duchess calls," she added inexplicably, "I'll tell her that you will see her tomorrow."

"Duchess?" Barbara Stevens repeated. "What duchess?"

But Bill never really had a chance to reply. They were both too interested in a young man who was standing by the red sports car.

He was tall and he had a beard which was almost copper-colored. His sweater looked as if it might well have been snipped right off the end of the rainbow. As his eyes lit on Barbara, he let out a loud cry of recognition.

"Hugo!" she cried in return.

BILL noticed that she had stopped dead in her tracks and gone quite rigid. "Hugo!" she cried again.

But differently this time. This time in a way which Bill could only recognise as joyful. And as Hugo came across the pavement she skipped gleefully into his arms.

"There, there, old girl!" Hugo said, patting her on the back with possessive fervor. "I found out you'd come here," he said when he had disentangled his lips from her hair.

"So I came to apologise. Forgive me, old girl, and come back. Will you?"

"Oh, Hugo, of course I will! It was my fault, anyway. I'd actually decided to leave town altogether and bury myself in the country."

Hugo threw back his head, pointed his copper-colored beard at the church steeple, and laughed: "You! Buried down here!"

Barbara Stevens began to laugh, too. "You see how desperate I was!" She turned to Bill. "You must think I'm cracked," she said.

Bill made a noise which might have meant anything.

"This," she said to Hugo, "is Bill Dawson. He was going to find me a nice cottage." She turned. "Bill, this is Hugo, my fiancé. I ran down here because we'd had a few words. But now we've just made it all up."

Hugo waved a huge, genial hand. "Hi, Bill! Now you're going back with me, old girl," he said.

She bent nimbly at the waist and slotted herself into the driving-seat.

Bill turned slowly and went back into the office. Miss Blossom was sitting at her typewriter, but the air was still quivering from her speedy dash from the window.

It was Miss Blossom who broke the silence. "As soon

as I saw that woman, I knew she was no good."

"What do you mean?"

"No good here," Miss Blossom said. "No good as a customer. No good for you."

"Well, really!" Bill said. For the first time in the six months during which she had worked for him, Bill really looked at Miss Blossom.

What he saw astonished him. The girl was really quite beautiful.

"Suppose," she said cosily, "I make us a cup of tea?"

"Yes," Bill said. "Please do." Odd that he'd never noticed what an attractive voice she had, too.

With quickened interest he watched her go to fill the kettle. She walked delightfully and her legs, he saw, were as long as Barbara Stevens' and just as beautiful.

"Incidentally," she said casually, "I found the key to Verbena Cottage this morning. It was silly of me to have mislaid it, wasn't it?"

"We all make mistakes," Bill said.

Having filled the kettle, she bent to plug it in. She made Bill thought, a really beautiful picture. "In any case," she said, "I'd have been terribly disappointed if that woman had bought it. I've always hoped Verbena Cottage would still be there for me when I get married."

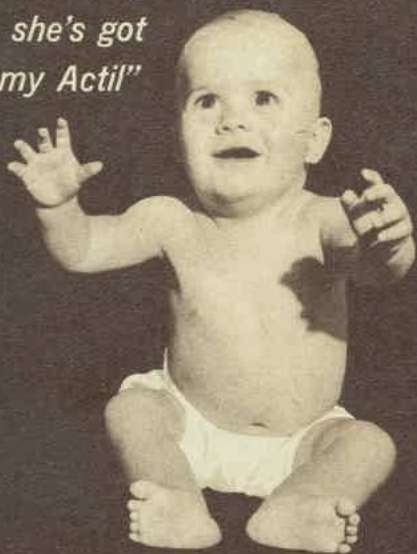
"Now, isn't that odd?" Bill exclaimed. "So have I!"

Miss Blossom straightened herself up. "Anyway," she said with no apparent relevance, "this business could never really have supported three people."

A sudden, blinding revelation of truth seared across Bill's mind. "Miss Blossom," he said, "I'm beginning to think I've been very stupid. There can be only one solution to this problem."

Miss Blossom parked herself, deliberately and elegantly, but very provocatively, on the edge of the desk. "It's time that occurred to you, Bill," she said. (Copyright)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 7, 1962



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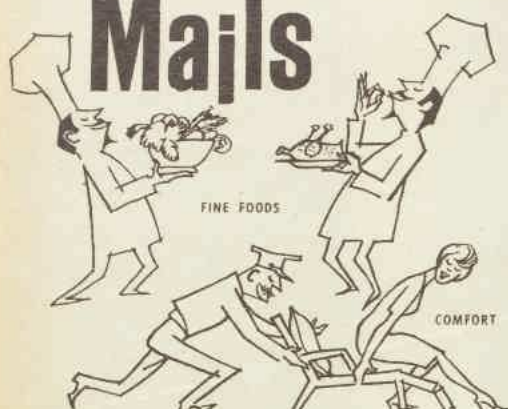
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HINTS ON HANGING

By LOELIA, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

● Picture-hanging has become unconventional. I have some friends who have hung a large abstract on their ceiling. It's surprising, but unusually effective.

I HAVE seen pictures hung below the dado line. As young people often prefer to sit on cushions on the floor, this may be the best position for them! The more conservative of us are not prepared to go to such lengths and I shall discuss more conventional ways of hanging pictures.

There is an interesting, lively school of painting in Australia today and every homemaker is interested in the complex question of picture hanging and lighting.

The height the pictures should be hung is of vital importance. The most common mistake is to hang pictures far too high. The golden rule is to hang them so the centre of the picture is at eye level, but don't always suppose that eye level is calculated when you are standing up.

If pictures are to be hung in the dining-room, you must take into consideration that most of the time you will be seated, so the pictures should be lower than they would be if hung in the living-room.

In any case, when hanging pictures anywhere, remember to sit down in the room and study the visual effect from two different planes.

When groups of pictures are to be put on the same wall, stick to the rule that the centre of each picture should be the governing height. Don't judge its position by the top or bottom of the frame.

In general there are two categories of pictures — those

with intrinsic value and those bought merely for decoration. The two types need different hanging treatment.

If you have one really good picture, everything should be done to build it up as the focal point in the room. A simple way to give it maximum importance is to put it on an easel in good light. Notice in museums how this treatment draws attention to an important work.

Small pictures or drawings look well, too, on an easel, or a stand on a table. If placed below a lamp they look much more precious than they would hung alone on a wall.

We all know the advantages of screens for breaking up rooms, hiding unsightly doors, television sets, and introducing another color note. An excellent and novel way to add further interest to your screen is to cover it with a brightly colored material and then hang small, attractive pictures on it.

Over the mantelpiece is an obvious but ideal place to hang an important picture. People always tend to congregate there even on the hottest days, and a visitor cannot fail to observe the painting.

The decorative pictures need quite different treatment. They are usually too weak to stand alone, and look best when treated "en masse." The pictures should be grouped, if possible, to form a square on the outside. Then you must fit the others in as best you can inside the square. This treatment looks most effective above a sofa or large table.

It is a good plan to lay the pictures out on the floor and experiment with the pattern before fixing them on the wall.

In this group system you can hang the pictures close up against the ceiling and close together. This kind of mosaic of pictures can give a very grand effect. Use furniture below one of these complex arrangements to help harmonise the scheme. Sculpture can be very helpful for creating a link-up.

Do not be afraid of placing large pictures in small rooms for fear of dwarfing them. The reverse can happen. A good landscape or a well-chosen abstract will dominate a room and you will forget the proportions.

What about background? Plain walls usually make the best background for pictures and dark walls are good for hanging engravings or drawings. I particularly like dark red or dark green to show up drawings, especially if they are well mounted and in gilt frames.

Choose mounts carefully

Pay great attention to the mount. I like a mount tinted to a contrasting color to the background of the picture and then having a broad line or two drawn round the edge nearest the picture in still another color, but linking up the two. Well-selected mounts can flatter the drawing to an amazing degree.

I think if you want to make much of a picture on a plain wall, a most attractive way of doing so is to pretend to hang the picture by silken cords or ribbons starting from a nail about a foot above the frame. There can be bows or loops and tassels hanging down to decorate this idea. In reality the picture will be firmly secured to the wall by hidden nails before creating your beribboned illusion.

I once saw a collection of oval pictures hung in this way. They all had pretty, old gilded frames and on a pale pink wall they were suspended by pale blue taffeta ribbons, with neatly made bows disguising the top nail. It all made a charming Continental effect.

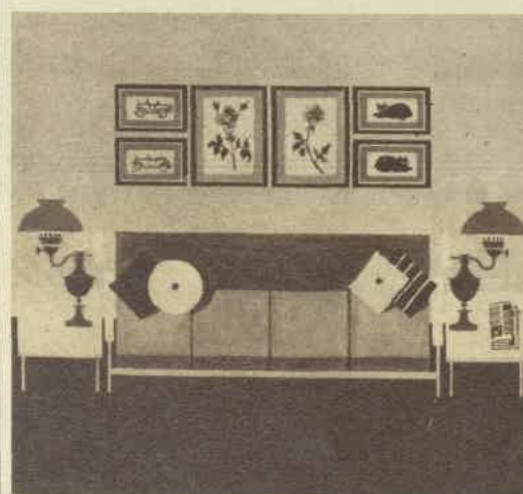
Here is another amusing idea I saw in an old house — on the wall some prints had been glued and round them "trompe l'oeil" frames had been most realistically painted, including the nails and hanging wire, a good whimsy to try if you are a "do-it-yourself" type.

In a hot climate like Australia white and gold frames would look exceedingly well on a pale-colored wall. They look cool and elegant. But there are so many attractive forms of framing that it is purely a personal choice.

● This is the second in a series of articles on interior decoration written specially for *The Australian Women's Weekly* by Loelia, Duchess of Westminster.



OVAL FRAMES bought in antique shops can be refurbished to hold family portraits and photographs. This sketch shows how to make an integrated grouping using framed ovals.



SYMMETRICAL FURNITURE like this settee with its side tables dictates an equally rigid arrangement in picture grouping. See how the simple prints used are made more important by the use of contrasting mounts.

PICTURES



BLANK WALLSPACE between settee and overhead bookshelves was cleverly filled with simply framed prints in this living-room.

Nothing is more boring in decoration as sticking strictly to dates and periods. A Roman bust in a Louis XVI panelled room or a 17th-century refectory table in a modern house adds excitement and glamor to what could easily be an essay in good taste with no personal spark. By the same token, old masters in a modern interior achieve the same effect.

At the well-known architect Phillip Johnson's "Glass House" outside New York, where only the most up-to-date building construction and furniture have been employed, a beautiful unframed Poussin is shown on a stark aluminium easel. This is not at all shocking, as good things from every period have always lived happily together.

To light pictures impeccably, I am afraid you have to be a millionaire. For the only entirely satisfactory method which eliminates all shine and shadow, avoids all visible gadgets, and illuminates with uniform light to fit each picture is the spotlight.

This method can be fitted only by an expert and the mechanism has to be concealed behind the cornice, leaving an aperture for the beam of light to shine through not bigger in size than a farthing.

Few of us can afford this perfection and we have to trust to more mundane forms of lighting, the choice being overhanging brass hooded lights or lamps from below.

Because I dislike dark rooms I don't have much difficulty in making my own pictures visible, but it is a problem for those who like dark rooms. One way of solving the difficulty is to have metal shades on lamps centred below the pictures you want illumined; then most of the light will shine upward through the top of the shade on to the wall.

In conclusion, don't be afraid of hanging pictures in strange and unusual places and in unconventional ways. A home should show the character and personality of the owner and the choice and arrangement of pictures is an easy and effective way to this end.



IMAGINATIVE combination of pictures with other objects such as plates, plaques, medallions, or the old drinking horn in the picture above blend successfully.



MODERN PAINTINGS are displayed to their best advantage in an extremely plain setting with light backgrounds. Note picture at far left hung well below normal eye level.

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BOND'S

Dri-Glo TOWELS

Page 56

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 7, 1962

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BOND'S Dri-Glo TOWELS

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 7, 1962

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● What an awful time of year this is for the mothers of examination-age children! Well, yes—I know it's an awful time of the year for the children, too . . .

BUT there are times when I'd like to be able to shut my three in a soundproof room for an hour and let them rave at each other, instead of having them all come at different times, one after another, to rave in their own particular way at me.

It must be nice to live in a household where all the young inmates have the same attitude to exams no matter whether it's a good one, a bad one, or an indifferent one.

The trouble with our three is that they all have different attitudes, and I find myself having to make constant switches from cheerful optimism to dire warning to plain, unqualified nagging.

The nagging, of course, is reserved for Mike. At this time of year every time I see him I say: "You go and do some work."

"I've done some!" he always answers indignantly.

If Mike has put in half an hour of his valuable sporting time in staring at a textbook in the last three days, then according to him he has "done some," and the work situation is under control.

"Why on earth don't you leave him alone," Di says. "He has got to keep up his reputation as the family idiot."

Mum commiserates while she cooks

DI herself is in no position to cast bricks. She has an over-developed dramatic sense at the best of times, and examinations bring this out to the fullest extent.

She may start talking about her exams with reasonable confidence, but then doubt creeps in, and from doubt we go to despondency and then desperation and black, black despair.

This is fun for Di, but it's a frightful bore for everyone else, and when this is pointed out to her she is likely to fly into a rage or burst into tears and announce that she is going to leave home the minute she earns some money of her own.

Through all Di's drama and the arguments with Mike, Kat works steadily on.

The trouble there is to convince her that a good night's sleep will pay better dividends than a couple of hours' extra work when she's really tired!

We have the old, familiar, end-of-the-year-type conversations that we've had for years:

"I haven't done nearly enough work this year," Kat says.

"You say that every year," I say.

"Yes, but this year it's true."

If I say, "Well, you'll do all right. I'm not worrying," she says, "I do wish you wouldn't go on thinking that, because it's going to be such a ghastly disappointment for you when the results come out."

And if, on the other hand, I say, "Stop worrying so much, they're only exams, your life doesn't depend on them," she says, "There you are, even you think I'm going to fail."

I don't really mind all this, because exams are a strain, and like most mothers I'm prepared to spend a good deal of time each year acting as a safety-valve when they want to blow their tops.

But I wish they would choose their times a little better.

The moment when a roast dinner is coming out of the oven, or a sponge cake going in, is hardly the time when the cook can pay undivided attention to other people's troubles!

Good recipes don't make good cooks

I HAVE had such a nice letter from a reader in South Africa who gets The Australian Women's Weekly in batches of five or six at a time, depending on how the ships come in.

Referring to the paragraph I wrote about different cooks getting different results with the same recipe, she has sent me this amusing little verse of Howard Weedon's.

The old Mammy is asked for her recipe for Beaten Scones, and she says:

"Of course, I'll gladly give de rule
I meks beat biscuits by,
Dough I ain't sure dat you will mek
Dat bread de same as I."

'Cos cooking's like religion is
Some's 'lected an' some ain't;
An' rules don't no more mek a cook
Den sermons mek a saint."

A meal that men like

DO you remember a recipe I gave about a year ago for a dish called Bobotie?

Several readers wrote to say how much their husbands had appreciated it (it seems to be a dish that appeals to men) and now this correspondent has sent me a recipe for a very much simpler way to prepare it.

She ought to know, because it's supposed to be a national South African dish, though she says she thinks it comes originally from the East.

For the simplified version you need for the main meat mixture:

Two pounds minced meat, 12 almonds crushed fine, 2 medium onions chopped, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, salt and pepper, 2 1/2 in. slices white bread, 1/2 cup milk or water, 2 tablespoons—less if you don't want it too hot—curry powder, 1 teaspoon turmeric (optional), 4 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, 2 tablespoons apricot jam.

For the custard layer you need 3 eggs, 1 1/2 cups milk.

To make the meat mixture: Soak bread in milk or water, saute onions in butter till light brown, mix everything together and bake in a greased dish at 325 degrees until cooked (about 1 1/2 hours).

Then beat three eggs in 1 1/2 cups of milk with a little salt and pepper added (only beat lightly, so as to leave white and yellow patches when cooked).

Pour this over the cooked meat mixture, pushing a knife into it here and there to let some of the egg-mixture penetrate into the meat.

Put it back into the oven and bake (at the same temperature) until the egg is set.

She has given me two other tips as well:

Leave the almonds out if you want to, because they're expensive and she thinks they don't make much difference.

Put in a few bayleaves or orange leaves while the meat is cooking, and take them out before the egg-mixture is poured on.

I'd never thought of trying orange leaves—they'd be a nice addition, I should think, to any casserole dish made with pork.

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**HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS**



Highlight-of-summer:

PEACH PARFAIT

A jewel of a sweet ... glowing with golden peaches ... rich with cream ... it's a dream!



PEACH PARFAIT

Part 1 (Jelly)—1 large can (29 oz.) Letona Sliced Peaches; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1 tablespoon Port Wine or Sherry (or extra lemon juice); 1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. **Part 2** (cream mixture)—1 small can chilled evaporated milk or 1 jar fresh cream; 1 teaspoon Davis Gelatine dissolved in 1 dessertspoon hot water; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut; Glace cherries.

Part 1—Drain syrup from fruit, add lemon juice and wine (optional). Add gelatine to hot water, stir until dissolved, add to syrup and mix in the cold water. Arrange about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the peach slices in shallow dish, pour syrup over and chill. **Part 2**—Whip evaporated milk or cream, fold in dissolved gelatine and coconut. Chop set jelly and peaches roughly, half fill 6 parfait glasses. Spoon in a generous layer of cream, then more peach jelly and remaining cream. Decorate with remaining peaches and cherries and serve.



SMORGASBORD —

Popular cold buffet

● Smorrebrod, Smorgasbrod, or Smorgasbord—however it is spelt—the word calls to mind a buffet table gay with colorful platters of food, a feast for the eyes as well as an invitation to the appetite.

ORIGINALLY Scandinavian, this type of buffet meal (the word smorgasbord means buttered bread) has become an international favorite. It is attractive, wholesome, quick and easy to prepare, and can include a variety of ingredients, making it suitable for brunch, lunch, or a party supper buffet.

In Scandinavia, smorgasbord is usually eaten before the main meal. If eaten as a main course, it consists of different kinds of buttered bread, varieties of cheese, caviare, cold fish such as pickled herrings (eaten with small boiled potatoes), and mackerel in aspic.

Jellied and other cold meats, such as ham and beef, salads, "smarvarmt," or hot dishes such as omelet and meatballs, can also be served with other savory spreads for the bread, and coffee and biscuits to finish.

The Scandinavian custom is to choose cold fish first, then cold meat and salad, and finally a hot dish.

When preparing the open sandwiches, bread slices often serve as plates, and therefore the type used should be carefully chosen. It should be firm and close-textured—never too fresh.

A good rule is to use soft wheat bread as a base for hard, dry foods such as ham, salami, or cheese, the firmer rye or crisp breads for soft toppings such as liver paste and fish.

All recipes in this feature are sufficient for 10 servings. Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used.

COLD PLATTERS

Here are some ideas for arranging cold platters for the smorgasbord buffet.

● In one corner of large platter place block of pressed ham on bed of lettuce, surround with cooked peas, asparagus spears. Garnish with pineapple rings, black grapes. Arrange semicircle of ham slices, each topped with a pineapple chunk, in front of block.

● Fill deep salad bowl with lettuce leaves, cover top with groups of cucumber slices, strips of luncheon meat, radishes, quartered hard-boiled eggs, skinned tomato quarters. Finish with large sprig of parsley in centre.

● Fill dishes on Lazy Susan platter or hors-d'oeuvre tray with different eye-catching foods stuck with cocktail sticks—mussels; salami slices and fried mushrooms; chopped ham and cheese chunks; prawns with parsley garnish;

cocktail sausages; black caviare with lemon slices, parsley garnish.

● Cut slices of bread into various suitable shapes and sizes for toppings of ham, fried egg, and watercress; salami and chopped onion; liver pate, fried bacon and mushrooms; blue cheese squares or triangles and watercress.

● Top rolls or round slices of bread with caviare and lemon wedges; piece of lettuce leaf, slice of hard-boiled egg, and fried cocktail sausage held with cocktail stick; prawns and chopped parsley.

● Fill hollowed-out small red and green pepper halves with minced devilled ham, garnish with tomato rings or stuffed olive, and arrange on tray or platter with the open sandwiches and bread rolls.

● Using lettuce leaves on bread for bases, cover with various combinations—fillet of fish with tomato, lemon wedge and cress; chopped ham, shredded horseradish, tomato, and parsley; cheese slice, radish and cucumber slices; devilled ham, pickled onions, sliced cucumber and parsley; luncheon meat slices, pickled gherkins, and tomato slices; smoked salmon slices with spiced peach slices and glace cherry.



Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen



• Decorate lettuce bases with sardines in oil and lemon wedges; 3 cocktail frankfurts, dollop of potato salad and colored onion rings; pate slices with hard-boiled egg wedges, jellied gravy and cucumber slices; ham and beetroot slices; spoonfuls of scrambled egg and parsley sprig.

• Stuff hollowed-out tomato halves with pate, garnish with stuffed olive slices or onion rings, sit each on lettuce leaf and arrange on wooden board with stuffed eggs garnished with small chunks of red and green pepper on cucumber slice bases.

• For variety, among sandwiches of different kinds of bread, scatter asparagus spears wrapped in ham slices and secured with cocktail sticks; and fried mushrooms in fried bacon rashers; each in lettuce nest.

• Use celery heart sticks (leaves left on) filled with blue or cream cheese; and tiny lettuce cups piled with chunks of salmon, tuna, or prawns.

VARIED SALADS

POTATO SALAD

Two pounds potatoes, 4oz. ham (finely chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mint, 6oz. frozen peas, 3 cups mayonnaise, salt and pepper.

Peel and boil potatoes. Cool, cut into cubes. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Cook peas, let cool. To cold peas and potato cubes add ham and mint. Fold in

mayonnaise, mix well. Arrange in 2 hollowed-out halves of pineapple, as shown in picture on this page.

SEAFOOD SALAD

One cup cooked crab meat, 1 cup cooked lobster meat, 1lb. cooked prawns, 2 cups cooked white fish, 2 tomatoes (sliced), 6 ripe olives (halved), mixed greens, salad dressing.

Arrange crab, lobster, prawns (shelled), fish, and tomatoes on bed of mixed greens. Garnish with olives. To serve, toss with classic French dressing.

VEGETABLE BOWL

Four tomatoes (sliced), 1 cup cooked green beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked lima beans, 1 cucumber (sliced), 1 zucchini squash (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced raw mushrooms, broccoli flowerets, 2 carrots (cut in thin strips), 1 cup radish slices, 1 onion (sliced), mixed greens, French salad dressing or low-calorie dressing.

Marinate tomatoes with cooked vegetables in refrigerator at least 4 hours in classic French dressing or low-calorie dressing. Drain, reserve marinade. Arrange marinated and raw vegetables on greens. To serve, use marinade as dressing.

Low-calorie Dressing: One cup salad oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups wine vinegar, garlic salt to taste, 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon minced fennel, 1 tablespoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon oregano, 1 teaspoon ground chervil, 1

SMORGASBORD DISHES, above, are: Top and second rows, from left, cheeses, various breads, potato salad in pineapple shells, crisp breads, shredded cabbage, corn chutney. Third row, butter curls, sliced meat platter, prawn and cucumber aspic, beetroot and sliced onions in glass mould. Fourth row, prawns, salami Milano, bread-and-butter cucumbers, gherkins, salmon salad. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

teaspoon dry mustard, freshly ground black pepper.

Combine all ingredients in jar; cover. Shake well before using. Makes about 3 cups.

HERRING SALAD PLATTER

Two salt herrings, 1lb. cooked meat (any kind), 1 boiled beetroot, 4 boiled potatoes, 3 raw apples, 2 pickled cucumbers, 5 tablespoons wine vinegar or sherry, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, and for garnish 2 hard-boiled eggs, 3 to 4 boiled beetroot, parsley, lettuce, beetroot juice, whipped cream, salt.

Clean herrings, soak overnight. Skin, bone, and fillet them. If still too salty, soak in milk a couple of hours. Wipe dry on cloth. Cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes or smaller the herrings, meat, beetroot, potatoes, apples, cucumbers. Mix all together in large bowl. Add vinegar or sherry, sugar, pepper. Season to taste with salt and more pepper if necessary; it should be fairly sharp. If too dry, mix in 2 or more tablespoons sour cream or mayon-

naise. Pack tightly on serving-dish, either in mould or oblong shape, or chill in mould which has been rinsed in cold water. Unmould and garnish. Separate yolks and whites of eggs, rub each through sieve. Chop beetroot very finely. Make alternate red, white, and yellow strips diagonally across mould. Sprinkle with parsley. Surround mould with thick garland of lettuce leaves. Serve with whipped cream tinted pink with beetroot juice.

DANISH SALAD

Cold diced chicken (about 1lb.), 5 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Mash eggs, add vinegar and horseradish; mix well. Stir in whipped cream, mix in chicken pieces. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Put in salad bowl, sprinkle with parsley.

Continued overleaf

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OPEN-FACED sandwiches or the conventional style with fillings between two slices of bread are ideal for a smorgasbord. See below.

POPULAR COLD BUFFET . . . continued

For informal parties

CHILLED MOULDS

PRAWN AND CUCUMBER ASPIC

Two and a half pounds prawns or 2 boiled lobsters, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup white wine, 1 small cucumber (thinly sliced), 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, watercress for garnishing.

Remove shells, heads, and tails from prawns (or remove lobster meat, cut it into prawn-size pieces). Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water, dissolve over hot water. Combine in large bowl the remaining water, wine, vinegar, salt, dissolved gelatine. Cover bottom of oiled pint mould with thick layer of this gelatine mixture. Chill remaining mixture until slightly thickened, fold in prawns or lobster meat and cucumber slices, then turn into mould; chill until set. When ready to serve, unmould on serving-dish, garnish with watercress.

LIVER PATE MOULD

One and a half pounds calf's liver, 1 medium-sized onion (chopped), 1 can anchovy fillets in oil, 1 tablespoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger, 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves, dash of cayenne, 1/2 cup flour, 1 1/2 cups cream, 7 slices bacon, 1oz. gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1 can consommé soup, olives, watercress.

Soak liver in cold water to cover 6 to 8 hours or overnight. Wipe dry. Put liver, onion, anchovies, and oil through mincer. Grind 3 or 4 times more or transfer to electric blender and mix until smooth. Mix in salt, ginger, cloves, cayenne, flour; blend in cream, beat well. Line loaf-tin (9" x 5" x 3") with bacon slices, pour liver mixture carefully into it, set tin in pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven 50 minutes to 1 hour, or until firm in centre. Chill several hours or overnight. Remove thoroughly chilled pate from tin, discard bacon slices. Wash, dry, oil loaf-tin. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water, combine with consommé. Spoon 1/2 in. layer of gelatine mixture into loaf-tin, chill until set. Arrange cut pieces of olives on top, cover with second thin layer of gelatine mixture; chill until set. Place pate in loaf-tin, carefully spoon remaining gelatine mixture round sides, chill until set. When ready to serve, unmould on platter, garnish with watercress.

PRESSED HEADCHEESE LOAF

One pound lean pork, 1 1/2 lb. breast of veal, 1 1/2 pints water, 1/2 tablespoon salt, 5 whole allspice, 5 whole white peppercorns, 1 bayleaf, 1 carrot, 2 slices onion, 1/2 lb. salt pork, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon ground white pepper, 1/2 teaspoon ground allspice, 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves, 1oz. gelatine, extra 1/2 cup cold water.

Rinse pork and veal in cold water, place in saucepan with water. Bring to boil, skim carefully. Add salt, whole allspice, peppercorns, bayleaf, carrot, onion. Reduce heat, simmer 2 hours. Completely line 1 1/2-pint bowl with large piece of damp cheesecloth. Arrange thin slices of salt-pork fat over cheesecloth to cover bowl. Remove cooked meat from pan; skin, bone, and cube meat. Mix together salt, ground pepper, allspice, and cloves. Place alternate layers of pork and veal in prepared bowl, sprinkling each layer with mixed spices.

this week's SUNDAY



Daydreamer

One 15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple, 2 trays ice-cream (1 vanilla, 1 lime), 2 lpt. jellies (1 red, 1 green), button meringues and pineapple pieces to garnish.

Button Meringues: Two egg-whites, 1/2 cup sugar, crushed nuts to garnish. Makes approximately 24 meringues.

Place 2 small scoops lime ice-cream either side of large scoop vanilla ice-cream on crushed pineapple. Surround scoops with red and green jelly, decorate with pineapple pieces and button meringues. Sprinkle crushed nuts over meringues. Quantities above serve 6.

Bring cheesecloth together over top of meat, tie securely with string, lift from bowl and place in liquid in saucepan. Boil slowly 25 to 30 minutes, turning once. Remove from liquid, return to bowl, strain liquid. Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water, stir in hot strained liquid. Pour over meat in bowl, chill overnight. Remove cheesecloth, cut into slices to serve.

SANDWICHES

CLUB LUNCH SANDWICH

For ten sandwiches, 20 slices rye bread, 10 rounds large diameter salami, 2 red fresh or pickled peppers, 1 lettuce, 10 slices brawn, 4 tomatoes, 5 hard-boiled eggs, cucumber slices, 10 slices ham, 6in. piece small-diameter salami, mayonnaise, oil, lemon, salt.

Dress cucumber slices with lemon, oil, salt. Wash tomatoes, slice finely. Remove skin from small salami, slice into rounds. Slice eggs. On one bread slice first put slice of ham, then some rounds of small salami. Cover with lettuce leaf sprinkled with little lemon juice, next alternate layers of tomato and cucumber slices topped with egg slices. On top of this put slice of brawn, lettuce leaf folded over mayonnaise, strip of pepper, slices of large salami (skinned). Cover with another slice of bread. Repeat for other sandwiches.

RIVIERA SANDWICH

Two cups diced cooked chicken, 2 cups diced celery, 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon curry powder, lettuce or other salad greens, white grapes, 1 teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper, large hard rolls, hard-boiled eggs.

Combine chicken, celery, green pepper, mayonnaise, sour cream, curry powder, salt, pepper. Line salad bowl with lettuce leaves, put the chicken salad in centre. Arrange grapes round chicken. Cut 1/2 in. slice from top of each roll, scoop out soft centre. To serve, fill hollow rolls with chicken salad. Serve with grapes and eggs.

MONTALBO SANDWICH

Large round loaf of white bread, butter, thin tomato slices, chopped parsley, chopped chives, sardines, pitted ripe olives (halved), salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Cut bread in half crosswise. Butter cut surface of each half, arrange tomato slices on edge. Sprinkle tomatoes with parsley, chives, salt, pepper. Drain sardines, reserve oil. Arrange sardines like spokes of wheel in centre of each half loaf. Decorate with olives. Sprinkle sardine oil over each half. To serve, cut in pie-shaped wedges.

SUMMER SANDWICH

Slices of rye, wheat, crisp, or brown bread, seasoned pork or beef dripping or butter, cold boiled new potatoes, anchovy fillets, cucumber slices.

Spread bread with dripping or butter. Slice potatoes, place on bread, slightly overlapping if slices are thin. Put 1 or 2 cucumber slices in centre and on top make diagonal cross of 2 anchovy fillets.

ONION AND LIMBURGER SANDWICH

Six onions (sliced), 1 1/2 pounds limburger cheese (or soft cheddar cheese), 1 cup oil, 1/2 cup wine vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, freshly ground black pepper, rye or pumpernickel bread.

Let cheese stand at room temperature at least 2 hours or until soft. Marinate onions in oil, vinegar, salt and pepper at room temperature at least 1 hour. To serve, slice bread, spread it with cheese, top with drained onion slices.

SAVORY EXTRAS

SALAMI MILANO

One pound salami, 1/2 cup oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper. Cut salami into thin slices, place in shallow dish. Pour over oil, lemon juice and rind, salt, pepper. Allow to stand 1 hour, turning once. Serve.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS

Three cucumbers, 6oz. sugar, pinch salt and pepper, 1 to 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1/2 pint vinegar. Peel cucumbers, groove them neatly with fork prongs. Slice thinly. Make mixture of sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper, stirring until sugar melts. Pour over cucumbers, chill in refrigerator 2 or more hours before serving. Sprinkle generously with parsley, serve crisp and cold.

ROLLMOP SALOT

Ten rollmops, 10 gherkins, 1 small cooked beetroot, 2 sweet apples, 2 large cooked potatoes, few shallots or spring onions, lettuce leaves, 8oz. mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons white wine, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard.

Mix mayonnaise with sugar, mustard, and wine. Dice potatoes and beetroot, mix into mayonnaise. Arrange mixture on lettuce leaves lining an oval platter. Put rollmops on top, place round apple cubes, gherkin slices, and diced shallots.

Continued overleaf

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

tonight
take

eggs for a meal that's
satisfyingly different...



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SUNRISE EGGS



Basic Soufflé

1½ ozs. flour ... Salt, pepper, nutmeg ...
2 ozs. butter ... 1 tablespoon lemon juice ...
1½ cups milk ... 3 eggs ... ½ cup grated cheese.
Melt butter, add flour and cook 2 minutes.
Remove from heat, add milk, return to
heat and cook stirring constantly until the
mixture boils. Remove from heat. Sep-
arate eggs. Beat yolks slightly, add
gradually to sauce. Add cheese, lemon
juice and seasonings. Cool. Beat egg
whites until stiff. Fold into cheese mix-
ture. Pile into an ungreased soufflé dish.
Stand dish in a pan of hot water. Bake
350° ¾ hour. Serve immediately. Serves 3.

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POPULAR COLD BUFFET . . . concluded

Flavored butters add interest

● Specially made-up butters are often the secret of the tastiest sandwich, giving a lift to the garnishing on top and keeping fresh the bread beneath.

THE made-up butters given below are ideal for smörgasbord sandwiches and spreads. Store them in covered containers and chill well before using.

If the butter is too stiff when needed, cream it enough to soften for spreading.

Anchovy Butter: Cream 4oz. butter (unsalted if available) and mix in 8 or 10 anchovy fillets, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks (rubbed through fine sieve with back of spoon), and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Mix well.

Caper Butter: Mash 2 tablespoons drained capers to paste. Mix into 4oz. creamed butter, rub through sieve to remove caper skins.

Caviar Butter: Mix together 4 teaspoons black caviar, 1/2 teaspoon grated onion, few drops lemon juice. Add to 1/2 lb. creamed butter.

For red caviar butter, whip together 1 part red caviar to 2 parts creamed butter, crushing caviar in the process.

Cheese Butter: Add 4oz. soft sharp cheese to 1/2 lb. creamed butter.

Green Butter: Combine 1 teaspoon each of finely chopped parsley, chives, chervil, tarragon, shallots or watercress, and cream with 1/2 lb. salt butter.

Chutney Butter: Mix 2 tablespoons chutney into 1/2 lb. creamed butter.

Devilled Butter: Three ounces butter, 4 to 5 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, few drops tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives, 1 teaspoon grated onion.

Cream butter until very light, then blend all ingredients thoroughly.

Garlic Butter: Thoroughly mash or pound 2 cloves garlic and cream into 1/2 lb. salt butter, stirring in pinch of cayenne. Press through sieve.

Herring Butter: In electric mixer, cream together 1/2 lb. fillets of dried herring and 1/2 lb. unsalted butter. Rub through sieve.

Horseradish Butter: Quarter pound salted butter, 4 teaspoons freshly grated horseradish, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, a little beetroot juice for coloring if desired.

Add lemon and beetroot juice to horseradish and mix this in electric blender with butter. Pass through sieve if not thoroughly blended.

Lobster Butter: Using any of red parts inside cooked lobster, mix together 2 teaspoons of lobster to 1/2 lb. butter until smooth creamy consistency.

Mustard Butter: Cream together 1 teaspoon prepared mustard with 1/2 lb. softened

butter. Chill well before using.

Paprika Butter: Cream 1/2 lb. butter with 1 teaspoon paprika until soft and light. Mix in 1/2 teaspoon white wine and 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice.

SAVORY EXTRAS

(from page 60)

CREAM CHEESE EGG

One loaf of round rye bread, 1 lb. cream cheese, handful of savory herbs, hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, lemon.

Cut bread into round slices. Put cheese in basin with salt, pepper, little lemon. Beat until creamy. Add herbs, mix well. Spread over bread slices, decorate with centrally placed slice of egg (cut crossways).

SARDINE-STUFFED EGGS

Hard-boiled eggs, canned sardines, mayonnaise, french mustard, lettuce, salt, pepper.

Wash and drain lettuce well. Spread leaves over serving-dish. Cut eggs (shelled) in halves, remove yolks. Mash yolks with equal amounts of drained and boned sardines. Mix in mayonnaise and little french mustard, salt and pepper to taste, blending until smooth. Pile mixture high in egg-white halves, place on lettuce leaves.

SUN EYES

Twenty anchovy fillets (one can), 10 raw egg-yolks, 10 tablespoons chopped raw onion, capers, chopped chives, chopped pickled beetroot, chopped cold boiled potatoes, salt, freshly ground pepper, 10 slices of rye bread.

On each bread slice place in a circle piles of chopped anchovy, onion, capers, chopped chives, chopped beetroot, and chopped potato. Carefully slide raw egg-yolk into centre of each circle. Season with very little salt and pepper to taste. Chill and serve.

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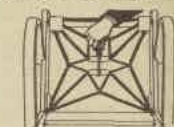
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THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962



SCHOOL'S OUT, two and two make six — or any number you like! And here's just the cake to set end-of-term parties off to a flying start. Diagram and directions for decorating the cake are given below.

Cake of the month

● Bright colors, a touch of whimsy, and a little decorating experience are all that are needed to decorate this end-of-school-year cake.

LIGHT or rich fruit cake would be suitable, and, because the cake won't need to be kept very long, almond paste could be omitted and a slightly thicker layer of fondant used to cover it.

To Cut Figures: Roll out surplus fondant to 1-16th in. Place separate pattern pieces for teacher, blackboard, and cap on fondant. Mark and cut out each piece with sharp, pointed knife to give clean edge lines. Cut out or mould about three dozen small books from remaining fondant pieces.

Lift each shaped fondant section carefully on to greaseproof paper lightly dusted with cornflour and set aside overnight or until perfectly dry.

To Decorate: Using concentrated food colorings, paint each section in appropriate color as illustrated above. Allow to dry. Pipe or paint lettering on blackboard. Paint lines, lettering, etc., on small books. Pipe or paint numbers and letters on sides of cake.

To Assemble: Place figure pieces, black-

board, etc., on cake, using soft royal icing or egg-white to secure in position. Place miniature books at various angles round base of cake. Stick on as above.

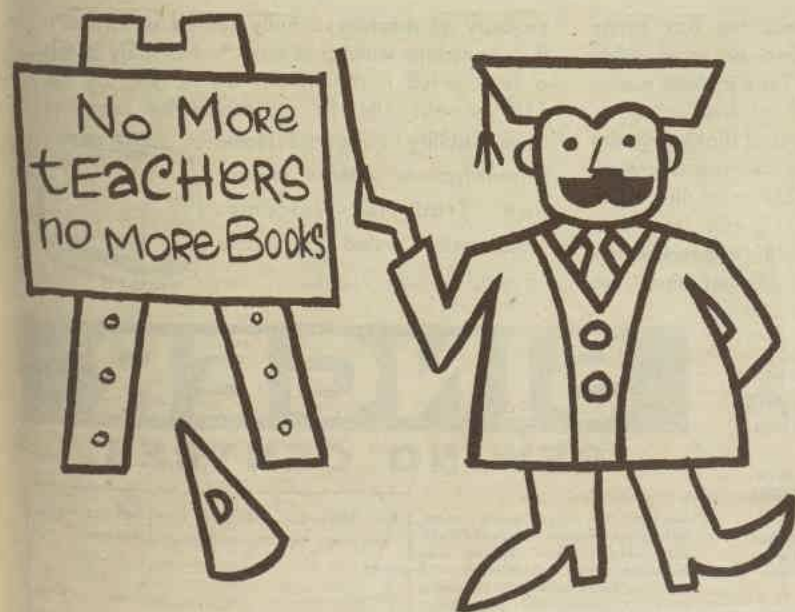
For children with women teachers, make a simple spotted or striped dress, piping curls, narrower heeled shoes, stockings, and a bright red mouth instead of the moustache.

DECORATING CONTEST

Entries for our cake decorating contest will be received up to December 7. Winning photographs will be published in January.

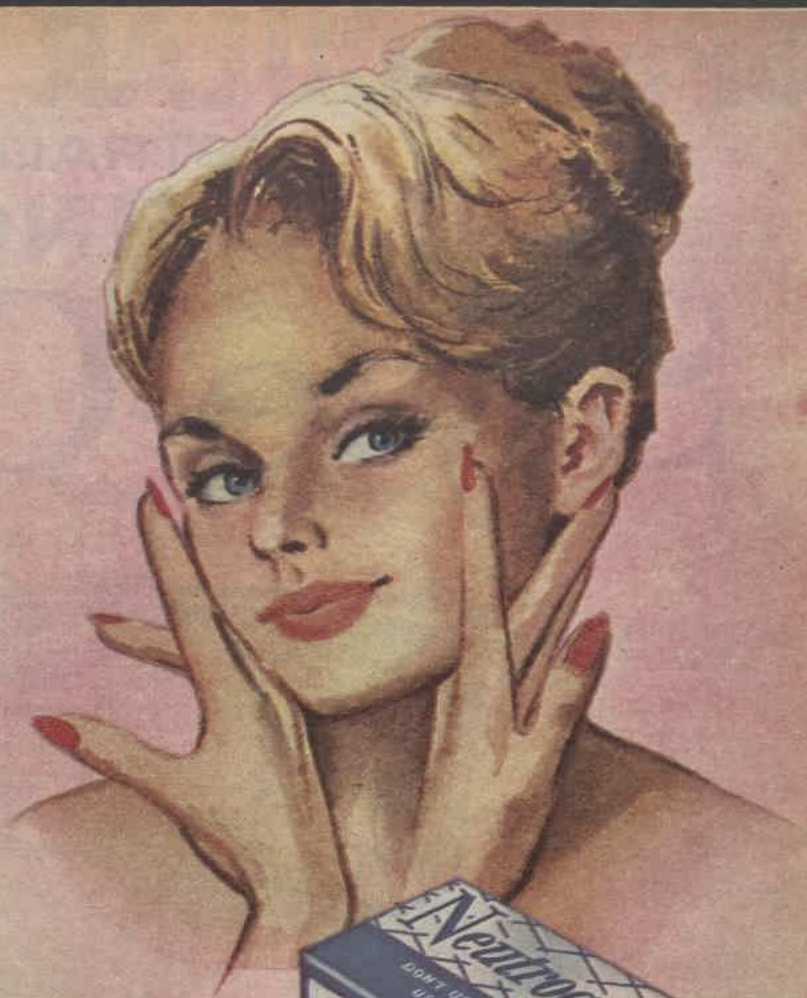
To enter, send in color or black-and-white photographs of a decorated cake, with detailed instructions for piping, etc. Sections are: 1. Wedding Cakes; 2. Celebration Cakes; 3. Novelty Cakes.

Send entries to Cake Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, with a stamped addressed envelope for return of photograph.



TRACE OUTLINES from diagram above and cut out to fit a 7 or 8 in. cake. On a bigger cake leave more space between the hand and blackboard.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962



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Now enjoy skin cleanliness without affecting Nature's protective skin oils.

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Neutrogena's unique, gentle cleansing action neutralizes both acid and alkaline substances . . . leaves no soapy residue . . . ensures your skin is healthily clean.

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1 A moment to produce Neutrogena's luxurious foaming cream. 2 Massage into your skin. 3 Rinse off — feel the difference!

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Neutrogena only 4/6

Don't say soap — say Neutrogena

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NTG 1

Page 63

SPECTACULAR NEW RELEASE!

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

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Style-O-Matic*



lowest priced quality automatic zig-zag ever!

This superb new SINGER machine has many "plus" features you won't find on most other machines of the same price. They include exclusive Drop-in Bobbin in front of the needle—SINGER Micro-stitch Length Control that's pinpoint accurate—accommodation for twin-needle work (you can sew two different colours at the same time)—instant switch from zig-zag to sure, straight stitch. It's fully portable. Rugged aluminium body makes it 20 lbs. lighter than the

majority of machines. Fully sealed underneath, it is complete without a case.* Not only is this a feature-full machine, but it's backed by the 110-year-old SINGER reputation for complete dependability and service. Home demonstrations without obligation. Trade-ins welcome. * (Beautifully styled carry-case optional extra—5 gns.)



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THIS IS THE FIRST AND ONLY ALL-AUSTRALIAN AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE.

Your Style-O-Matic is built at Singer Factory, Penrith, N.S.W.

*A Trademark of The Singer Manufacturing Company

SINGER*

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The Manager, SINGER SEWING CENTRE

Please supply me with a brochure of Style-O-Matic.

NAME

ADDRESS

SING/MP4

★ REMEMBER! IT'S SAFER TO CHOOSE SINGER, THE BRAND THAT LEADS THE WORLD!

The author's children brought her

"PRIDE, HEARTBREAK, PRIDE"

● Even in babyhood the disarming charm of our two children captivated complete strangers, and as they grew older their good behaviour, intelligence, easy friendliness kept their popularity high with all.

BY the time they reached their teens Ronald and I had become used to receiving compliments on behalf of Pamela and Jim.

Yes, my husband and I were undeniably proud of our children and perhaps, understandably, we also felt a certain pride in our own achievement as parents.

We had no doubt that our careful training in matters relating to their spiritual, mental, and physical development had resulted in two well-adjusted, happy young people who were a credit to themselves and their upbringing.

When she was twenty, Pamela married.

Although surprised — as we had imagined she would have wanted to continue for a far longer time in the career she'd so successfully begun — neither her father nor myself objected.

We had complete trust in our daughter, liked her fiancé, and held no fears concerning their future.

Eighteen months later I was grandmother to an adorable baby boy.

In the happiness of this event I successfully ignored a growing apprehension on my son's account — Jim's excessive drinking had already been brought to my notice.

Father, son quarrel

But hoping that his own good sense would soon come to his aid, and realising my inability to cope with the situation, I took refuge in pretended blindness.

A drunken-driving accident, his expulsion from university, and a hasty, unsuitable marriage of which his father and I were at the time unaware finally brought matters to a head.

Soon after, following a bitter quarrel with Ronald one evening, Jim left our home in a drunken rage.

For the next six months I watched helplessly while Ronald aged as many years.

Where had we failed our son, I wondered silently, and at Ronald's request avoided even the mention of Jim's name.

When our grandson was 14 months old I received a letter from Pamela.

Because she lived only a few miles from us and there had never been any necessity for us to write, plus the fact that she had seemed so troubled and unlike herself when I saw her a day or so earlier, I slit the envelope with sickening foreboding.

"I hated life itself"

Briefly, the letter told me that she was leaving her husband and son, Ronnie.

How can I describe the months which followed?

When I broke it to Ronald the news was more than his failing health could bear. For a week it seemed as though this last tragedy would kill him.

Then began a long painful struggle out of the stroke which very nearly left him a cripple.

Could I confess the black depths to which my own self-pity during this terrible time led me?

It is better that I do not try. Enough to say that I hated life.

Our perfect children had brought us nothing but shame, and it seemed likely that I might yet lose my husband.

On the heels of self-pity came self-condemnation. Where had I gone wrong? I repeatedly asked myself. Surely there must have been something either lacking or undesirable in their upbringing which would explain their behaviour.

I was almost out of my mind with dread and anxiety for all my family.

Through this dark period I was visiting Ronald in the hospital daily, and one afternoon as I climbed the stairs to his room I felt I had come to the end of my endurance.

I opened his door expecting to see the same grey, lined face and suffering eyes that had greeted me for so long. Instead, the greyness had vanished.

On his white and still ill-looking face was a feeble smile of welcome, and shining from his eyes was the spark of his former humor.

Wonderingly I took his

hand, and he motioned to a magazine lying on his bed-cover. I picked the book up and began reading from the open page—which is framed on the wall before me to this day:

"I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong,
Somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

life and hope back to my husband's face.

Ronald would be coming home again, and that was all that mattered.

Although he never regained his full physical health, the next ten years were, in a way, the happiest of our married life. We neither saw nor heard from the children, and the hurt to us both did not diminish.

But, accepting his own anguish, Ronald devoted himself to easing mine.

"We were proud of our children, and too selfish for them," he reminded me once, gently.

"If our lesson in humility and the consequences of our

In moments of stress he selflessly eased my load and gave me courage to continue, and for ten years we knew the heights of peace and contentment which two people may share.

Only three days after my husband's death I received the first word in almost twelve years from Jim.

A letter arrived postmarked in another State and as the boy had no way of knowing that his father was dead it was addressed to both of us.

Reading the words was like hearing Jim's voice in my ear: "... I won't sicken you with details, Mum and Dad," he wrote.

"Sufficient to say that nine grim years after I left you I woke up one day in a hospital.

"Too complicated to explain now, but thanks to the doctors and help of a mighty lot of nice people I have not touched a drink since.

Letter from the prodigal

"I'm well, happy, and you'll be glad to know, Dad, fairly prosperous . . .

"What really prompted me to write at this stage instead of surprising you at Easter when I intend taking my holidays was my running into Pamela last Sunday.

"Knowing nothing of what had happened, I could hardly believe my eyes — over thirty cups of coffee we brought each other up to date . . .

"Afterwards, I went home with her and exchanged introductions with her new family.

"You and Dad mustn't worry over either your errant offspring from now on, Mum.

"Like me, Pamela paid the price of her mistakes with some pretty torrid years.

"She's married to a first-rate chap now, though, has a fine home which, when I was there, was bursting at the mortar with a bunch of wonderful kids.

"They aren't her own children, of course, but came from an orphanage here in the city. Will give you the whole heart-warming story when I see you.

"Try and forgive our not having contacted you before, Dad. We were both too ashamed, and shame like that is not easy to face up to . . ."

I wired him the news of Ronald's death and my two children returned home immediately.

How it all turned out

They were two very different people from the young adults I had last seen.

Their maturity saddened as well as gladdened me.

By piecing together fragments they have both told me about themselves and each other, and adding what I have discovered from different sources since, I have come to know and be proud of my family once more.

This time, however, it is a humble pride.

Pamela's self-reproach and longing for the little boy whom she'd deserted had for a long time been unbearable.

When she remarried, she had resolved that her own hurt and error must in some way be turned into a compensation for other children.

With her husband's support she had applied for, and was eventually given, permission to take first one, then two children from a government institution for weekends and holidays.

Soon the number had grown to five, sometimes six.

I have made my home with Pamela and her husband for many months now, and have watched the transformation to happiness wrought on those once unloved little faces.

It is Friday afternoon. The merry shouts of the children as they file from the car and into the house is like a hymn to Ronald — "and all things work together for the final good of man."

How could I have doubted this, I wonder, when I see the tireless effort with which Jim helps those who are so much like he once was?

Every day I feel renewed gladness that my children are as they are.

Their father, if he were here with us again, would have this same joy in them, I know.

Right way, wrong way

● How wrong it is to hear a mother say in front of a small child: "I am taking him to get the needle."

WE in our school hear it so often, and see the inevitable effect.

The child is terrified, his small mind thinking of the needle being jabbed into him.

If mother would say, "I am taking him to have an injection," it would simplify the whole process.

But to say "the needle" is cruel and has a bad natural effect.

The child thinks about it too much, and the anticipation becomes so much worse than the actual event.

This is a very important fact for mothers to know in these days when little children are frequently taken to have injections.

—Ethel Lakeman, of Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools Association.

As I walked home later that afternoon emotions chased through my brain in bewildering confusion.

The words of the poem had majesty. Yet how could the awful wrongs committed by my children be for the ultimate best?

But now was not the time for doubts and fearfulness. It was a simple poem which had brought the glimmer of

mistakes seem harder than the circumstances warranted, it is only because we do not understand.

"Be happy, my dear, that life has been more than kind to us and believe that there is a purpose for Pamela and Jim that will not be evil."

I do not pretend that I fully appreciated Ronald's attitude, but his serenity was infectious.

● The names in this story are fictitious, for the writer wishes to be anonymous.

WHO'LL
GET
THE WHITER
WASH
?



BOTH!

New Formula Persil is made specially to give "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines

Thanks to its new-type oxygen formula—with bubbling action—Persil washes as white by washing machine as by boiling. New Formula Persil is the first and only powder specially made for all washing machines. Use it in yours, and you'll enjoy a whiteness which no other powder can get from a washing machine: "boiling whiteness". Here's why—

OXYGEN-CHARGED. Persil makes a new kind of lather that's oxygen-charged. It has a bubbling action (like boiling) that works more efficiently than other kinds of suds.

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The makers of New Formula Persil guarantee that their product is completely safe in all types of washing machines. They are so confident of this that they offer to repair or replace any machine damaged by Persil within two years of purchase. You get a written guarantee on the back of every pack of New Formula Persil.

New Formula Persil washes whiter in all washing machines

Home Plans Service

● A two-storey, four-bedroom house, Plan No. 966 in our series, is this week's attractive design.

LIVING area, kitchen, and laundry are on the ground floor, with the four bedrooms and bathroom on the first floor.

Entrance to this unusual house is through the living-room opening on to a deck. The area designated "pool" in our sketch (see right) could be used as a sandpit for the children or as a small garden.

The ground floor has been designed with the rooms

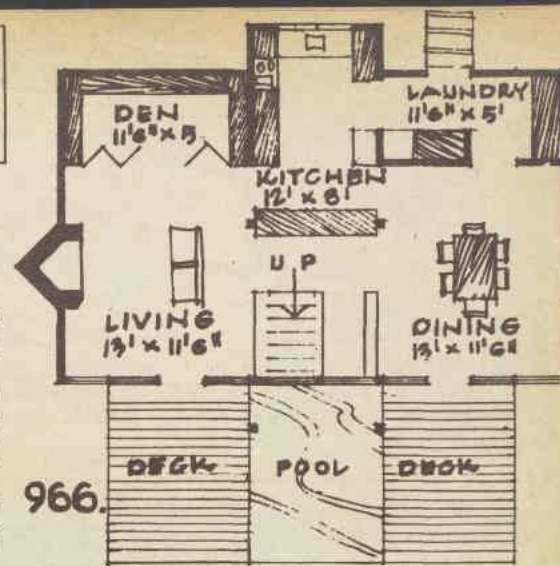
opening to one another, so that the whole effect is one of spaciousness. The living-room is 13ft. by 11ft. 6in. and is screened from the den by folding doors. The den could be used as a TV room, sewing-room, or could be included in the living area.

The dining-room, separated from the living area by the stairs leading to the first floor, opens to a well-designed kitchen, and the laundry, which opens to the back-yard, doubles as a playroom.

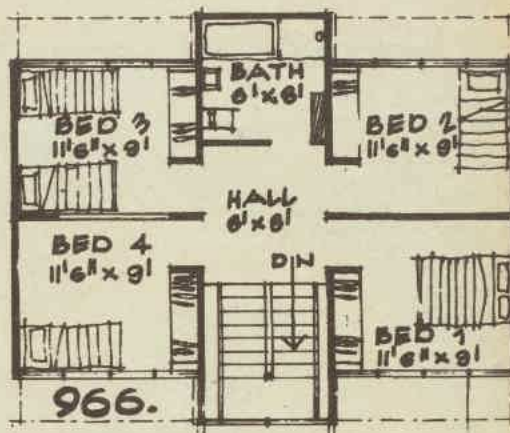
The four bedrooms upstairs are all the same size in our basic design. The position and size of these rooms can be changed, and your local Home Planning Centre will give you full details.

The bathroom, 8ft. by 8ft., has a separate shower recess and toilet. This room can also be changed if desired — and a small private bathroom could be built off the master bedroom.

The exterior of Plan No. 966 is most unusual and has been designed to make the most of a view. Large windows and glass doors provide plenty of light and fresh air, and overhanging eaves protect the windows from too much sun.



GROUND FLOOR (above), with pool between two decks, and den divided from living-room by folding doors. **FIRST FLOOR:** Note four bedrooms with built-in wardrobes and compact bathroom.



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Sydney: Anthony Horderus (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

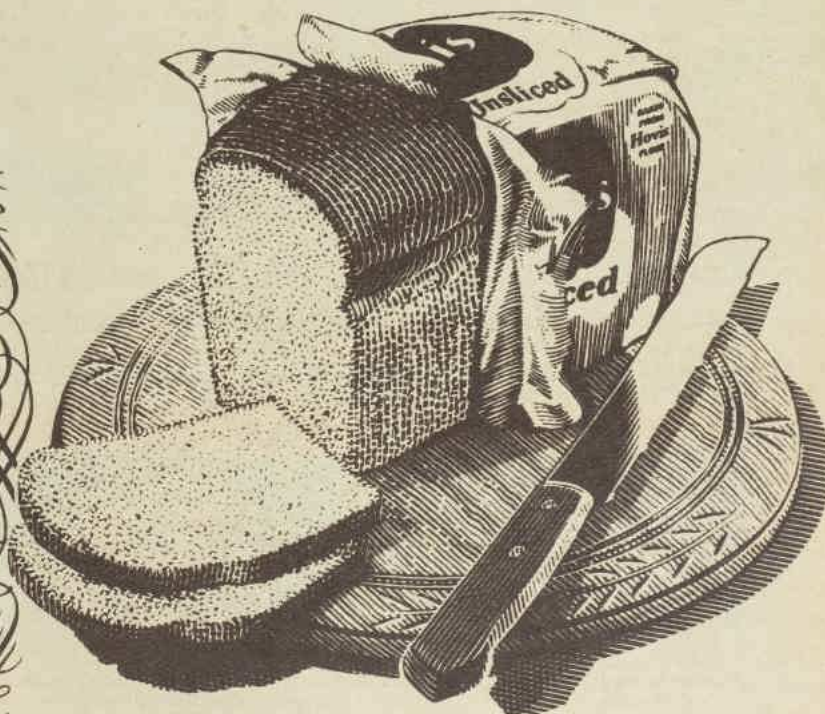
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EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



GRACEFUL floral motifs for linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 205. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

Useful household hints

● These useful hints to help in your housework and cooking were sent in by readers. Each wins £1/1/-.

If you scratch an electric iron on a zip-fastener or some other sharp article, smooth out the scratch by rubbing the iron over fine salt sprinkled on a piece of brown paper. — Mrs. B. Donges, Hume St., Pittsworth, Qld.

When knitting the two fronts of a cardigan at once, make a button-hole on one side and knit loose thread in the corresponding row on the other side. When garment is completed, buttons can be sewn on in the correct position opposite the buttonhole, thus eliminating any puckering. — Mrs. J. M. King, 260 Joyner St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Place a piece of sandpaper under the mincer before screwing it to the table and it will remain firm. — Mrs. J. Bond, 149 Finch St., Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

Before using embroidered edgings for trimming frocks and children's clothes, rinse in warm water, roll up in a towel until only damp, then press. This prevents any shrinkage and puckering on the garment after washing. — Mrs. E. MacRae, 5 Essex St., Prahran, Vic.

For keeping left-over cake pieces attractive and appetizing, dip them in nearly-set jelly, then roll quickly in desiccated coconut. — Mrs. Beverley Morrison, 51 Bourke St., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

Put a small piece of cotton-wool in the end of each finger of new gloves. They will last much longer. — Miss M. de Vries, Nurses' Staff, St. George's Hospital, Kew E4, Vic.

To repair cracks in walls: Remove old plaster and crumbled mortar between bricks. Tear up old sheets or pillow-cases, etc., into thin strips, soak them in plaster-of-paris mixed to creamy consistency, then ram tightly into cracks to about 1/2 in. from top, using a stick. Plaster neatly, trowel off, and paint as usual when dry. — A. Hulton, 77 Cumberland Ave., Cumberland, Adelaide.

Make mitten face-washers for small children with bath-towel pieces sewn up like a little bag. Children find them easier to hold than the ordinary square. — Mrs. T. van de Wiel, Lot 174, Hopewood Cres., Fairymeadow, N.S.W.

When making seasoning for chicken, pocket steak, or other savory dishes, combine some rolled oats with the breadcrumbs and other ingredients. The result will be a piquant nutty flavor. — Mrs. R. Wilson, 23 Jorgenson St., Burnie, Tas.

Try grated orange peel on your scrambled eggs. It is really delicious. — Mrs. Lois Knight, 25 Wandoo St., O'Connor, A.C.T.

PRIZE RECIPE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. E. Gray, c/o Miss Olive Cleveland, 5 Kings Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W., for delicious golden honey cake recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

HONEY CAKE

Eight ounces clear honey, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 oz. butter or substitute, 1pt. water, 2 eggs (well beaten), 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice.

Put honey, sugar, butter or substitute, and water in saucepan. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves and butter melts. Cool slightly. Meanwhile, sift dry ingredients into bowl, make well in centre, gradually pour in beaten eggs and liquid mixture. Stir, without beating, until ingredients are well blended. Turn into greased, paper-lined shallow square tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Top of cake can be brushed with milk and dotted with nuts or iced, whichever preferred.

First ever TONIC SHAMPOO!

Gives your hair root-to-tip vitality



TREAT THE ROOT CAUSE OF DULL, LIFELESS HAIR WITH TONIC!

Sunsilk Tonic Shampoo brings under-par hair back to healthy life because it treats the root cause of drabness; stimulates and tones up your scalp with revitalizing Allantoin. Treat your hair to Tonic for sheen, for tone, for dancing highlights. With Sunsilk Tonic your hair will have a wonderful look of vitality, a wonderful feeling of well-being all along its lovely length—from healthy root to shining tip.



Allantoin for vitality! Allantoin is a scalp tonic and revitalizer well known to doctors, but never available in a shampoo until Sunsilk Tonic!



Root-to-tip vitality! With Tonic Shampoo your hair springs cleanly from the parting... shimmers with health and beauty to its very tips!



Bottle 4/3 and 6/3. Bubble 1/5.

Give your hair that look-alive air with...

Sunsilk TONIC shampoo

specially formulated by the makers of Pears Sunsilk Shampoo

Collectors' corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion about several antiques owned by readers, and shown here.

I have a saucer and jug about which I would like some information. The saucer could be Chinese. It is decorated with a pattern of raised butterflies and iris. The glass or porcelain jug is hand-printed and stands 11in. high.—Mrs. D. Cameron, Wollomombi, via Armidale, N.S.W.

Your saucer (right) is Japanese and was made about 1885. The ornamental glass jug (far right) is Continental and was made between 1880 and 1890.



● Saucer is Japanese.
● Ornamental jug (right).



● Clock is French.

This clock stands 8in. high, is 3in. wide, is made of almost black wood with light brown inserts, and has the words "Le-Roy-Paris" stamped on the face. It is in perfect condition and strikes by means of a brass pendulum to which a cord is fitted.—Miss M. Davies, North Sydney.

Your French clock (above) was made during the 19th century by Le-Roy, of Paris, about 1840. It is made of Brazilian rosewood and the cord in the pendulum case was originally silk suspension thread.



● Copper lustre jug.

My jug stands 5in. high and is glazed brown with yellow and blue flowers and green leaves. Could you tell me the age and origin, please?—Mrs. L. S. Stevenson, Miranda, N.S.W.

Your lovely jug (above) is an English copper lustre jug. It was probably made at Sunderland about 1825-35.



● Porcelain vase.

I would like some information about a white porcelain vase that I own. It stands 12in. high and the water-container is in the form of a flower. The vase is quite ornately decorated with figures of little girls, flowers, and birds. On the base are the markings 1408, 23, F, and K.P.M.—Mrs. C. Duthunty, Cooma, N.S.W.

Your charming vase (above) is German porcelain and is about 90 years old. The mark K.P.M. stands for King's Porcelain Manufactory, Dresden.



Look for the 'diamond-dot'

EVERY CAR NEEDS A CAR RADIO!

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In fact, there is a 'diamond-dot' car radio for every make and model of car today. Ask your dealer. He knows!



ASTOR TV Radiogram Combination *289 gns.

ASTOR 'Cry-Baby' Transistor Radio with extension speaker 36 gns.

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* Price slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania

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Page 59

Kotex is confidence



NOW-Kotex* napkins in two types

Wondersoft -

the softest, most comfortable and absorbent feminine napkin ever. Regular width and chafe-free.

Slenderline -

a slimmer napkin for greater comfort. Moisture-proof inner shield for added protection.

* Both Kotex napkins feature Wondersoft covering and tapered ends and hygienically sealed bags for your protection.



There's a whole new range of Kotex belts in the pretty feminine pack with the rose symbol

These Kotex belts are dainty as your finest lingerie—with delicate lace edging. Self-adjusting to different waist sizes, they are designed to stay smooth and flat with self-locking clasps to hold the napkin comfortably in place at all times. Here are two of the Kotex range of seven different belts, each one designed for lasting comfort and confidence.



Kotex Luxury Belt—4/11

Wide, soft-stretch elastic backed with brushed nylon for gentle, chafe-free comfort. Pale pink lace edging and the small Kotex rose motif. In the gold luxury pack.



Kotex Slenderline Belt—3/9

Look for it in the pretty pink rose pack. A narrower belt, specially woven in new soft-stretch elastic, delicately trimmed with palest blue lace edging. Slenderline adjusts to your own waist size, always staying smooth and flat.



KK750

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK—KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.

IRISES are among the loveliest and easiest flowers to grow



● Bearded iris Elisabeth Ball, raised by Mr. C. J. Blyth, of Springvale, Vic., is a cross between Mystic Melody and Bellerine, and has won prizes.

Gardening Book — page 43



● Australian-bred Dorothy Joan, grown by the Blyths. This delicately beautiful bearded iris is a cross between Sultan Robe and Rocket.

MOST irises are tough—they'll even survive neglect—but they flourish better if given some attention.

They all need water, some more than others, but beware of rot attacking the root-stems, or rhizomes. With the tall, bearded varieties the top of the rhizome needs to be above ground, where it can get the direct rays of the sun.

They like extra nourishment, but they don't mind weeds very much and are better off without having their roots disturbed.

All the colors of the rainbow are found in irises. In fact, "iris" is a Greek word meaning "rainbow"; it was

given to the genus by Hippocrates more than 2000 years ago.

Gone are the days when the iris was only the old yellow, purple, or white "flag." There are now to be found almost every hue or shade and innumerable color combinations.

Take the tall bearded iris: there are varieties all one color (known as "selfs"); other varieties all one color except for the "beard," which may give a splash of gold on royal-purple, or on pure white, or blue, and so on around the spectrum; there is tangerine on pink and an endless variety of others.

Then there are the ones with a different shading around the edges, merging into another color in the

Continued overleaf



● Bryce Canyon, from U.S., was in a group that won the 1961 Iris Show country championship for Mrs. L. Craine, of Daylesford, Vic.



● Rosemary Gair, bred by the Blyths, was in a group which won first prize at the 1961 show of the Australian Iris Society (Victorian region).

Gardening Book — page 44

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

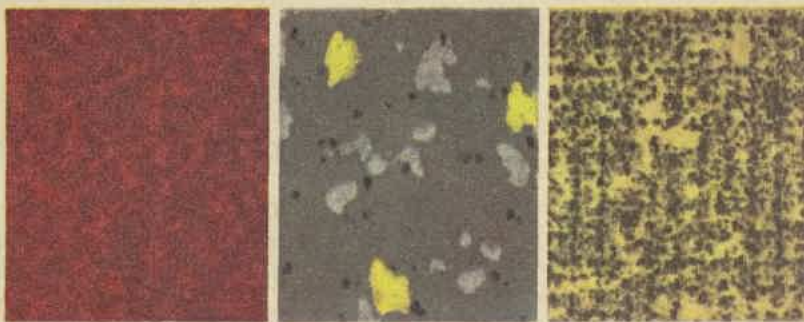


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- * Indentations "walk out"
- * Wears for years & years



design DRIFT colour CHERRY ● design FIESTA colour YELLOW ● design TWEED colour MUSTARD

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CLAIRE BLOOM, star of
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"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm"



*Your beauty care... the beauty care of 9 out of 10
Hollywood stars... the mild beauty soap that
keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!*

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as you face every day... nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at... so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. And you...



In four pastel shades and white

FOUR DWARF IRISES



Spring Skies



Yellow Frills



Bright Spring



Hullabaloo

Gardening Book — page 45

Pictures from Errey Bros. Nursery,
Camperdown, Vic.

Continued

centres. There are varieties with standards (the three upright petals) of one color and falls (the three petals which hang down) of another.

Color variation is greatest among the bearded irises, where hybridisers have been most active. Now, however, there are many new varieties being developed among the other species of iris.

In their native state, irises of one species or another grow in all conditions—from bog to desert. Japanese iris likes wet feet; the iris native to the south of the United States—Iris louisiana—grows in bog conditions around the bayous.

There are forest plants, liking semi-shade, such as the small, delicate crested Iris japonica, a native of south-west China. Its broad dark green leaves turn pale with too much sun.

"Lily of the field"

A semi-desert species is thought by some to have been the "lily of the field" of the Bible.

Sydney's soil is generally too rich and holds water too much for it to survive. But grown two or three inches down in sand, with a richer sub-soil and very good drainage, these exotic plants will do well. They are the *onocylus* or *regelia* iris, or their hybrids, *regeliocylus* iris.

Southern Europe was the home of the species from which the hundreds of varieties of the tall bearded iris came, and also the beautiful bulbous irises.

The bearded iris generally likes good garden soil, water, and open sun.

The bulbous irises range from small miniature types—for example, there is *Iris reticulata*, small and delicate with

• Plant irises at any time, but preferably from December to April. Group the varieties with plants about a foot apart. Put plenty of coarse bonemeal (not blood and bone) under the rhizomes. Never plant deeply.

Some irises like lime; others can't stand it. So put tall bearded irises in the limed soil, and put beardless irises with your azaleas and camellias to avoid lime.

A dressing of superphosphate helps when the flower spikes appear. Lift and divide the clumps every third or fourth year, and replant the best rhizomes.

exotic rich coloring—through the well-known Dutch irises. The smaller bulbous irises make excellent potplants.

Irises come in all sizes. They range from a few inches in height—stalk and flower—to nearly 6ft.

Some of the bulbous irises are very small; for example, *Iris reticulata*. Some dwarf bearded varieties will not grow more than 15in.

Tall bearded varieties will reach nearly 5ft., so will varieties of *Iris sibirica*, commonly known as Siberian irises, although they are native not to Siberia but to parts of China and eastern Europe. Some of the modern hybrids of *spuria* iris, native to southern Europe and parts of Asia, grow to 6ft.

Irises are not greatly subject to disease, although leaf-spot is an unsightly affliction in some areas for parts of the year.

All irises are suitable for decorative work. The tall bearded kind lend themselves to Japanese-style arrangements.

Gardening Book — page 46

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

AN EXTRA 100
supersoft
SHEETS

SUPERSOFT CREPE TISSUE
PINK
DAWN
600
QUICK-TEAR SHEETS

AN EXTRA 100
superstrong
SHEETS

SUPERSOFT CREPE TISSUE
BLUE
DAWN
600
QUICK-TEAR SHEETS

AN EXTRA 100
superlong
SHEETS

SUPERSOFT CREPE TISSUE
PRIMROSE
DAWN
600
QUICK-TEAR SHEETS

New! DAWN announces single pack colours!

Now! Your favourite toilet tissue in PINK, BLUE and PRIMROSE single packs! Buy DAWN—delicately soft, safely strong—and super-long, too. 100 extra sheets in every roll.



Dawn is a top-quality, true-Australian product of

AUSTRALIAN PAPER MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
OWNED BY AUSTRALIANS

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other leaf. Half an hour later he was still despatching caterpillars.

That night he took a bundle of Maudie's old gardening magazines to bed with him. That was when he learned how many enemies a man has. They came from the earth and the sky, and their numbers were manifold.

Thrip, those columns of calamity informed him, red spider, codlin moth, slugs, earwigs, shellbacks, woolly aphis. He turned a page. Leaf curl, black spot, mildew, scale, dry rot, cabbage moth. Caterpillar.

Appalled, he put the magazine aside. His misgivings woke with him. He had to have help. But he shrank from Trigger Polson's hearty competence and thrusting kindliness.

Mrs. Figg. She did not answer when he cooed over the fence. Then he remembered that every Thursday she visited her married daughter.

Maudie often made visits into town, seeking plants and information. He could ask at one of the gardenings shops. They wouldn't know him.

He found a little shop in Cat and Fiddle Arcade. Its entrance was cluttered with potted shrubs. The Birch Greenway it was called.

Mr. Birch was like a brittle old gnome that had forced its way through a crack in the dark earth. "Ah, yes, yes," he murmured sadly, fluttering paper-brown hands in the air. "What you describe undoubtedly is the English muscatel."

Jonah was impressed.

"Very sweet, very hardy, prolific bearers." His next words wiped the brightening expression from Jonah's face. "Unfortunately, they are prey to manifold pests." He began with the caterpillar.

Continuing . . . JONAH AND THE GRAPE

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"You mean," Jonah said at last, "I got all those pests in my vine?" "Or will have," promised Mr. Birch with happy pessimism. "Now, what you want to do is this."

When Jonah left the shop he was seven and sixpence lighter in pocket and in a state of shock. He was carrying a large packet whose undeniable odor proclaimed its contents, a small packet of hormone pellets, and a gardening leaflet for beginners. He lost the leaflet on the way home and decided that it wouldn't have made much difference, anyway.

Too disheartened to face the vine, he went to bed early. The magazines only depressed him. While he lay staring at the ceiling

a rat started gnawing beneath his window.

He got out of bed and stamped on the floor. The rat stopped gnawing, and then started again. It came every night after that. He set a trap. It took the bait and came back for more.

The caterpillars were like a gorgon-headed monster that constantly renewed itself. As he plucked and pinched, Mr. Birch's voice came rustling dryly back to him: "The caterpillar spins a web over the grape. The web strangles the grape. You will soon see it withering."

Jonah saw. The affected grapes were like shrivelled grey pods.

Mr. Birch's doomlike voice rustled on. "What you must do is this: Wipe off every web."

He did so. It took hours.

Trigger Polson kept popping up with advice and encouragement. "She's looking good; keep at it!" Jonah kept at it, not looking round.

"I see you haven't fixed the gate."

"No," said Jonah, short and irritable. His back was aching.

"Want to fix it before they're ripe."

In desperation Jonah searched in the toolshed. He found four palings of varying length, a coil of wire netting that snared the hammer and flew over the front fence, and a length of timber too heavy to lift. The palings broke away like sponge when he hammered the nails in. He flung the lot back into the toolshed and avoided Trigger Polson.

To cheer himself each day he tried to count the bunches of grapes. He never succeeded. It was a wonderful tonic to his spirit.

He was whistling happily to himself when a large white moth with two startling black eyes in its wings fluttered past. Without turning his head, he followed its flight. It settled on a grape. Galvanised, he made a snatch at it. Agitated, it veered over the fence. With it went Jonah's light-heartedness.

Mr. Birch spoke in sepulchral voice from the air: "The cabbage moth now must be eradicated at all costs."

Jonah went indoors. He came out, grimly carrying a fly swatter.

Mrs. Figg, looking over the fence, was dismayed to see her neighbor leaping about the garden.

"Cabbage moths," he explained briefly as he smacked at one.

POOR Mr. Manton!

What a lot of troubles he had! Which reminded her of her own.

"You haven't seen Dooley, have you?"

No, he hadn't. The swatter sang viciously through the air.

The cabbage moth, Jonah learned, was virile and elusive. And it had many friends. While he was deploying his energies among a whole family of cabbage moths, he heard the blackbird singing.

Panting, he stared up. The blackbird flashed its orange scimitar, swooped its dusty black plumage, and disappeared into the grapevine.

"Go on!" he shouted. "Get out of there!"

Hilariously chortling, it ducked away. He had the uncomfortable feeling it was laughing at him.

The blackbird came every day. He kept chasing it away from the vine. That was when he noticed the curious pea-sized holes in the leaves. Alarmed, he barely noticed that there were fewer caterpillars.

Oscar started asking him about the grapes, so he avoided going into the shop. The rat kept gnawing. Mrs. Figg was in tears about Dooley, and Trigger spent most of his time at the fence.

"Terrible drought," he observed. "Wouldn't you think they'd put in more reservoirs?"

His neighbor maintained a sour and industrious silence.

Trigger got a firmer grip on the fence.

"Wife says her corn's hopping, and that means rain." He squinted at the sky, the color of a bronze-wing pigeon. "Looks a bit like it."

Jonah searched stubbornly for caterpillars. The pea-sized holes were everywhere. "Look, what are these?" he was compelled to ask. "Blackbirds."

He might have known it.

"There's a bit of luck for you."

Scowling, Jonah stared up at him.

"Get rid of the caterpillar for you."

"And what about the grapes?"

To page 75

BY APPOINTMENT...

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Johnson's . . . the softest, purest baby powder in the world

. . . specially made to absorb moisture . . . to keep the skin

smooth and fragrant . . . to guard against skin irritations.

Your baby deserves the protection that comes only with

Johnson's.



BEST FOR BABY

BEST FOR YOU

Continuing . . . JONAH AND THE GRAPE

from page 74

"No," he said, shaking his head. "Surprising thing, they go sparing on grapes. Go more for the grubs." Plainly, Jonah did not believe him.

A resounding rattle fired off around the neighborhood. Garbage day.

"Don't forget to put your tin out," Trigger advised as he departed. The rain started as Jonah was putting his tools away. It was a deluge when he tumbled the garbage tin down the path to the front gate and out on to the kerb. He was drenched when he dashed indoors.

During the night he listened to the rain. His pillow felt as though it were stuffed with turnips. Once, in the distance, he heard a forlorn yowl. Dooley.

He woke with streaming eyes, a drilling headache, and a hurting tightness in his chest. He was not really surprised. Sickness was just another characteristic setback.

He stayed in bed. Next morning Mrs. Figg ventured anxiously in. She had just known there was something wrong when he hadn't taken his garbage tin in. Mr. Manton must be sick, she had confided to Mr. Trigger Polson.

Jonah spent the rest of the week in bed, saved from starvation, which he would have welcomed, by the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Figg. Without hope he listened to

A little before you go to sleep read something that is exquisite and worth remembering, and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep; and when you awake in the morning, call yourself to account for it.

ERASMUS

the joyous song of the blackbird and the sounds of hammering. He became aware of a strange silence beneath his window.

The first thing he noticed when he ventured into the backyard was the fresh thistle in the canary cage. The bird was chirping happily. Trigger Polson, he thought, chastened. Mrs. Figg could not reach the cage.

There was a discreet cough behind him.

"Kept the kids out," laughed Trigger.

"Thanks," mumbled Jonah, pointing to the cage.

"Got work to do," declared Trigger elaborately, and disappeared.

Jonah forced himself to look at the grapevine. The leaves were filigreed with holes. The grapes hung heavy, perfect and countless in their dark purple bunches.

There was a tightness in his throat as he turned to Mrs. Figg's gay, fluting call. Dooley strutted along the fence.

"Oh, Mr. Manton, he did come back," she said, stroking the arched white back, "and, do you know, he caught the biggest rat."

Humbled, Jonah awkwardly stroked the cat. Dooley's wide honey eyes regarded him impersonally.

"Mr. Polson's been so good," she started to say, and stopped. She could not know what queer things had happened to Jonah Manton's pride.

"Will you be picking your grapes today?" she asked innocently. He nodded, unable to speak.

When he had filled a bucket he carried the grapes down to the gate. He had his hand on the latch when he stared, dumbfounded.

The new gate rose in all its green-painted splendor. Formidably high and laced with barbed-wire,

the latch was cunningly beneath the reach of marauding young hands. So that was how Trigger Polson had kept the locust children at bay.

He was still standing there, his throat hurting, when the postman's whistle shrilled up the street. Stooping under his load, the postie trudged toward him. With a commiserating grin, he waved a long pink envelope.

Jonah stuffed it in his pocket with barely a glance. It was no longer an emissary of disaster. Impulsively he pointed down. "Here," he offered, "have a grape."

"Some grapes!" whistled the postie, the juice spurring between his teeth.

"Yes," Jonah said modestly, "I can't supply the demand."

His hand hesitated, then reached downward. He popped a grape into his mouth. Nothing had ever tasted so sweet.

"Well," he said, straightening his shoulders, "I got a lot more picking to do."

As he crossed the road lopsidedly the bucket hit against his knee.

Oscar saw him coming. He was standing beside the scales, hand outstretched, when Jonah came in with the grapes.

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"He wants a new collar."



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AW23/62

from page 24

face, she looked like some lost and frightened child. Much more like a child than a grown woman.

The impression was heightened by the dwarfing effect of the voluminous nightdress, and by the pert, youthful cast of her features. Her mood of sad lostness increased. This appearance of bright youth, of untried girlishness, seen lately as the outward manifestation of the inner immaturity against which she must struggle, was loathsome to her.

The chill of the night reached her at last and she shivered and turned away. At the foot of the bed she slipped her feet into a pair of leather mules, and took up her robe, a long, full-skirted one of soft wool. But

instead of putting it on, she only stood there holding it.

You must learn not to blame yourself so much, Mrs. Howard.

It was Dr. Emory who had said that, and she recalled it now with a small, angry lift of the chin. All right, I don't blame myself, I forgive myself, Doctor. At heart I'm just weighed down with good intentions. And very explicit instructions on the most direct route to hell. Oh, no, I don't blame myself. But whom do I blame? And whom does Dan blame? Just tell me that, dear Doctor. And tell Dan, too, while you're at it.

Oh, how had things become mixed up between her and Dan? They had been so happy those first years of marriage, so immersed in happiness it had seemed nothing could ever go wrong. Dan had been just another salesman in the field then, and they had managed to have a great deal of time together. At times she would ride along with him as he made his rounds. They would have lunch in funny little counter places to save money and visit obscure shops in search of treasures for the apartment. It hadn't been good for business, but it had been their happiest time together.

But then, at the approach of the second year, Connie had arrived and everything had abruptly changed. Dan, impressed and stimulated by his new status as a father and head of a family, had begun to approach his work with new ambition.

A fanatical and unreasoning ambition, Karen had told herself then, in fright, as Dan, striving to better his position in the company, had begun to draw away from her. Rapidly, their time together dwindled to almost none at all. Often Dan was out in the evening, trying to improve his sales record. And when he was home he spent his time buried in some text on business techniques or office procedures. The apartment was constantly littered with charts and statistics that seemed to Karen to have no real meaning at all. Gradually she had begun to see Dan's work as her enemy, her rival, and, accordingly, she had begun to struggle against it.

HER methods of combat, in the beginning, were so subtle that even she did not clearly see their design. The sudden sick headaches that assailed her just when Dan arranged an evening out with a client were quite real and genuine to her. As were the attacks of depression and hysterics that usually occurred whenever someone from the office had been invited for dinner.

But when Dan's efforts began to show results, and it became evident that he was rising toward his first managership, and her tactics, of necessity, became more open and direct.

Calls from clients or prospects were met with rudeness and sometimes even open hostility, usually on the pretext that the caller had somehow antagonised her first. Business messages were always mislaid or forgotten. She flatly refused to attend company parties or dinners; the wives of the other employees, she said, were all either bores or snobs and made her nervous. Only too late had she realised that Dan, forced to attend these affairs alone, was almost certain eventually to find someone to take her place.

If anyone had tried to tell Karen at the time what her real motives were in doing these things, she would have denied it all hotly, shocked and angered that anyone could even suggest such things. She was simply nervous by nature, that was all, high-strung. She always had been. If things that didn't bother other people got on her nerves it was only because she was more sensitive. It was having to stand quietly in the background and watch Dan, day by day, turning into a company drudge, wearing himself out grubbing for money. If she made a fuss sometimes it was just that she knew no other way to try to bring Dan to his senses.

But later, when with Dr. Emory's help, she had finally seen the truth of what she had done, she had barely been able to face it, it had seemed so ugly to her.

The origins of Karen's problems had lain deeply buried in the past and it had taken time and patience to unearth them. She had been no more than five when her

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1963



"I'm home, what's for dinner?"

This is the promise of Velvet Liquid Detergent...

now hands that
wash dishes can feel
soft as your cheek



Velvet Liquid

keeps your hands lotion-soft as it cleans your dishes!

The makers of famous Velvet soap bring you a new kind of liquid detergent - new Velvet Liquid!

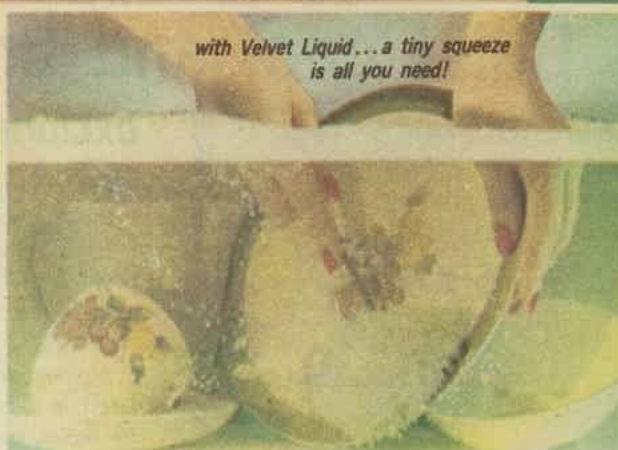
You can feel its creamy softness on your hands, and the silky feeling it gives your wash-up water. You can see its cleaning effectiveness that makes dishes shine like jewels, drain dry without streaking.

The soft, fast-working suds of Velvet Liquid dissolve grease as no

other liquid detergent can. And it's so richly concentrated, just a tiny squeeze of the Velvet squeeze-pack does the whole wash-up. Problem pots and pans come clean fast! Try Velvet, the lotion detergent specially made to protect your hands as it cleans your dishes.

The makers of Velvet Liquid - who also make gentle Velvet soap - will gladly refund purchase price if you're not entirely satisfied.

Looks and feels like a lotion... gets dishes gleaming clean... New Velvet Liquid!



father, killed in an aeroplane crash, had suddenly and completely vanished from her life. The tragedy could not have come at a worse time for Karen's mother, who had just the week before given birth to Karen's sister, Faye. Deprived for an interval by shock of her customary good judgment and restraint, she had fallen into a state of almost hysterical despair. The grieving woman had turned to young Karen for comfort, for "something to cling to," and she had lavished upon the child the full burden of her wretchedness.

During this period Karen's mother had repeatedly blamed the company for which Karen's father had worked for his death. It was they who had sent him on the trip, on a matter of business. It was the company who had taken him from them, who had killed him—murdered him in cold blood. Clashed in her mother's stifling embrace, her hair damp with her mother's tears, Karen had learned to fear the murderous company as she might have feared the devil. By the time her mother had recovered enough to take a less emotional view of what had happened, the damage had been done.

It was doubtful that Karen's mother had noticed, even passingly, the effect of those days on Karen, for it was the press of other, more practical matters, really, which had forced her back into a state of composure. Her husband's insurance, a small amount to begin with, had been mostly absorbed by the funeral and the payment of debts, so now there was the matter of living for herself and her two small daughters to be taken care of.

It was unfortunate on Karen's account that it was the company, the very same company which had taken her father's life, from which Karen's mother sought and received employment. For a time, until she came to realise that such a thing was quite impossible, Karen lived in the constant dread that her mother would one day go off to work never to return, executed at last by the company. And added to this was a feeling of desertion, the feeling that her mother, even knowing the evil and danger of the company, had chosen it, as had her father, in preference to her.

In time she realised all this was only morbid fancy, but the residue of fear had long sifted down to some secondary emotional level where it could not easily be found and eradicated. As time accumulated she became more and more motivated by the unrecognised desire to find someone who would be hers and hers alone, who would never, ever forsake her for the monstrous company.

Added to these basic conflicts were other equally obscure ones. Still, with the doctor's help she had finally been able to unearth her unrealistic fears and aims and to see that they were bound to lead her into conflict from the outset with Dan's more positive and constructive desires.

In the wake of this truth had followed a host of other truths. She had, indeed, been the bad wife to Dan that he, in anger, had accused her of being. She had worked to obstruct his efforts, she had tried to withhold from him everything he wanted most. Even Dan's brief association with Hazel Conway had been accomplished, in a sense, by her own careful contrivance.

And so this final separation was her doing, too. In refusing to accompany Dan to California she had deliberately brought upon herself the thing she had always feared. She had managed this partly as a means of self-punishment and partly as a kind of desperate last attempt to prove that her long-cherished fears were not just sickly fancies after all.

Her first impulse upon learning all this had been to call Dan instantly and tell him everything. But Dr. Emory had been quick to hold up a cautionary hand.

"I think it would be wisest to wait," he had told her. "From what

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 76

you tell me there's a considerable wall of restraint between you and your husband. You don't communicate with each other too well any more. Yes, if I were you I'd wait until I was a little surer of myself—or at least until he arrives next week and you can talk to him in person."

And so she had waited.

And now she would wait some more. Six or eight weeks, Dan had said, that long at least. With a sigh of resignation, she slipped on the robe, fastened it at the waist, hugged her arms across her breast.

Six or eight weeks. A lot could happen in six or eight weeks—a lot could go wrong. Look at the way she had behaved to him just now on

the phone. If they were together . . . But the doctor was right: she and Dan had lost the ability to communicate with each other. As she stood there, the fear and the fantasy began to bubble up inside her again, and all the unhealthy, unreasonable thoughts. Dan didn't want them to be reconciled. He had gone away purposely to get rid of her. He and the Conway woman were out there together . . .

"Stop it!" she told herself sharply. "Stop it this instant!"

Unable now to think of sleeping, she moved aimlessly out of the room.

She crossed through the darkness of the living-room to the small, carved desk that stood against the far wall, and finding the lamp that stood there switched it on. The room sprang dimly into being round her. Denuded now of the pictures and small ornaments which she and Dan had added to the furnishings provided, it seemed suddenly impersonal, almost hostile.

For one fleeting moment she was able to conceive of the room as a living thing that, knowing it was soon to be rid of her, had already wilfully disclaimed her. Brushing these half-formed fancies from her mind like cobwebs, she turned to the desk, opened the drawer at the

centre, and took out a large folded road map. Opening it, she spread it out before her on the desk.

It was the map upon which Dan, in his thorough, efficient way, had charted their trip, every last mile of it, from New York to Los Angeles. Gazing down at the map now, Karen traced with the tip of her finger the pencilled line which Dan had drawn across it. New York to Pittsburgh on Route 30. Switch to 40 and take that as far as Kansas City. Take 77 out of Kansas City straight down to Oklahoma City.

After that it was as easy as pie. Just stay on Route 66 all the rest of the way, straight into Los Angeles. It was the safest route, Dan had said; the fastest and easiest. Accommodations and services were good all the way. He had checked

To page 78

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a
pretty leg
this
summer



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1/3 and 3/- at all chemists and cosmetic counters.



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Summer Hair Care

Though summer sun, drying winds and salt sea air all steal sebum from the hair, you can still keep it radiant and lovely with Vitapointe's nourishing care. Vitapointe is the cream beautifier and conditioner you can use any time. At once hair is easy to manage, frizz and dryness disappear and dullness vanishes. Use Vitapointe to keep your hair in perfect condition, so lovely . . . lively . . . soft and shiny.

A 7/6 tube will last 2 months. From chemists, hairdressing salons and selected stores.

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and CONDITIONER FOR THE HAIR

CONSULT our HOME PLANNING CENTRES for advice on planning your new home. Call and peruse our extensive range of designs catering for everything from smart little weekenders, dignified city homes to rambling country homesteads.

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 77

with the automobile club to which they belonged.

Karen continued to stare down at the map, taking a curious kind of comfort from the sight of the pencilled route that Dan had marked. Here was the truth. He had meant to come back for her and Connie. And he still meant to.

Taking up the map, she switched off the light and returned to the bedroom. She crossed to the window, opened it a bit farther to let in a little more air, and paused to look down into the street.

There wasn't anything to see, really, at this hour. Here and there in the distance a lighted window that doubtless opened on some obscure hallway. The street was not particularly pretty, ever. But there had been a time, late at night, when she and Dan had stood at the window and looked out at it, and they thought it beautiful. It was the most exciting, most wonderful place there was, the street where they had come to live together as husband and wife.

Now, noticing a fleeting alteration of the shadows, she pressed closer for a view of the sidewalk directly below. A figure, a woman, wearing a heavy coat, carrying something, appeared in the diffused circle of light beneath the street lamp, hesitated there for a moment, then moved rapidly on into the farther shadows at the front of the apartment building.

Watching these movements, Karen received an odd impression of furtive purposefulness, and paused to wonder what the woman might be about down there in the street alone at this time of night. But then, with a light shrug, she dispatched the woman and her curious behaviour from her mind and turned away.

She dropped the map on to the bed and started to take off her robe. It was too late to take a sleeping pill now, though she knew she would likely be awake for the rest of the night.

And then, as her gaze fell to the map and a new thought came suddenly into her mind, she stopped.

"It's not a tough drive at all," Dan had said. "It ought to be a breeze. A week, ten days on the road. That isn't going to kill anybody. And that's taking it easy, too."

A week, ten days. Six or eight weeks. There was quite a difference. In just a week or ten days she and Connie could be out in California with Dan . . .

You've got to remember, Dr. Emory had said, your husband has good reason to feel that you've rejected him, too. He could easily be waiting for some gesture or reassurance from you before making another move toward reconciliation.

Slowly she knelt down on the bed and pulled the map around so she could study more closely the route Dan had marked on it. It looked so easy, so safe, here in this well-ordered room, in this still hour of morning. And if it was she who went to Dan, if she managed to make the move all by herself, what greater reassurance could she offer?

Harvey White, within the warm cocoon of his bed, stirred fretfully and clung to his pillow, hugging it to his narrow chest as tenaciously as if it were sleep itself. But

then, in just a moment, the sound came again, more stridently, so that this time it pierced the delicate inner wall of his slumber and stung him awake. Harvey jerked into a sitting position, heart thumping, pale eyes torn wide against the darkness.

"Wha . . . !!" Harvey wheezed.

But then as the sound came again he realised it was only the doorbell and grew calmer. Harvey, fearful by nature, always came awake in an automatic state of terror when aroused abruptly. A slight, quick, firm man, forty-three years old, this chronic apprehensiveness was firmly etched in the lines of his sallow face, reflected in the uneasy evasion of his pale eyes. Now, as the bell sounded for the fourth time, he reached out and switched on the light.

Seen by the clock on the bureau that it was going on for a quarter past three, Harvey instantly deduced that his caller could only be a harbinger of ill tidings. Some sort of emergency had arisen in one of the apartments. One of the tenants was ill, locked out, had fallen asleep with a lighted cigarette and set his bed afire. Slipping a soiled and frayed brown bathrobe over his faded pyjamas, he scuffed his thin, veined feet into a pair of cracked red patent-leather slippers and hurried from the room.

Switching on the overhead lights in both the hall and the living-room as he passed through, he made his way into the entry. There he paused, raked his hand over the few nearly invisible strands of sand-colored hair that still ornamented his narrow crown, then reached out and opened the door. At the first sight of his visitor, revealed to him dimly by the globed hallway light, he let his mouth fall slack with disbelief.

"Rita . . ." he said. "Why

The woman grinned at him. "Hi, Harv." Her voice was husky, softly rolling, easy. "How's it going, huh? How's the old kid?"

She stood there in a care-

less slouch, a full-figured woman, thirty-two or three perhaps, confident and in an odd, even blowzy, way, impressive. Everything about her seemed exaggerated. Her lips were too full and too heavily rouged. Her dark hair glinted too obviously with false, reddish highlights. Her grin was somehow too challenging, too personal. Her pendant earrings were too long, too bright, too cheap. Still, there was something compelling about her, a kind of magnetism, and it was this much more than anything else that kept Harvey from shutting the door in her face.

Though she was bareheaded, her coat was buttoned up tightly to her chin against the cold. She wore gloves of an unlikely shade of green, and in her right hand she carried a cheap overnight bag of pressed cardboard, the kind that can be found in any large drug-store.

"Hey, what's the matter, Harv? You're not glad to see me?"

Harvey, despite himself, made a small gesture of polite denial. "It's — I was sound asleep in bed. It's after three in the morning . . ."

"Yeah, Harv, I know. I'm sorry. But these little emergencies do come up, don't they?" She glanced back for a moment in the direction she had come, toward the entrance door with its centre panel of glass, and the street beyond, and when she looked back again she surprised Harvey's glance of concern at her suitcase.

"Why don't you ask me in?" She made a slight shrugging motion and a note of tiredness crept into her voice. "For old times' sake, Harv. Or any damn sake, I don't care, just so long as you do."

Harvey hesitated. And then, helplessly, he took his hand from the door and stepped aside. The things he had promised himself he would say to her if she ever dared to show up around here again! But it was always the same; he just didn't know how to stand up to people. Anyone could back him down without even trying.

He closed the door after

her, tested it to make sure it was locked, and followed her into the living-room. From a position of naturality just inside the doorway he watched as she dropped the bag on to the divan, then lowered herself heavily beside it. Pushing at her hair with her hand, not caring, evidently, what sort of appearance she made before him, she began to unbutton her coat. As she did so she looked up at him and smiled.

"How long has it been, Harv? Years?"

Harvey stared at her, wondering that she could have the nerve to show up like this, in the middle of the night, just like she hadn't made that trouble between him and Fern when she knew just as well as anybody that Fern was dying. That had happened close to eight years ago now, and Rita was older. Near to thirty, or more, two or three years more. And she showed it, too, he observed vindictively. She'd thickened up a lot. He had seen in the paper once where she had been taken in for fighting some woman in some place down on 51st Street. A cheap meat, it was, over some man, and he didn't doubt that she'd been in trouble more than just that once.

"What do you want from me?" Harvey asked. "What'd you come here for, anyway?"

Getting her coat open, she threw it off, revealing a dress of some clinging green stuff, outlined at the neck with a scattering of rhinestones. Harvey noticed with a twinge of revulsion that she had spilled food down the front and hadn't bothered to wipe it off.

"Haven't you ever been in a jam, Harv?" she asked. "Don't you ever need anybody to help you out?"

ADJUSTING to the simple fact of her presence, Harvey had begun to sense an edge of wariness in her, a tension that she didn't want him to see, and from her defensiveness he took courage.

"What do you want?" he repeated.

She fussed with her coat, putting it aside, as an excuse, possibly, to avoid his gaze. "I'm just getting away from this guy, that's all. He's made some pretty wild threats to some people and he keeps hanging around the place where I live. It gets on your nerves, something like that, you know? So tonight I just finally decided to get away. I'll spare you the details, you probably wouldn't be interested." With one last heave of her ample bosom, she settled herself, crossed her legs. "Look, hon, you got anything to drink around here at all?"

He looked at her, blinking. What he ought to do was toss her out. He ought to just go to the door and show her the way out. All he did, though, was make a small gesture of defeat.

"There's some bourbon, I guess, a little."

Her relief at his capitulation was evident; she seemed almost visibly to relax. "You're a doll, Harv," she said expansively. "A big, pink, plastic doll." She stripped off the gaudy, winking earrings and flung them down noisily on the table. "How about bringing the bottle, huh?"

Without answering, Harvey left the room.

He brought the bottle. And

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HAZEL . . . by Ted Key



"Your date's waiting."

(Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

Good ways to enjoy your protein

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CHEDDAR

SWISS

PROCESSED
CHEDDAR

PARMESAN

BLUE VEIN

COTTAGE

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SWISS

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CHEDDAR

Best of all because it's the most versatile of all. Easy to cut easy to eat, easy to buy — off the block or in hygienic plastic wrapping. Either way, it's Australian Cheddar — tops for value, tops for body-building protein.

PARMESAN

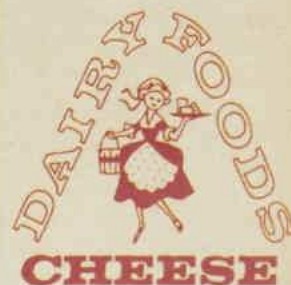
The king of cooking cheeses. Really hard — so easy to grate — it makes a wonderful continental difference to all Italian foods — spaghetti, ravioli, risotto. Use plenty — in Italy they sprinkle on spoonfuls.

BLUE VEIN

Here's your favourite if you really know about cheese. Tasty, tangy, blue cheese is wonderful with crackers, with dark or crusty bread. It's slightly soft, slightly crumbly, completely delicious.

COTTAGE

White, creamy, soft to touch. Makes a wonderful spread, goes perfectly with fruit or as a filling for omelettes and pancakes. Keep it in the refrigerator.



WITH THE FLAVOUR
EVERYONE LOVES—
THE PROTEIN
EVERYONE NEEDS

one glass. She poured an out-sized drink and took it down neat. Then she poured another of the same size and, pulling her feet up beside her on the divan, sipped at it, looking up at him from over the rim of the glass.

"You're still mad at me, huh, Harv? After all these years. You ought to learn to forgive and forget. I was a crazy kid then. I didn't have enough sense to know what I was doing."

He looked away, unable, even now, to face her squarely with her own ugly lie. What kind of a girl had she been, kid or no kid, sense or not, to tell her own sister that her husband had been playing up to Rita. What kind was she to tell a foul thing

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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him when she believed he had betrayed her.

"You don't have any other place to go? You haven't got a — a girl-friend — or anyone?"

Rita shook her head, and the illusion, as if thus physically dispelled, vanished com-

pletely. Why should it be, Harvey wondered bleakly, that there had been so little of life in Fern and such an overwhelming abundance of it in Rita?

"There isn't any place where he wouldn't know to look for me," she said. "It occurred to him, of course, that she might be lying, but he couldn't see that there could be much purpose

behind such a lie. He could understand that she might not want to go to the police. And she was evidently too broke to hide out at a hotel.

"It's just for a few days, Harv. After that I'll get out of your hair and stay out, I swear it. I been thinking that probably the best thing for me to do is go on back to

hadn't even bothered to write to each other since. "You think you'll go back to Los Angeles?" "I want a change—a change of everything—a change of me. This isn't anything new; I've been thinking about it a long time. I want to kick the whole crumbly mess, this town, the joints, the people, the men . . . Harv, you get just plain old pooped after a while, you know? And the old lady's getting on. She must be crowding seventy by now. I guess it's about time we tried to make it up."

"Your mother," Harvey said dryly, "is seventy-two."

She looked up in surprise. "How did you know that?"

"I send her a little something every month. And she writes me back."

"You do? With Fern dead all these years?"

"She's got to have something to get by on. Her pension won't keep her, and she isn't able to work. It isn't much — I don't have much."

Rita's expression might have been one of contrition.

"I didn't know things were that tough," she said. "I'll take the load off when I get out there, I promise you that."

She finished her drink and put the glass down on the table. "Okay, maybe I'm not just loaded down with daughterly affection for the old girl. But why should I be? She gave me nothing but a bad time. But I'm willing to try . . . Harv, maybe you think life has been some kind of a great big ball for me, some big mad scene—well, it hasn't; let it go at that." She nodded down at the bottle. "Mind if I finish it?" "Go ahead."

She drained the bottle into her glass. "There's one more thing, Harv—" She looked up at him and laughed. "You turn white every time I open my mouth. Well, I don't blame you, hon, not really. Here I show up for a free bed at three in the morning. I move in on you and soak up your booze. I've got a nerve, I know it. So you want to know what next. Well, I guess I might as well go the whole way, huh, and put the bite on you, too. I can't go anywhere if I don't raise the loot. I wasn't going to bring this up till tomorrow, but—Harv, I'm counting on you to stake me out to the Coast."

"All I want is a loan, and I give you my word, cross my heart and hope to have dizzy spells, I'll have it back to you within a week after I hit L.A. I can get it out there—from a guy who owes me. How about it, Harv?"

She was really trying to sell him, Harvey could see that; she was really anxious. And she was right: she had a nerve. But it was something he still had to envy in her; she tried, she dared. He had always envied that in her: the selfish determination to get what she wanted out of life. That was something he didn't have; not even a little bit. And never would.

"If there was anyone else I could go to, Harv . . ."

"How much will you need?" He wanted to refuse her. He had planned that he would. And he despised himself that he could not. "I haven't got much . . ."

"Well, I wanted to fly out if I could—to get there as fast as possible. I know it seems expensive, but you'll get it right back."

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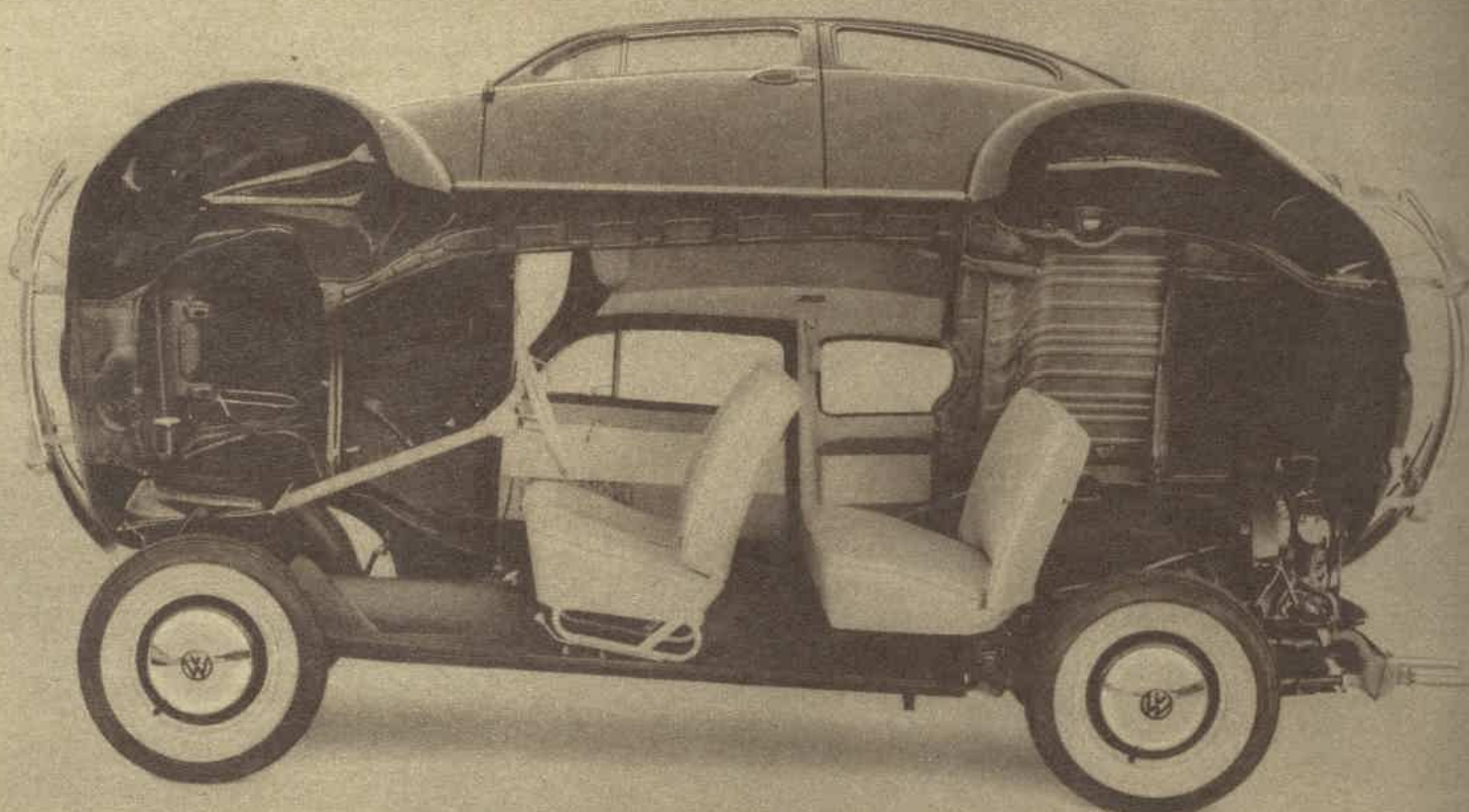


(Left) Featherlight 'safari' jacket: 29/11. Frilly sun-top: 19/11 (Above) Sweet and lovely blouse with crisp embroidered panel: 29/11.

IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT! For these are the basically beautiful blouses which make Lady Pelaco so loved! Ever popular, yet always new — and styled for sweet flattery in "frosted" fabrics or "Al fresco" weaves, for a basically more beautiful you.

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CARNATION CORN CAPS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 80

"Fly out?" Harvey said. "I don't know . . ." As custodian-manager of the building, his wages were received largely in free lodgings.

He got some cash, but with his own expenses and the money he sent to Mrs. Sears every month he was rarely able to put anything aside for savings. Aeroplane tickets, he knew, were costly. "I'd probably have to borrow some money myself," he said.

Rita nodded, evidently satisfied for the time being. "We can talk about it in the morning. It's late, and you're probably dying to get back to sleep. You can just toss me a blanket."

"Oh, no," Harvey said quickly, "no, you can't stay here. The tenants . . . But there's an empty up on the third floor. You'll have to keep quiet so the neighbors won't hear. I wouldn't want the owner to find out."

Rita smiled, finished her drink. "Sure, Harv, I'll be a regular ghost."

"You'll need bedding, blankets, and sheets and stuff. I'll get it."

He moved off into the hallway, in the direction of the linen closet. His hand on the door, he looked back into the living-room, watching Rita with a dull, covert intensity as she rose from the divan and put on her coat. A tramp, that's what she was, a no-good. It was stamped all over her. He turned away abruptly and closed his eyes against a writhing sickness of disgust.

THE lies she had told Fern, the awful, licentious stories, in a way had been true. They had been true in his mind. There had been times—with Fern lying there in pain!—when he had scarcely been able to think of anything else. At the faintest glimpse of Rita, the slightest sound of her voice, it would begin, the lurid imaginings, worse, really, than anything that could be put into words. She had been beautiful then. And so alive. And she had known. Smiling at him in that insolent way of hers that made him know he was nothing to her, she had known. It must have shown plain as day. No wonder Fern had believed her and not him.

Quickly Harvey gathered up the things from the closet and closed the door. When he entered the living-room she was waiting for him, suitcase in hand. Without a glance in her direction he crossed and opened the door.

"Come on," he said, "I'll show you . . ."

Not until he was on his way back downstairs and was passing the door to the Howards' apartment did he remember about them going to California. Leaving on Monday, driving out in their car. Harvey paused, looking back in mild speculation at the Howards' door.

If Rita was willing to go by car—and if the Howards were willing to take her along . . .

With a slight negative movement of the head he moved on toward the stairs and started down. Tomorrow he would mention it to her and see what she thought. But by then she would probably have changed her mind.

"I hate unsolicited advice," Mrs. Spence said emphatically, "but, Karen, I don't think you should do it, I really don't."

Karen observed her mother with a look of faint defensiveness. She was always so

positive, so—so overpowering. Now she was sorry she had told her what she had planned—had decided—to do. If she hadn't, she wouldn't be feeling like this now, all uncertain and—afraid.

Mrs. Spence, preparing to leave, stood before the fireplace, the focal point of the room, tugging on her gloves. She was a small, slim woman who, even on the threshold of fifty, had yet to lose completely the look and attitude of youth. She wore a smartly tailored suit of dullish green wool, a pale beige hat, alligator shoes and bag. Her hair, prematurely white, was smartly and expertly dressed.

Mrs. Spence's slightest tone or gesture was knowingly decisive. Brightly so, perhaps, even attractively so, but decisive nonetheless. Widowhood had comprised her personal challenge and once she had weathered the initial shock she had met the test handsomely. She had succeeded in business, with no formal business training and in competition with men. She had two perfectly beautiful daughters and seen them married to fine young men.

If these achievements had cost her something in

womanly softness and artifice, the price was a fair one, even a cheap one, and she was content. The only flaw was the feeling of constraint that had always existed between her and Karen. Somehow they seemed to share almost none of the easy communication and understanding that she enjoyed with Faye. She had hoped that these visits of Karen's to the analyst, much as she suspected such things, might help, but they evidently hadn't. Not yet, at any rate.

KAREN said, "Mother, you don't understand—"

Mrs. Spence held up a gloved hand. "Just call Dan and tell him. That's all I'm saying. Call him and see what he thinks."

"But he'll say no, and then—"

"There you are. If you know that, then you know you shouldn't do it. Of course he'll say no, any man would. A woman and child alone out on the highway, staying in all sorts of strange places at night. I don't care what this Dr. Emory is telling you . . ."

"Dr. Emory isn't telling me anything—just that I have to learn to make a

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"TRACY." — Sleeveless summer frock in checked poplin has white-edged cowl neckline and unusual pockets. Colors are black and white, lemon and white, sage-blue and white, and rose-pink and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/18/6.
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Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 95. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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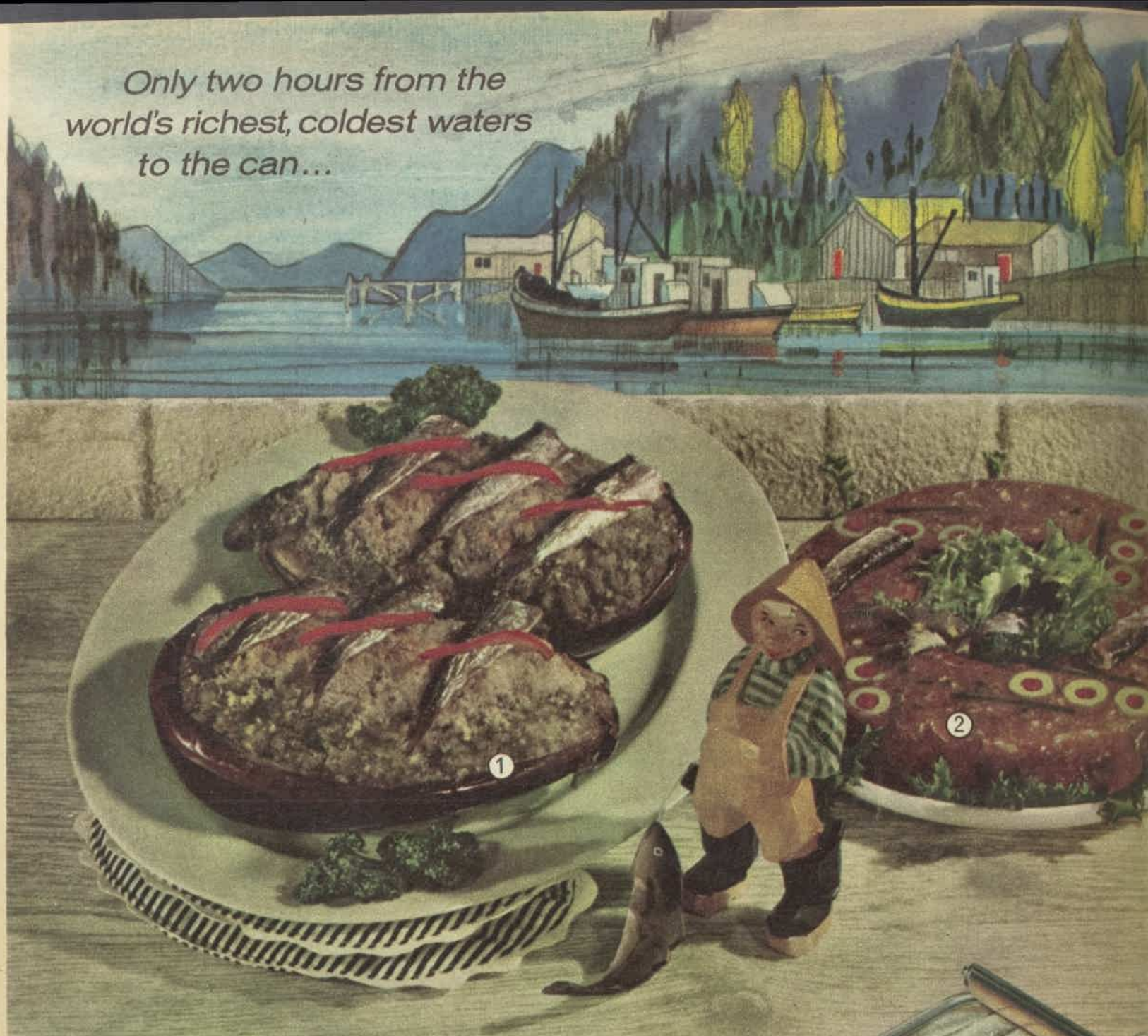
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Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Canning Industry. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.

Here are treats to tempt hot weather appetites

① Norwegian Stuffed Eggplants

Two 3½ oz. cans Norway Sardines, 2 small eggplants, salt and pepper, ½ cup olive oil, 1 large onion, finely chopped, 1½ cups white bread, soaked in milk, 3 teaspoons mixed dried herbs, a little sugar, grated Parmesan cheese.

METHOD: Drain and mash sardines, cut eggplants in half, lengthwise. Make criss-cross slits in the tops with a knife, sprinkle well with salt and allow to stand half an hour, then squeeze out well and dry on a cloth. Spoon a little oil over each half, grill slowly until soft right through. Carefully remove meat from eggplant shells and chop it finely. Add onion, which has been sautéed in oil until golden brown, garlic, and bread, well squeezed out. Mix in herbs and sardines. Season with salt and pepper. Refill eggplant shells with mixture, sprinkle well with grated cheese and oil. Brown under grill and arrange on a hot flat serving

dish. If desired garnish with whole sardines, strips of pimiento and parsley. Serves 4.

② Norwegian Sardine Ring

Three 3½ oz. cans Norway sardines, 1 medium-sized green pepper, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 white onion, 1 level tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, stuffed olives.

METHOD: Drain Sardines and reserve three for garnish. Cut remaining sardines, slice green pepper and onion, chop finely. Add to tomato juice, season to taste with pepper and salt. Sprinkle gelatine over cold water, warm over very low heat, stirring constantly until dissolved. Add lemon juice to dissolved gelatine, pour into the prepared tomato juice mixture and stir thoroughly. Arrange sliced olives and green pepper in an oiled ring tin, add mixture slowly so as not to disturb the design. Chill well. Garnish with remaining 3 sardines. Serve with a fresh green salad. Serves 6.

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Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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decision and stand by it." "But couldn't you start with something less — extreme? Decide to buy a new hat, or to put a new rinse on your hair — something like that."

Karen turned in appeal to Faye, who, in what appeared to be the last extremity of her first pregnancy, sat in bunched placidity on the divan. An observer until now, she looked back at Karen with a soft but abstracted smile and remained silent.

AT first glance there was little resemblance between the two sisters. But on closer observation it became evident that Faye was merely a younger, somewhat larger, and more robust version of Karen. While her features lacked the pert delicacy of Karen's, her coloring was more vivid, her expression more confident and open. Faye, even in her present condition of awkwardness, gave an impression of being at ease with herself, unaware of troubling complications.

"You see what I mean," Karen insisted.

Faye made a gesture of light detachment. "I guess so. You want to go where Dan is. You're tired of being alone. It figures perfectly."

Karen turned back to her mother. "You see?"

Mrs. Spence opened her gloved hand in a gesture of hopeless submission. "I can only tell you what I think."

"I know," Karen said. "But, honestly, it's not such a terrible undertaking. And Connie and I aren't going to be alone. I've already talked to Mr. White about his sister."

He says she's a wonderful driver, and—"

"An absolute stranger," Mrs. Spence objected. "Someone you don't know the first thing about."

"Well, I know she's Mr. White's sister. And we've known him — ever since we moved in here."

"But actually you haven't set eyes on the woman."

"She's coming this afternoon, any minute now."

"And you've already decided to take her along, haven't you? I can tell. And you have no way of telling what she's really like—if she's a responsible person—or even respectable."

"Respectable! Oh, Mother."

Mrs. Spence raised a brow. "Oh? Have I slipped and said one of those dirty old-fashioned words again? Oh, I know, in this enlightened, indulgent, psychological age we're not to concern ourselves with respectability. Not with ours nor with anyone else's. That would be just too snobbish."

"We're to take people just as we find them—or as they find us — all helter-skelter and catch-as-catch-can. And if we find some of them not quite so good, or even quite bad, all we have to do is understand them and let them have their way and everything will turn out fine."

"Meanwhile, if innocent people are hurt or maimed or killed we have the wonderful satisfaction, I suppose, that we know why. Not so long ago, it may interest you free souls to know, the word respectable was allowed in polite conversation. When you said someone was respectable you meant

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"About that miniature poodle you sold me . . ."

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Morley, manufacturers of popular VELNIT, now bring you "VEL-AIRE" for summer — it's a new open mesh cellular knit "pure cotton" fabric. "VEL-AIRE" underwear launders so easily — it's open mesh cotton. Needs no ironing and retains its shape. Perfect fitting Briefs, Pantees and Vests for Women and Girls. A variety of styles for Men and Boys for their summer comfort, too.

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LOOK FOR THE AUSTRALIAN MADE LABEL

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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they were honest, decent, responsible, and fair. In short, they were worthy of your respect. Now, I really don't know what's so terrible about that. I swear I don't."

"Good grief!" Faye said in astonishment. And then she applauded. "Vive la respectability!"

Mrs. Spence gave her a quick glance and then, flushing, laughed. "My word, how did I ever get so wound up? My word!"

"It's my fault," Karen said. "I did it."

"Oh, nonsense! It's only what I've already said, I wish you'd call Dan. Otherwise it all seems so—precipitous. And I really do believe you've made up your mind

about this woman already before you've even met her."

"No, Mother, I honestly haven't."

"And it's such an ambitious trip . . ."

"Not these days. The West has been settled, you know. The Indians are friendly now, and the outlaws are all working on television. I don't know what you think is going to happen."

"All right, make fun of me. Both of you."

"Look, why don't you stay and meet her? You can help me decide."

"The White woman—what did you call her?—Winnie?" For a

moment Mrs. Spence was visibly tempted, and then she shook her head. "We've just got to go. We still have some things to get—for the hospital." Smiling, she looked from one to the other of them with contained pride. "Two such stubborn, independent daughters. Where did you ever get it?"

"Why, from you," Faye said.

"Who else? Here, give me a hand. Or should I say us?"

Mrs. Spence waved her back into her seat. "Just stay where you are. I'll go on down and bring the car around from the garage. You mustn't be on your feet more than necessary. Give me ten minutes and come on down and wait for me under the canopy."

"Ten minutes. Now, what difference . . .?"

"You'll be grateful for those ten minutes before the day's over."

Faye grinned, shrugged. "Okay, Sarge."

"And, Karen," Mrs. Spence said, starting up from the room, "say goodbye to Connie for me when she's up from her nap. Give her a hug and a kiss."

Karen followed her mother to the door and, promising not to do anything without letting her know, kissed her on the cheek.

She sensed that, in a curious kind of way, despite all her admonitions, her mother was secretly proud of her. But still the hard, clear certainty of the last two days had been spoiled by her mother's objections. And there was still Mr. White's sister to deal with, who was due to arrive at any moment now. Closing the door on Mrs. Spence's retreating figure, she returned to the living-room and Faye.

"Oh, dear, I don't know . . ."

"You'll feel loads better when it's all over," Faye said complacently. "That's what everyone keeps telling me."

"And that's another thing. I feel like a deserter, with the baby just a week away now. But you really do understand, don't you?"

FAYE nodded. "Sure, Karen, I really do. Heavens, don't worry about me."

"Do you see why I want to do this on my own—without telling Dan?"

"Well, not entirely, no. But you've kept your private troubles pretty private, so I assume you have your reasons."

"And I'm going to call him the first night out, once we've stopped. He'll have a whole week to get used to the idea."

"If you feel it's important to do this and do it your own way, then I find you should. Mother's just fussing. And I do think you and Connie belong to Dan. But, then, I'm feeling awfully female right now—in a way I am."

Karen frowned. "You are going to be all right, aren't you? There aren't any complications or anything?"

"With Mother on the job? I wouldn't dare have complications. Or anything. Oh, you wouldn't believe the efficiency. The apartment looks like some sort of demonstration unit or something."

"She and Johnny getting along under the same roof?"

"Like allied generals plotting an attack. They've got everything planned, checked, rechecked, and synchronised. I'm just the mindless body—the troops. I get the feeling I'm expected to produce on command."

"Oh, Faye," Karen said, feeling a sudden rush of affection, "you're wonderful. You're a tonic. I swear you've got a secret ingredient. And I wish I had it."

"Wash your mouth out with soap," Faye laughed. "What I've got is no secret, believe me. Here, give me a hand. I'd better get into motion."

Karen helped Faye dislodge herself from the depths of the divan and walked her to the door.

"I'm glad you came; I really am."

She was just reaching for the door when the bell shrilled from

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 7, 1962

above and made her start. She jerked her hand back from the knob, then looked around at Faye with a smile of embarrassment.

"Everything does that to me lately," she turned back to the door and pulled it open.

The woman, wearing a grey top-coat buttoned up to the neck and practical low-heeled shoes, elicited a first impression of dumpy plainness. A varicolored scarf covered her hair, terminating in a firm knot beneath her chin. Except for a dim coloring of lipstick on her rather full mouth, as if the lipstick had been put on and then on second thought wiped off again, she wore no make-up at all. As her gaze rose to meet Karen's, however, and she smiled, there sprang into her face an unexpected liveliness.

"Oh," she said, "hi!" She was in her early or middle thirties, and her years were in her face, but there was something else there, too: an ingenuousness, perhaps, that bespoke something other than staid maturity. She seemed about to go on when, catching sight of Faye just behind Karen, she stopped herself. Her smile vanished beneath a faint tremor of surprise and her face went dim. She seemed to shrink back into the shadows.

"How do you do?" she murmured.

"You're Winnie White," Karen said quickly. "Harvey White's sister?"

THE woman reached to her head-scarf, as if to hold it in place, leaving her face half covered by her hand.

"Yes, Winnie White. But if you've got company, I'll wait."

"Of course not," Karen protested. "I've been waiting for you. And my sister's just leaving."

"Yes," Faye said, "and I've got to hurry, too."

Somehow Karen didn't seem able to manage introductions. The White woman, seeming to have heard or noticed something behind her, turned away in the same instant that Faye joined her in the hall. And then Faye, telling Karen to be sure to call and to say goodbye to Connie, was gone, and Karen and Winnie White were alone.

"I'm so glad to meet you," Karen said, as the woman turned back to her, her smile magically restored.

She showed Winnie White into the living-room, took her coat from her, and placed it over a chair just inside the entry, invited her to sit in the wing-backed chair by the fireplace. As she watched the woman settle herself and cross her legs she felt again a faint twinge of surprise. There was something in the way she moved, a kind of looseness or carelessness, that was at odds with her drab appearance.

She was dressed in a straight brown flannel skirt, a white cotton blouse, and a sensible brown cardigan sweater. And the scarf remained tied primly over her hair. But Karen sensed a greater substance to the woman than showed on the surface as she retreated to the divan and sat down, and she wondered about this.

"Well, now . . ." She looked up uncertainly.

"Mrs. Howard, I'm sorry I butted in on your visit with your sister. With you going away and her getting close to her time you've got a lot to talk about."

Winnie White's voice had suddenly gained in timbre, Karen noticed. It had taken on a kind of huskiness that gave her words a special sound of intimacy, a kind of pleasant theatricality, that had the curious effect of putting the listener at ease.

"Honestly, my sister was leaving," Karen said. "I swear."

"Well, I'm glad. I was afraid Harvey maybe didn't make it definite with you when I was supposed to show up."

"Mr. White? Oh, yes, You're right on the dot, as a matter of fact. If I seem preoccupied, don't pay any attention. My mother was just here—she left just before you came—and—well, she's trying to talk me out of the trip."

"Oh!" Winnie's gaze seemed to narrow for a moment, then she smiled. "I suppose that's just the

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way all mothers are. I know mine was just automatically against anything I wanted to do. But you can't let other people run you—not anybody. You do and you wind up never getting a darn thing out of life. Anyway, that's what I decided."

Karen nodded. The same sentiment, phrased quite differently, had frequently been suggested to her by Dr. Emory. "There are bound to be problems in any relationship, I suppose. You have to learn how to deal with them."

Winnie White seemed to consider this for a moment. Then she

shrugged, as if to dismiss all such problems for ever. "You well acquainted with Harvey?" she asked.

"Well," Karen said, "I'm afraid not. We haven't had a great deal of contact. But that's a compliment, in a way. We wouldn't ordinarily see each other unless something was wrong here in the apartment, and I guess he almost never lets anything go wrong. But I would never guess that you and he were brother and sister."

"Because we don't look alike?" Winnie White laughed, a careless, rich laugh that seemed to possess the room and warm it. "My

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APRICOT SUMMER CLOUD

INGREDIENTS: 1½ tablespoons gelatine; ½ cup water; 4 oz. sugar; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; ¼ cup pineapple juice; 2 cups fruit pulp (made by blending or sieving canned apricots with their syrup); ½ cup iced water; ½ cup non-fat milk powder; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 dessertspoon sugar.

METHOD: Soften gelatine in water, add sugar, fruit juices and fruit pulp. Heat until gelatine is dissolved. Cool until thickened, then whisk until frothy. Place iced water in bowl, add milk powder and whisk until thick. Add extra lemon juice and sugar and mix thoroughly. Fold creamy mixture into fruit mixture, spoon into mould and chill. Unmould, serve with decoration of apricot halves and whipped cream.



Easy! open a can of perfect apricots



MINTED APRICOT FREEZE

INGREDIENTS: 1 large can evaporated milk; 2 tablespoons sugar; 2 eggs; 2 teaspoons cornflour; strip lemon peel; 1 teaspoon vanilla essence; 1 can apricots; ¼ cup chopped walnuts; mint sprigs to decorate.

METHOD: Combine evaporated milk, sugar, egg-yolks and cornflour, drop in strip of lemon peel. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, cover and cool. Remove lemon peel and stir in vanilla. Drain apricots and reduce them to pulp. Fold into the custard mixture, pour into trays and partially freeze. Remove from trays, beat well and then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to trays, cover with aluminium foil and refreeze.

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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Dad used to tease me and say the iceman must have brought me. And I took him serious, too. I really thought the iceman brought me and left me in the icebox. I used to get so mad I'd just about pop. I guess I just never took after anyone else in the family, even back then."

"It's all a matter of genes, I suppose," Karen said. "But your brother is marvellous at his job here." As she spoke she wondered why she felt the need to profess an enthusiasm for Harvey White that she really didn't feel.

ACTUALLY she had always found him totally ineffectual; she had no feeling about him at all, one way or the other. "He's terribly efficient."

"Oh, efficient, sure," Winnie White agreed. "That's Harv, all right, efficient. But I wish he'd be efficient doing something else that would make him some money. You know, I think he's scared of everybody. He just stays on here so he can putter around and hide himself away from the world. But that's not your worry."

Reaching down beside her into the seat of the chair, she produced a large purse of imitation leather that Karen hadn't noticed before. "Care if I smoke?"

"Oh, no," Karen said quickly, "not at all."

Winnie White extracted cigarettes and matches from the depths of the purse. When she had lit her cigarette she flipped the match expertly into the open maw of the fireplace in such a way that it extinguished itself in flight. She sucked in a deep draught and let it out again in a fine blue stream, with obvious sensual enjoyment.

"Well, anyway," she said, "Harv tells me your hubby's got a big important new job

out in L.A. I'll bet you're tickled, huh?"

"Oh, yes, of course I am," Karen agreed. "I'm very pleased. But it's going to be strange, moving there to live. I've never been there before, not even for a visit."

"Oh, you'll like it. Everybody does, once they're there. Isn't it a shame, though, that your hubby couldn't make it back to drive you out like he was going to? But, of course, it's a break for me. A free

to split the driving with. Harv told you I'm expecting to take my turn at the wheel, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, he did, but—"

"And I can help with the little girl, too. When I'm not driving I can keep her entertained. I know how to get around kids. They go for me. Harv didn't tell you. I worked for some people once, taking care of this little boy of theirs. Skip he was called—and it got so he wouldn't do one single thing unless I said so. You know? He got so he liked me better than his own folks."

"I suppose that was embarrassing," Karen said absently. The feeling of uncertainty, begun by her mother's visit, was growing steadily stronger. It was the pressure, she knew, of having to make a decision about the trip and about Winnie White. And she felt a touch of panic. How could she be certain that she was influenced only by her own judgment?

"If this is your first trip out," Winnie White was saying, "you're really going to enjoy it. Particularly now, in the spring. The country's just beautiful . . ."

"Yes," Karen said, trying to make her voice firm, "but I still haven't decided. I really haven't."

Winnie White stared at her for a moment, obviously sensitive to her tone, the stream of her own words frozen momentarily on her still-parted lips. Then, with an expression of acute exasperation, she brought her hand down sharply on the arm of her chair.

"Well," she said, "there you are. You've just got to forgive me. I know how I am. I run on and on about something and I get this picture in my mind, you know, of how everything's going to be, and how it's all going to work

out so great—and I just decide it's actually real. You know? You've just got to forgive me, Mrs. Howard. I feel awful. I bet you think I'm trying to tell you what to do, just for a free hitch to L.A. Honest, I just wasn't thinking, that's all. Like usual, I just got to shooting off my big mouth. Maybe you want somebody else to go with you . . ."

Karen stared at the woman, aghast in the face of such voluble contrition. Her cheeks, she knew, were aglow with embarrassment for her—and a curious feeling of guilt.

"I was thinking about Connie—my little girl," she said, half in apology. "It's really not fair to decide without her." She managed a smile. "It's time for her to be up from her nap. Would you like to meet her?"

"I'd love to," Winnie White said. She looked away, dropped the brief remainder of her cigarette into the fireplace. "I really would."

MAKING her escape into the hallway, Karen moved off in the direction of Connie's room feeling oddly beset. Suddenly she didn't know if she really wanted to make the trip to California or not. It was simple human perversity, she supposed, but where she had managed to maintain a small, hard core of determination against her mother's objections, she felt herself yielding to doubt under the assault of Winnie White's blunt attempts at persuasion.

She gave her attention to Winnie White herself and

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

— Acts 4.20.

Peter and John were now brave men who were fearless in the face of opposition. When the Jewish leaders tried to silence them, they had to speak of their experiences with Jesus Christ.

ride to the Coast is really something. You know, Harv didn't want to ask you about taking me. He's always so afraid he's going to impose on somebody and make them mad. But I insisted. I bet I'm almost as anxious to get out there as you are."

"Well, yes," Karen said, feeling suddenly a curious restraint, "but I'm still a little uncertain about going, you understand. It's such a long trip—with a child."

"Oh, you don't have to feel that way. I've driven across country before, and it's a breeze if you've got someone

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Method: Cover the diced apple and apple wedges with the lemon or orange juice and let stand for a few minutes. Drain and combine diced apple with the celery, Kraft Cheddar Cheese cubes, walnuts and salt. Add Kraft Mayonnaise and mix lightly. Place salad in a mound on a lettuce-lined plate. Decorate with apple wedges. Serve with additional Kraft Mayonnaise if liked. 4 to 5 servings.

RICE AND CHEDDAR SALAD

Ingredients: 1 cup cooked rice (1/3 cup raw); 2 tomatoes, cut into wedges; 1 cup cooked peas; 2 teaspoons finely chopped spring onions; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cubed; 1/3 cup diced celery; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; 4-5 lettuce leaves; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Method: Combine the rice, tomato wedges, peas, spring onion, parsley, Kraft Cheddar Cheese, celery and seasoning. Toss until well blended. Chill. Serve in lettuce leaves and top each with a spoonful of Kraft Mayonnaise. 4-5 servings.

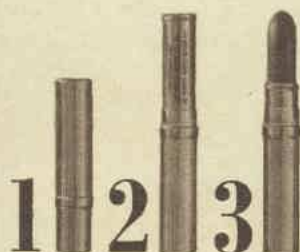
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FORD PILLS

Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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shook her head, half in amusement and half in consternation. Again, she didn't really know what to think. The woman was likeable; she went to some lengths, obviously, to make herself so, and that in itself was appealing. But there was a coarseness about her. Not that that mattered.

But there was something else, too, something that wasn't quite—in focus. Something concealed. But didn't we all keep something concealed? The woman was certainly positive in her attitudes and aggressive in her opinions, attributes which should make her a useful travelling companion if not a lasting friend. And she was amusing, in her way, which should increase the possibility of acceptance from Connie.

This last factor was perhaps the most important. Karen had tried both by letter and on the phone to explain to Dan about Connie's increasing attitude of almost belligerent withdrawal. In a way it was hard to make clear with mere words, and Dan, whom Connie adored, had rarely seen the child in any mood except one of happy tractability. Then, too, there was the hazard of sounding merely pettish, jealous that the child missed her father and showed it.

CONNIE had seemed to draw back from everyone lately, even her grandmother, whom she had always before treated as a very special friend. The child appeared to be trying to make it clear that if her father was not soon restored to her she would accept no close alliance with anyone.

This was another reason why Karen felt that the trip to California was imperative. And Dr. Emory had agreed: while no great damage had yet been done, a prolongment of the separation between child and father could easily lead to a permanent emotional impairment. And Karen was determined not to let that happen. At Connie's door she paused, listened, and eased the door open.

The blinds were drawn, and the room was dim. Karen, going to the window, pulled the cord and let a slanting flood of afternoon sunlight into the room. She turned then, bringing her gaze around to the bed at the opposite side of the room, and to the small, sprawled figure that lay half hidden in a futuristic tangle of blanket.

As always at this moment, she stood perfectly still, hushed within herself and curiously breathless before the miracle of this child that was her own, the living breathing proof of her and Dan's shared love. Then, mocking herself for such blatant sentimentality, even in the privacy of her own thoughts, she moved forward and spoke.

"Sweetheart . . ."

The child stirred, and Karen leaned down to touch her forehead, smoothed back a wayward lock of soft brown hair.

"It's time to wake up now."

Connie moved again, stretched her legs out straight, with a startling and sudden vigor, and made a small murmuring sound of complaint.

Karen smiled, and a feeling of love swelled within her so strongly that her eyes misted. "You've got to wake up now. There's someone here to see you—a nice lady that you're going to like very much."

The small forehead creased, bringing to the delicately formed features, so much like Karen's own, a look of fretful inquiry.

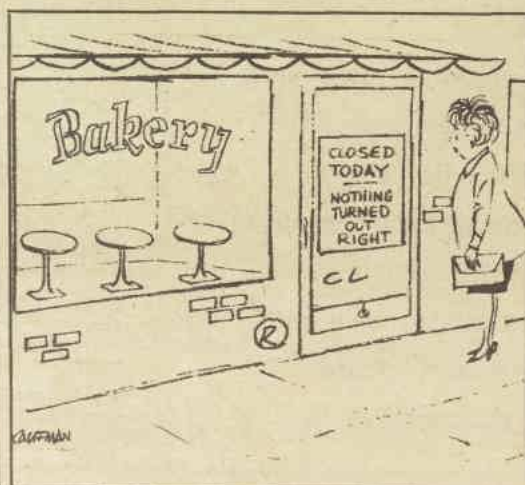
"A nice lady," Karen said softly, hoping to create a pleasant association in Connie's still-dozing consciousness. "A nice, nice lady with a fine big smile and a funny laugh."

Blinking, Connie's grave brown eyes looked up at her with belated awareness. Karen held up her arms. "Up she goes. Let's get all brushed and dressed so we can go meet the nice lady."

It was always the same. Or lately it had come to be. In the first moments of waking, reality still dulled by sleep, the child raised her arms willingly to meet Karen's embrace. But then, in just the space of time it took to lift her to the floor, the hurt and bewilderment came back to her, and her gaze became subtly hooded, and she pulled away.

Even knowing it would happen, Karen still felt a pang. If only she had that wonderful instinct for the right thing to do and say. Deprived of a vital part of her own childhood, she was painfully aware of a lack in herself. She was not able to make the natural and easy descent, even in her own mind, to the child's level of feeling and experience, there to talk and play with Connie within the fanciful boundaries of her own limited understanding. She had always been too adult with the child, she knew; too

To page 93



***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 31

- ARIES**
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, tan, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blue, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21—JUNE 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, pink.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 21—JULY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- LEO**
JULY 21—AUG. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, orange, green.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 21—SEPT. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, pink, red.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 21—OCT. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blue, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 21—NOV. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 21—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, pink, blue.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20—FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, pink, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 19—MAR. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- ★ The star of glamor favors romance this week, but at the week-end and avoid quarrels and accidents. Wednesday and Tuesday are good for the lottery. Largely a good week.
- ★ Romance and possessions are favored. It is a good time for insurance and investing savings. Sunday could bring upsals at home. Monday and Tuesday especially favor romance.
- ★ The usually busy Gemini will have opportunities for new activities. Work conditions should benefit. However, health could suffer on Sunday through upset in the home. Be careful driving.
- ★ Cancerians take the prize for the luckiest and most romantic week. It is an ideal time for courtship, finance, possessions and pleasure. On Sunday, however, beware of loss by fire.
- ★ Your star still captures the spotlight. It is a fortunate week, especially for home matters and family life. However, Sunday is adverse. Use patience in all matters of home and business.
- ★ The period is unspectacular for romance and speculation, so use prudence. Marriage and partnership are favored. On Sunday watch out for accidents and friction with relations and neighbors.
- ★ Although you could receive gifts from friends, Sunday is a day to avoid quarrels—troubles could arise over money matters. Otherwise the week is good for finance and acquiring possessions.
- ★ An eventful, romantic, and on the whole fortunate week. Try a ticket Thursday and Tuesday. At the weekend, however, your ambitions could lead to conflict—use restraint if you can.
- ★ On the whole, a good week. Deep-seated restrictions of an emotional nature could be removed and there are signs of personal advancement. Affairs of the heart strike trouble.
- ★ You may have been subject to elusive, delaying influences, so use your native caution and patience. This week improves a little. Romance and speculation are favored. Try your luck on Tuesday.
- ★ A week propitious for your ambitions and the realization of your ideals. It is good for finance, possessions, romance. Sunday is adverse and, if married, could lead to quarrels.
- ★ Sunday is the only unfavorable day and could prove to be a day of unrest. Otherwise the week is fortunate, and Tuesday could prove positively glamorous. Affairs of the intellect are stimulated.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility for the statements contained therein.]



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 7, 1962

Food for Thought



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(There ought to be a better word than delicious)

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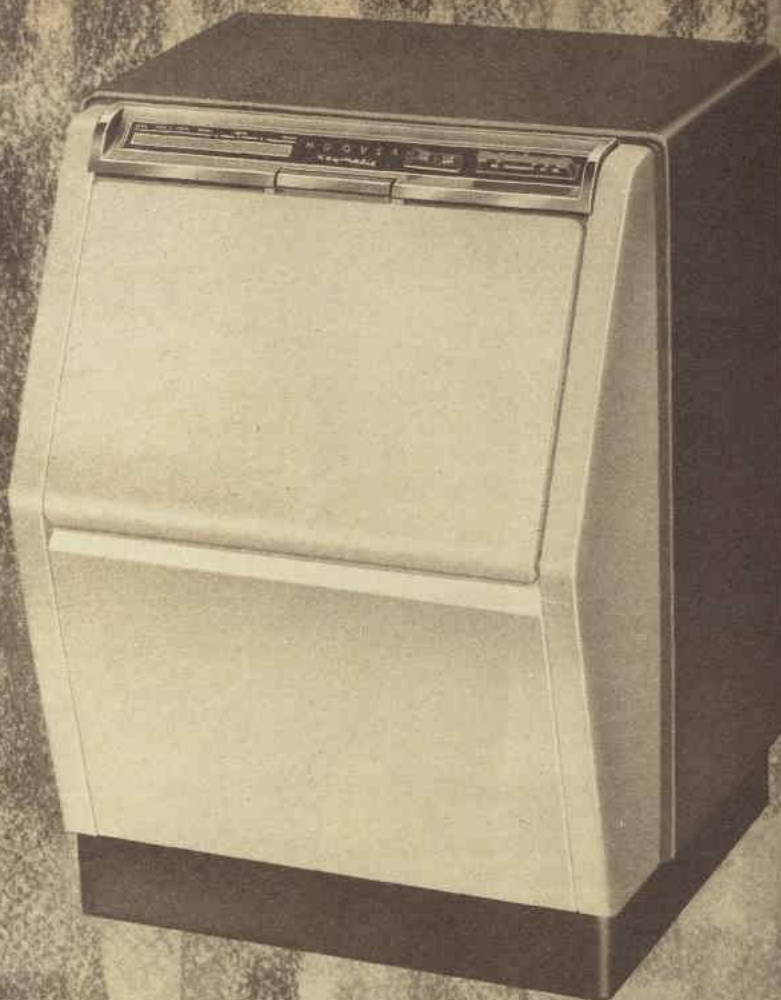
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Page 91

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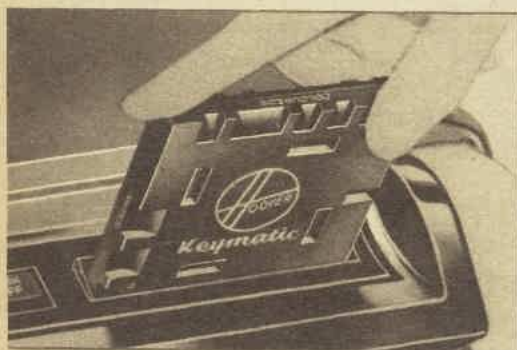


PRICE: 220 guineas.

HOOVER *Keymatic*

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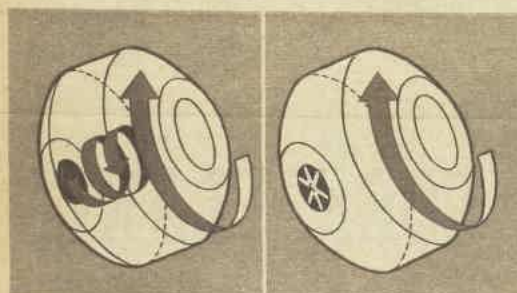
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MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1962

Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 90

logical, too consistent. Her attempts at the other were always strained and only resulted in awkwardness.

Connie, raising a defensive elbow, averted her gaze. "Who's here?" she asked.

"Just wait and see," Karen said. "Now, please . . ."

"What did she come for?" the child persisted.

Karen paused. "Well," she said, "maybe if we're nice to her and make her feel that we like her she'll help us to drive in the car all the way out to where Daddy is in California. Remember how we talked about that yesterday?"

THE child looked up, her face subtly narrowed with suspicion. But this time when Karen reached out to her she did not resist.

"Where?" she said. "Where is she?" She nodded in the direction of the living-room.

"Is she in there right now?"

"That's right," Karen said. "Just waiting to see you."

Karen led her into the adjoining bathroom, where hastily she ran a damp cloth over the child's face and hands and brushed the tangles from her hair. Back in the bedroom she took up the newly laundered cotton dress that lay in readiness on a chair, slipped it over the child's head, and tied the sash into a neat crisp bow at the back. Connie put on her own socks and shoes, let Karen manage the ties. Then the two of them started from the room.

"What does she look like?" Connie said.

"You'll see in a minute," Karen said, and led her out into the hall.

At the living-room door, as Karen had feared, Connie balked. With only the most darting fragment of a glance in Winnie White's direction, she stopped and by main force pulled her hand from Karen's grasp. With a single, murmured "huh-uh," that might have been said only to herself, she turned and fled back in the direction of her room.

"Connie . . .!" Karen began to protest. But Winnie White's voice intervened from behind.

"Let her be, just let her be. Let her take off if she wants."

Karen hesitated, turned. Her impulse was to fetch Connie back to the room and force her, as a point of good manners, to suffer the introduction whether she wished to or not.

"But . . ."

"Give her time to simmer down," Winnie White said. "She'll come around. I'll give you odds she will."

Karen stood for a moment, looking at the woman, arrested by her tone of absolute certainty. "She's become so stubborn lately . . ."

"Sure. It's a stage she's going through. They all do some time or another. Look, Mrs. Howard, you don't have to have kids of your own to know about kids. It's something you're kind of born with, I guess. I don't want to start telling you your business again, but I figure it

first thing with any kid is just don't let him get the goods on you. Like anybody. Be independent with a kid, he thinks you're the most."

"Treat him like you think he's something special, and right away he's going to start using you. Take it or leave it, it's one of the facts of life."

Karen smiled at the woman's colorful cynicism, but she hardly shared her confidence in its veracity; Winnie White might easily sing quite another tune if it were she who had been living with Connie lately. Or if Connie were her own child. With a small gesture of surrender, Karen came on into the room.

"I'm sorry."

"Just wait." Winnie White produced another cigarette from her bag, lit it, and flipped the match, as before, into the fireplace. "Something I've been wanting to

Deadline

I've worked on the house till it's like a new pin, And I can't help feeling light-hearted; But at quarter to four the school bus is due in— And I'll be back again— where I started!

—IRENE D. GLASSON

ask you—you thinking of driving straight through—if you decide to go—or you planning to make some stops on the way?"

"Oh, no," Karen said. "I wasn't going to stop. Except at night, of course, if that's what you mean, to sleep."

"Well, you know how it is," Winnie White said, "most people have kin spread all the way across the country, and they always think they ought to at least stop and say hello while they're so near."

Karen nodded, realising suddenly from the woman's tone that this was only a kind of make-talk for Connie's benefit. "Oh, I don't want to spend a single minute on the road that I don't have to."

"You planning to go by any special route?"

"Well, yes. My husband marked it for me on the map. You start out from New York—of course—and you take

Well, here I'll get the map and show you . . ."

Karen rose and crossed toward the desk. "He checked

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with the club and asked them what they thought."

Sensing a new stillness in the room, Karen broke off and looked around. Her gaze caught first at Winnie White's face, then moved sideways to the doorway where Connie's small, tentative figure craned forward from the inner gloom of the hall.

"You should always plan to take a trip in the spring," Winnie White said, resuming their conversation forcibly, giving no sign of awareness. "In the winter you run into bad weather. And in the summer you've got the heat."

Karen remained where she was, hardly daring to move, watching Connie from the corner of her eye. The child hesitated a moment longer and then, her attention fastened on Winnie White, she took a sidling step forward into the room.

Winnie White went on talking, saying something that Karen didn't really hear about the state of the highways across the country. As she did so, Connie moved hesitantly into the room, one wary step at a time, angling carefully in the direction of the divan, which she evidently meant to use as a protective barrier from behind which she could escape if need be.

Winnie paused. "There are still supposed to be Indians, you know, in some places out in the desert. But I don't know how they live there in all that sand. And it's so hot and dry. I guess that's why they wear those big hats with all the feathers in them, just to keep cool. You know, when they dance around in a circle? I guess the feathers just swish back and forth like a fan, and it makes a nice cool breeze for them."

CONNIE, her eyes alive now with interest, ventured forward to the arm of the divan. Watching, Karen was suddenly reminded of a picture she had once seen in a child's story book—her own or Connie's—of some small animal, a rabbit probably, being enticed by some larger animal into a snare. She felt the impulse to speak out loudly, to move and break the spell that had begun between Connie and Winnie White. Dimly, she felt that something wrong was happening, something deceptive and hurtful, but she could find no logical basis for the feeling.

"I think they eat mostly cactus," Winnie White said. "You know, that stuff with all the sharp, pointy needles all over? You ever have any cactus candy?"

Karen shook her head. "No."

"It's really kind of good. Or, anyway, someone said it was once . . ."

Karen turned to Connie. But too late.

"What's your name?"

The words were spoken in a small hushed voice, no more than a whisper. Winnie White stopped, paused a moment, as if in disbelief, then turned

To page 94



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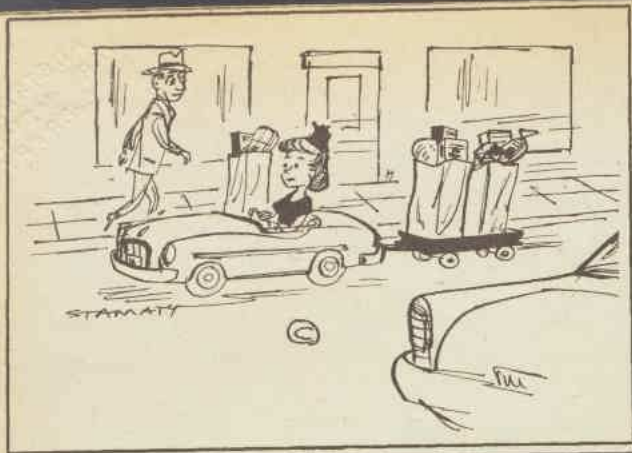
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ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE



Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 93

to look at Connie with an expression of gaping astonishment.

"Well! How in the world did you get in here all of a sudden? I thought you were about a hundred miles away from here by now."

Connie's eyes searched Winnie White's face with grave mistrust. But she remained where she was.

"What's your name?"

Even across the room Karen felt the flashing warmth of Winnie's sudden smile, and the feeling of wrongness began to ease away from her.

"You know," Winnie White said, "I just wonder if I really ought to tell you. I don't think I should until you tell your name first."

Connie stared at the woman, her

head cocked to one side now, in an attitude of solemn contemplation. Then faintly, like a wisp of smoke against a misted horizon, a smile came to her lips. Still, she shook her head. "Huh-uh."

"Aw," Winnie White coaxed, "come on. Even if I promise, honest Injun, to tell you mine right after?" Connie shook her head again, more vigorously, and the smile became more definite. "Well, then, if we're going to get acquainted at all, then I guess I'll have to break down and tell first. But I still don't think I should. And you've got to promise, hope to die, to tell yours after. Is it a deal?"

After a moment's consideration, Connie nodded.

"Cross your heart?"

Connie made an indeterminate gesture toward her chest, never for an instant letting her gaze waver from Winnie White's face.

"Well—okay then, here goes. My name is Winnie. How about that? You ever heard of that name before?" Connie made a slight shrugging motion. "Have you, huh?" Connie shook her head. "Now you've got to tell. Remember you promised." There was a brief silence. Connie repeated the shrugging motion and looked away. "Aw, come on now . . ."

"Connie," the child said suddenly, looking up with almost fierce directness into Winnie White's eyes. "Connie Howard."

"Connie!" Winnie White made her eyes round with astonishment. "Hey, we rhyme, don't we? You know that? We sound exactly alike, just about. Winnie. Connie. What do you know, the Nee sisters, that's us. See Win Nee and Con Nee. How do you do, Miss Nee? Are you Win or Con? You sound so much alike sometimes I can't tell. How about that, huh?"

Connie brought her hands abruptly together in a single and entirely spontaneous clap of approval. But then, gradually, her smile faded into the old expression of thoughtful gravity. "You said there are Indians . . ." she murmured. "All with feathers . . ."

Now it was Winnie White's turn to clap her hands. With a shout of laughter she leaned forward and slipped her arm around Connie's waist. "You're terrific!"

KAREN watched in amazement. The small wary animal was caught! Had wanted to be caught! Connie, though she drew back against Winnie White's embrace, made no real attempt to free herself. Karen moved toward the divan, unable and unwilling, really, to examine too closely the dull unhappy feeling which had suddenly settled inside her. Winnie White had known what she was taking about; she had the magic touch with children; kids were just crazy about her.

"I don't think there's time to tell about the Indians right now," Winnie White was saying. "But maybe—"

"Yes, there is," Connie insisted with quiet determination, "yes, there is, too." The sullen reserve of the past few weeks seemed to be gone from her, entirely and effortlessly banished like some shabby cast-off garment. "Tell me . . . please . . ."

"Well, honey, maybe your mother wouldn't want me to, not just this minute. We have a lot of other things to talk about."

Connie reached out, grasped Winnie White's hand, and tugged at it. "She won't care . . . she won't . . ."

Karen started forward. "Connie, maybe Miss—maybe Miss Winnie doesn't really want to be bothered right now." She stopped, aware of Winnie White's gaze upon her, knowing suddenly, with a start of guilty recognition, the name of the thing that had come to rest so leadenly within her in just these last few minutes. She looked away in embarrassment. "You mustn't be a nuisance."

"I'm not!" Connie protested, still clinging to Winnie White's hand. "I'm not bothering anybody!"

Winnie White smiled, but there was a look of caution in her face now, Karen thought. "It's okay," she said. "She's all right." She looked down at Connie. "Maybe I can tell you about the Indians later—some other time."

There was a curious moment of silence. Then Karen heard her own voice, as if from a distance and sounding curiously artificial, saying, "Yes, on the trip out to California. Winnie can tell you then. Maybe we'll even see some real Indians—on the way . . ."

To be continued
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SW-OS, 9/11



Broadshoulder vest:
SW-OS, 10/11, XOS, 11/12

"Cottontails" briefs:
SSW-OS, 8/11

Tube top vest:
SW-OS, 9/11,
XOS, 10/11

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

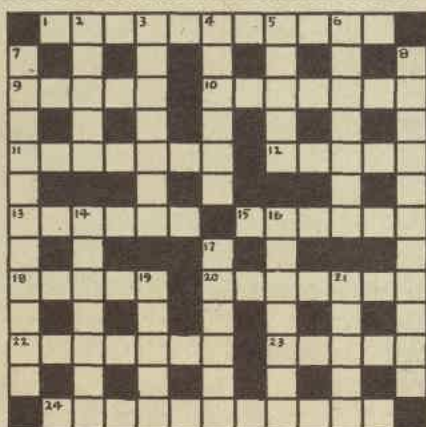
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. They may be full of sweet scent, but they have a lot of thorny problems (4, 2, 5).
9. With my mind I absorb this country in this line (5).
10. How to beat the drum (3-1-3).
11. Separate the threads (7).
12. Greet a heron (5).
13. Entrap by surrounding me with cut-up hens (6).
15. A donkey and I in a central mountain-mass (6).
18. Here is the same donkey, in fact, several of them (5).
20. Exceed in the number of sales (7).
22. Surgeons' saws (7).
23. Close by an organ (5).
24. Such ink is not suitable to write a letter of compassion (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Give a dowry by finishing it at the start (5).
3. Heathen wizard priests made of a man's ash (7).
4. More is disturbed in the middle of the first mentioned (6).
5. Broken up mob concerning a card game no longer fashionable (5).
6. Sure den (anagr., 7).
7. These officers are late in tunes (11).
8. For merriment take a morsel of a bird (1, 3, 2, 1, 4).
14. Once a craft, today a sacrament (7).
16. Incite to action (7).
17. A pet lamb (6).
19. Keen-edged, mostly a musical instrument (5).
21. Resin of the Manila pitch tree (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6345, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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F7710. — Button-through frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5893. — One-piece playsuit with matching jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, playsuit, 2½ yds. 36in. material; jacket, 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F7603. — Slim-fitting frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves (B), 3½ yds. 36in. material; sleeveless (C), 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7731. — Maternity shorts and cool top in sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7368. — Smart frock with pleated front panel in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 722.—MUU-MUU
Muu-muu or shift for the beach, cut out to make in polished cotton printed with hydrangeas design. Colors are white ground with teal and tan flowers and green leaves, or white with olive and tan flowers and green leaves. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/13/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/15/6. Postage 3/6 extra on all sizes.

No. 723.—THROWOVER
Pretty throwover cut out and traced to embroider with flower motif on lemon, apricot, or white organdie. Size is 36in. square, with lace edge. Lace is supplied. Price 8/11, postage 1/6 extra.

No. 724.—GIRL'S FROCK
Fashionable frock for young girl is cut out to make in spotted poplin. Color is white, with either pale blue, red, pink, or aqua spots. Sizes 24 and 30in. length, £1/9/11; 36 and 39in. length, £1/11/6. Postage is 2/6 extra on all sizes.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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